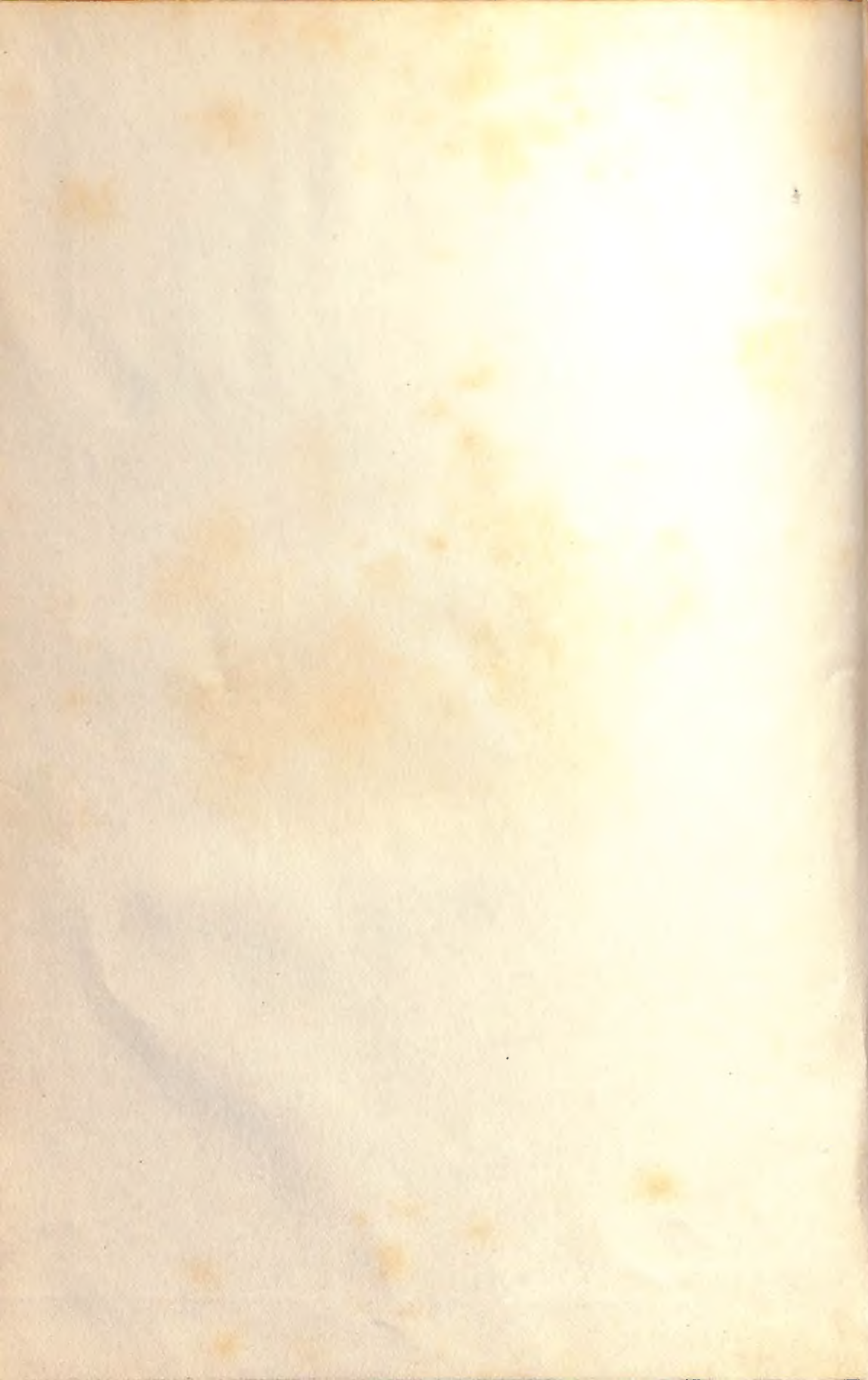
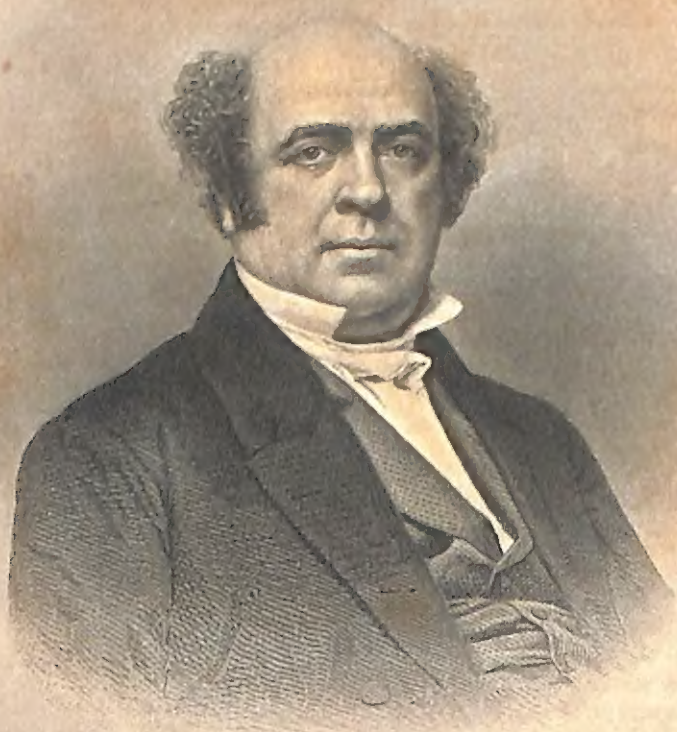


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1859

James J. Peck

THE
GUIDE
TO
HOLINES.

EDITORS:
REV. H. V. DEGEN, REV. B. W. GORHAM.

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THE GUIDE TO HOLINESS.

[Original.]

JESSE TRUESDELL PECK, D. D.

BY THE EDITORS.

LUTHER and ANNIS PECK, formerly of Connecticut, removed, not long after the close of the American Revolution, to Middlefield, Otsego county, N. Y. They became the parents of eleven children; six daughters and five sons, of whom Jesse T. was the youngest. Of these children, four were born in Connecticut, and the remaining seven in Middlefield. Mr. and Mrs. Peck appear to have been Christians of the primitive stamp, and the results of their deep piety and earnest Christian zeal were seen in the early piety of every one of their children. Two of the daughters long since departed this life in great peace, and the reader may find a beautiful tribute to their memory, written by a brother's hand, in the Methodist Magazine of ———, 1822. Of the five sons, all yet live, and all are ministers of the church of which their parents were members; and there are seven grandsons in the same ministry.

Jesse T. was born in Middlefield, April 4, 1811. From a child he evinced a desire to become a minister, and often declared his determination to that effect. One of the many ministers who occasionally made Mr. Peck's house their temporary home, once took him on his knee, and portrayed in a striking manner the trials and hardships of an itinerant life; concluding by asking his little auditor, "*Then what would you do?*" "*I'd stick to it,*" was the characteristic response.

Thirst for knowledge, great eagerness in its pursuit, and facility in its acquisition

marked his early boyhood. His first lessons were given by an elder sister, under whose teaching the lad is said to have developed finely; but at length his older brothers were called away into the ministry, and his sister died, and for a season the better promises of his childhood seemed likely to fail of a fulfilment. He grew thoughtless, and fond of wild company and merriment.

But the child of many prayers was soon arrested. A sermon preached by Rev. Henry Halstead, of the Oneida Conference, (then travelling upon the circuit,) awakened him, and he returned home with his parents, smitten in spirit by the power of conviction. When the evening devotions of the family were in progress, his heart broke with grief for sin, and he cried aloud for his father to pray for him. His mother, who was a great laborer among mourners, went immediately to her son, and, tenderly embracing him in her arms, directed his eye to the Lamb of God; and the agony of penitential sorrow was soon succeeded by the joys of salvation.

Immediately after his conversion he began to exert himself for the salvation of others. He was full of pious emotion, and full of zeal; but he soon learned that his late habits and associations had left their mark upon him, and that if he would hope to attain any considerable degree of usefulness, both his intellect and his manners must be cultivated.

Fortunately for the young man, his brother, now Dr. Geo. Peck, of Wyoming Conference, was then in a position to assist and direct him. He, therefore, soon went to Ithaca, N. Y., where the latter was then stationed, and placed himself under his direc-

tion; and he ascribes, with great gratitude, whatever success may have marked his subsequent career, under God, to the judicious advices and criticisms, and the affectionate and discriminating guidance of his more experienced brother. He continued to be *de facto*, a member of that brother's family until he became a travelling preacher. He joined the Oneida Conference in 1832, and his successive posts of labor have been Dryden, Newark, Skaneateles, and Pottsdam; each of which places he served in the pastoral work. From the last named place he was called to the Principalship of Gouverneur High School, from which place he went, after four years, to Troy Conference Academy, of which he continued the Principal seven years. Thence he was called to the Presidency of Dickinson College, in Carlisle, Pa., where he remained four years. Upon his resignation of the Presidency of Dickinson, he took the pastoral relation of the Foundry Church in Washington, D. C., where he spent two years. The next two years were spent in the Secretaryship of the Tract Society of the M. E. Church. The General Conference of 1856 determining to dispense with the Secretaryship of the Tract Society as a distinct office, Dr. Peck again returned to his beloved pastoral work, and spent the succeeding two years in the Greene Street Church, New York, from which post he was subsequently transferred by the superintendents to California, his present field of labor.

Dr. Peck closed his labors in Greene Street, under most happy auspices. The revival, which had been for some time in progress, continued up to the end of the ecclesiastical year. He took leave of his people in the presence of a large congregation, including, doubtless, more than a hundred members of the Church who had been brought in by his instrumentality. Strong thoughts and struggling emotion mastered both preacher and hearers. At the close, the weeping audience gathered around the altar in crowds, to give the parting hand to their pastor, believing that many of them would see his face no more. Another affect-

ing scene was the parting of the Doctor with his beloved Sunday School scholars. Near two hundred of the beautiful flock he so tenderly loved passed by in procession and pressed his hand, and with many tears pronounced their affectionate farewell.

The public bodies with which the doctor was connected took suitable notice of his departure. Resolutions in token of high consideration and strong affection were passed by the New York Conference, the Tract and Missionary Boards, and the New York and Brooklyn Preachers' Meeting, several of which appeared in the Christian Advocate and Journal.

He visited the Troy Conference, to which he belonged for some seven years, when he was met by a surprise, with an address from Professor Newman of Union College, and a beautiful memento from his former students and devoted friends, who were members of the Conference. He attended also the Black River Conference, where he spent the earlier years of his ministry, and in which his public career began. He visited every station in which he had labored since he joined the Conference in 1832, and his old surviving friends enjoyed the privilege of a most happy reunion with their former pastor, and of hearing him preach; and he was permitted to review the scenes of twenty-six years of hard and earnest labor. The large gatherings, and the addresses at different points, showed the feeling of the people toward him personally, as well as their lively interest in the success, under the divine blessing, which has attended his efforts since the days of his comparative youth when he was with them.

Large numbers accompanied the doctor and his beloved family to the ship which was to bear them to the Pacific coast.

From the California Christian Advocate, we learn that he was received by the brethren there with "a thousand welcomes." The manner in which he commenced his work in California, may be seen by the following, taken from the paper alluded to :

"Dr. J. T. Peck. This servant of God has just completed his tour of observation and evangelical labor in his new field. He was desired by the Bishops to come to us at as early a period as convenient, in advance of the Conference session, that he might travel at large, make the acquaintance of the brethren in the ministry and membership, learn as much as practicable as to the state of the churches, the character and resources of the country, and share with the earnest laborers in the field, the work of preaching the "glorious gospel," and endeavoring to save souls. This was a good idea, and the Dr. has improved the opportunity to the utmost of his ability. Besides all the help he has rendered the brethren at camp meetings and elsewhere, he has doubtless acquired more information, and better prepared himself to understand the peculiarities of our California work, and hence be useful in it, by these nine weeks of travel, and freely mingling with all classes of preachers and people at their homes, than he could have done in many years, being strictly confined to the pastoral work, as he will be from the rising of our Conference.

He reached here with his family, all in good health, on the 13th of July. He found many earnest invitations to visit different parts of the work, on hand in advance of his arrival. He lost no time, but making a hurried arrangement for the comfort of his family, he left them among entire strangers, but with Christian friends anxious to do anything possible for their comfort, and dashed off through dust and heat into "the interior." He has travelled by steamboat, car, stage, and any kind of conveyance he could get, some hundreds of miles, through our valleys, over the foot-hills, mountains, and canons. He has attended six camp meetings; preaching from four to eight times at each. He has preached at San Francisco, Iowa Hill, Nevada, Grass Valley, Marysville, Sacramento, Stockton, Petaluma, and Contra Costa, forty-six sermons in nine weeks, and thirty-one of them in the open air; and we are happy to find that the process of acclimation has been *nothing to him*. He comes out in perfect health.

He writes that he has "enjoyed these tours and labors exceedingly," that he has "met with the most joyful welcome everywhere," that he is "surprised at the vast extent of the splendid agricultural districts of the State, at the progress of improvement, the promptness of vegetation, the rapidity with which the fruits of various kinds are brought to perfection from the

seed, the perfect affluence of everything desirable for the comfort of the people here, the industrial enterprise of Californians, on the ranches, in the mines, and in commerce; but especially gratified at the amount of labor which has been done by our pioneer ministers and members, in planting and training "the Christian Churches." Everywhere he finds, as he assures us, "a noble few who are manfully struggling with the difficulties incident to a new State, suddenly populated to a large extent by daring adventurers, in quest of gold and every other means of wealth; bearing up, with heroic courage against the fluctuations of business, and of population, and contending earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints." He insists that whatever remains to be done, and it looms up most formidably, whatever may and must be done, he and those who come after him will be compelled humbly to say, "other men have labored and we have entered into their labors."

Bishop Scott appointed the doctor to Powell Street Church, San Francisco, where he was joyfully received, and where he is now engaged in earnest evangelical labor.

During Mr. Peck's occupancy of his first charge, viz: Dryden, N. Y., he was united in marriage to Miss Perses Wing, of Cortland, in whose fidelity and piety his life has been greatly blessed. Mrs. P. has never failed, we believe, to exhibit the liveliest interest in the work committed to her husband's hands, and has been ever ready to advise and assist him, freely assuming any part of the responsibility which of right belonged to her.

The reader is perhaps impressed with the number and variety of the posts which our brother has occupied during a ministry of but twenty-six years. No man who knows Dr. Peck's history will conclude that these frequent changes have proceeded from a spirit of vacillation on his part, but will find the occasion of them in the character of the ecclesiastical organization with which he has been connected, in the rapid developments of his own mind, and the emergencies of the Church.

We think it was during Mr. Peck's incumbency of the Principalship of Troy Conference Academy, that he was first made a

partaker of the great blessing of entire sanctification. Up to that time he had been regarded as an able, active, zealous, and ambitious young man. In his case, as in that of every other man, grace filled the vacuum which it found; it hallowed all his desires; it separated earthly alloys from his ambition and his zeal. It identified him fully in interest and sympathy with the plans of God. It gave him discrimination and farsightedness in spiritual things.

It gave new steadiness of purpose, new altitude of aim, new sanctity of manner, and a quiet, earnest vigor, new and strangely thrilling and telling to the lips, the pen, and the life. God has said, "them that honor me I will honor;" and, perhaps, we do not often meet a more striking illustration of the promise than is afforded by the career and present position of Dr. J. T. Peck. He occupies his present place in the confidence and affections of the church of Christ in America, not because he has scrambled for it, but because he has gone quietly and successfully on in the work which the church has given him to do.

Within a few years, Dr. P. has written a good deal for the press. While President of Dickinson College, some very searching and discriminating articles from his pen appeared in the *Christian Advocate and Journal of New York*. We are not sure that we have retained the title of the articles. They were written under a common heading, but we can never forget their tone, and we hope never to lose the good impulses they gave us.

True, there was an air of severity about their heart-searching criticisms upon the current piety of the times, and they were adapted rather perhaps to *produce conviction* among church members than to show the way and lead the way to a higher, better style of religious living; but to our own apprehension they were the best things of the kind that have been said. The series should have been continued for many weeks longer, presenting in the later papers, directions, advices, and encouragements to the persons

(we are sure there were many of them,) whose consciences had been successfully probed by the pungent appeals of the earlier members. Our hopes are that the doctor may yet resume the work, and, having given completeness to the essay, that he may then be induced to issue the numbers, or the gist of them, in a convenient book.

Dr. Peck's contributions to the several monthlies and quarterlies, have been perhaps uniformly read with keen relish. The three books, "The Central Idea," "The True Woman," and "What must I do to be Saved?" were issued in the order in which they are here named, and are each readable and valuable. We regard the "Central Idea" as the book through which the doctor is likely to be best known to posterity.

As a speaker, Dr. Peck has not very many superiors. He has a well-stored memory, good taste, a fertile imagination, abundant language, complete self-control in the discussion of a topic before an audience, a commanding presence, a deep but mellow voice, natural gesticulation, and we may add, always a valuable and well considered theme for the entertainment and instruction of his listeners.

In stature, our friend is about five feet ten inches; his person is rotund, inclining to obesity. He resembles much more the general type of an English minister, than of one native to the American soil. But for the freshness and vivacity of his countenance, and the youthful elasticity of his step, he would appear an older man than he really is, on account of the premature falling of his hair. As it is, our younger men are wont to feel, when allowed to enjoy his companionship, that they are in the presence at once of a fellow and a father. We hope many days of useful toil may yet remain to our dear brother, and especially we hope to see his name frequently, as heretofore, in the Guide.

"Many of our troubles are God dragging us; and they would end if we would stand upon our feet, and go whither he would have us."—*H. W. Beecher*.

{Original.] •

THE WEARY AND HEAVY LADEN.

BY LEILA.

"Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—WORDS OF JESUS.

With what surpassing tenderness our blessed Saviour sought

To win the crowds who gathered round, so eager to be taught!

All ye that labor, "come to me, and I will give you rest;

Come, take my yoke, and learn of me," and be forever blessed.

These precious words of Jesus, still sounding in our ears,

Should be received in perfect trust, dispelling all our fears.

O, give us sweet assurance of faith in Christ alone;

Set up Thy reign within our hearts,—the idol self dethrone!

"Lord, help our unbelief," and may we now receive

An earnest in our hearts, that we indeed believe.

We would be thine, entirely thine, that we in grace may grow;

O, seal us by thy Spirit—that promised gift bestow!

Thus consecrating all our powers, we come, dear Lord, to thee;

Give us the sweet assurance thou wilt our Savior be.

Thine image place upon our hearts, impart thy perfect love;

And fit us while we live on earth, to dwell with Thee above.

{Selected.]

THE UNKNOWN ONE.

"There standeth one among you whom ye know not."—JOHN.

THERE were a few devout men and women in Judea, whose faces were toward the East, already reflecting the morning twilight of the new and better day. Hopes long cherished were brightening into expectation, and they were looking for the "coming of the Just One," "waiting for the consolation of Israel." To all this class "the voice of one crying in the wilderness," came with

quickening, thrilling power. If any of them were by when he proclaimed, "There standeth One in the midst of you whom ye know not," how it must have startled their very souls! "Is this he that was to come? Is the Deliverer of Zion actually here among us, and we knew him not?"

According to the narrative, this remark of John the Baptist was made specially to a deputation—a sort of committee sent from Jerusalem by the Jews, consisting of Priests and Levites. The Jews at the capital had heard the fame of the Baptist's preaching. It had been told them that he preached with a strange and stirring power, and that the multitudes thronged to hear him. Men of God's holy temple, highest in religious responsibilities, they thought they ought to know who this new man might be whose preaching made such a sensation over the country, even to the great city itself. So they sent a committee to enquire, "Who art thou?"

He told them frankly who he was not, and who he was; but the special thing in his answer was this announcement, "Ye have One among you already, far greater than I, whom ye ought to know, but know not. There may be nothing in his exterior to disclose the ineffable glory of his person—nothing that reveals the stupendous magnitude of his mission. As yet he stands among you known only as the carpenter's son, a resident of Galilee, a Nazarene. I come baptizing with water, to turn men's eyes to this illustrious personage whom, up to this hour the world knows not."

On one ever memorable night, certain new revelations made to the inner soul of Jacob drew from him the exclamation, "Surely, the Lord was in this place, and I knew it not!"

We do not choose to call that a new sense—an additional faculty of vision—which sees a God where none was seen before; but we may assume that the new apprehensions are traceable in part to special revelations which God is pleased to make;

and in part to the turning of man's mental eye to behold God. Let both these conditions be fulfilled, and often should we find One standing among us whom we had not known.—[Oberlin Evangelist.]

[Original.]

SCATTERED THOUGHTS.

BY Y.

ONE reason why we are called to bless those who injure us is, we have nothing to do with the instrumentality. God takes care of all the Pharaohs. We are to go direct through the Red Sea, and leave the Egyptians behind;—when we are through, sing our song of deliverance.

The heart, with all its affections satisfied, and possessing every comfort for earthly happiness, will feel an emptiness, a void, if long from the throne of grace and the Word of God. Then how sweet is a promise of Holy Writ to fill that vacuum. It is a link let down from on high to draw up the soul, to give it a holy balance again; a consciousness of its dwelling in God. Divinity alone, is the source from whence the soul draws its living enjoyment.

It is not humility which keeps people idle and useless, but just the reverse. Because they cannot do some great thing, they will not do any thing. Fellow disciple, you have cause for sorrow of spirit, when you are not on the alert to do and say something for your divine Master; if no more, present a cup of cold water in the name of Jesus.

Those people who are so very humble as to do nothing, are the most observant critics of the sayings and doings of others. They have time for that which their busy friends have neither the time nor inclination to do.

The love of Jesus constrains us to do the best we can, and leave our awkward mode with him to bless. In this plain, scriptural persuasion, many sincere, humble people have accomplished great good, while the capable and the wise have wasted away their time and talents in indolence.

We gain our blessings by industry, and lose them by idleness. Work, work, came from Eden; and the faith which produces works will carry us thither again.

When we meditate upon the holy, sinless humanity of Jesus, in meekness under dictation, reproach, mocking, scourging, and the climax,—the cross, can we mourn, or be despondent and sad, because he calls us to follow him at a distance, in the form of a servant? Oh no: all this is necessary to work in us fully the mind of Christ.

Faith receives Christ, but love follows him in the humble path of regeneration. We never ask too often for love. It is indeed, as one has beautifully said, "the gold coin which includes all the other graces of the Holy Spirit."

We must not only make the reckoning in the beginning of our Christian life, but keep up the reckoning till the last hour of probation, counting "*all things*" but loss, for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ.

It is a common device of the enemy to disturb the mind when we expect to enter into a special duty, public or private, that he may trammel our confidence, and cast us down, so as to disable us from speaking or praying in any degree of comfort. Children, servants, or some other instruments, will be used for this work. Then we find peculiar grace is needed beforehand, that we may be ready for the duty in holy peace, being stayed upon God in our preceding necessity.

We make the mistake when we look to the cross ahead, instead of keeping the eye of faith and love on the intermediate steps.

While our richest blessings descend to us in the closet, yet their variety and depth depend on our usefulness and labor. If we rest satisfied in a small, contracted sphere, we shall receive no more strength and light than is sufficient for that small way of living. Grace is like natural heat,—it is expansive; and if we increase its power by use, we cannot help continually

enlarging our field of duty. What we once thought crosses, have become merely way-marks, and we dot from them our advances in heavenly experience.

Do we visit the aged, do we sympathise with and pray for the aged as we ought? Has the power of temptation been broken from an aged pilgrim's heart by our timely visit? Has the song of praise, and uplifted prayer, from our bowed knee at his side, given him a new waft to the land of rest? Ah, we must not forget those who, month after month and year after year, sit in silence on the holy Sabbath, and have been long absent from the joys of public worship.

How will we feel if permitted to descend the vale of life in like manner? Lay up now the future visits, the cheering conversation, the prayer, and the psalms of praise. How sweetly such fall upon the ear of him who has long felt he is a stranger below, and is just waiting for the invitation to come up higher. The aged members of the body of Christ are the water wheels,—out of sight, but their prayers put good in motion, and keep good in motion; and we effectually promote the work of God by our due attention to them, as well as by caring for the apparently more active fellow members, whom we meet in every day life.

[Original.]

HOLINESS TO THE LORD.

BY REV. D. P. NEWTON.

WHAT NOW? WHERE NOW?

WHERE now, brother; O where? Where are you? Once you were on the mount! tarried in the mount forty days and forty nights; and, when you came down, your face shone brightly as Moses' did when he descended from the same mount of God. Once you professed the blessing of holiness, entire consecratedness, the sealing, sanctifying influences of the Holy Spirit. You professed to enjoy the superlative grace—you believed it, preached it, prayed it, wrote it out, sent it abroad. You testi-

fied publicly, on every suitable occasion, to the saving efficacy of Christ's blood to cleanse from all sin. You published it gladly, sounded out the sweet sound of redeeming, sanctifying grace—you made it a *special* business, a prime object in your public and private ministrations. You enforced this entire consecratedness to God, brought it *home* to every heart powerfully, as a present, indispensable duty and privilege. You also attended meetings especially for this same object. Holiness was the delight of your soul. You could say with the sweet singer of Israel: "My foot standeth in an even place, in the congregations will I bless the Lord." The cause of truth prospered wherever you went—sinners were awakened and converted, souls sanctified, led directly into this blessed gospel fulness.

But where now, brother? O where? Lips closed, are they? Where now the blessedness of which you spake? What has God done? Is he not the same yesterday, to-day, and *forever*? If the doctrine of holiness is the doctrine of the Bible, the *sine qua non*—indispensable to the world's salvation—the great safe-guard, the rock on which we must build, why not continue steadfast, unmoveable—always abounding, firm to the end, increasing more and more? *Is's*? there are no *is's* about it. God speaks it, thunders it,—flashes it. These glowing, sparkling truths, stand out—blaze out on the pages of inspiration like the sun-beams of noon-day: "Be ye holy, for I am holy." "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord." Brother, how is it that those men in all ages, who believed in the doctrine of entire sanctification in this life, enjoyed it, preached it, lived it, witnessed it by every thought, look, word, action; held on to it definitely, publicly, and practically, were *the* men of the times?

This was the great secret of the Moravians, of their success—the philosopher's stone. What people under the sun were more signally blessed in saving souls than these same Moravian missionaries, so long

as they held on to this pearl of pearls, "the joy of the Lord," went forward proclaiming it? God blessed their labors marvellously, even in the frigid zone. A great light sprung up to those sitting in darkness and in the region and shadow of death. So in the days of Wesley, Fletcher, Carosso, Lady Maxwell. Mark also the labors of Brother Caughey, the revivalist; why are thousand on thousands born into the kingdom annually through his instrumentality, blessed of God, filled with the Holy Spirit? The truth is, he pours in the liquid *flame* of full salvation, the burning lava of this gospel grace. "Holiness to the Lord" is written on his banner,— "Come out from among them, be ye separate, and touch not the unclean thing," is brought home with a sledge hammer of Omnipotent bearing. Look, moreover, at Dr. Palmer and his consecrated wife; what are they doing? mark their footsteps, —Satan trembles, falls as lightning at their approach. Wherever they go, God is with them to bless, convict, convert, purify and sanctify. What is the secret of their unparalleled success? The doctrine of holiness is first, midst, last, always. They believe it; profess it, enjoy it, live it, publish it; God owns it in the-awakening, converting, and sanctifying of thousands on thousands.

Close our eyes, our ears, our lips,—hold our peace? At our peril we do it. "Beware, therefore, lest that come upon you which is spoken of in the prophets: Behold, ye despisers, and wonder and perish; for I work a work in your days, a work which ye shall in no wise believe, though a man declare it unto you." Acts xiii: 40, 41.

"There is dew in one flower and not in another, because one opens its cup and takes it in, while the other closes itself, and the drops run off. God rains his goodness and mercy as wide spread as the dew; and if we lack them, it is because we will not open our hearts to receive them."—*H. W. Beecher.*

[Selected.]

TO THE RIVEN HEART.

PILGRIM to Mount Zion! say,
Why thus faltering by the way?
Is thine heart with sorrow rife?
Art thou weary of thy life?
'Mid the darkness and the gloom,
Does dejection often come?

Pilgrim stranger, pause and say,
Hath the rude blast torn away
All to which thy heart did cling?
Is there left no one loved thing?
And with wretchedness and woe,
Is thy head now drooping low?

Answer, sorrow-stricken one,
Faltering ere thy work is done;
Is it right beneath thy load
Thus to sink while on the road;
Loving oft thy griefs to tell,
Say, thou pilgrim, is it well?

Here is not thy promised rest,
It remains yet for the blest;
Patiently the race still run
Until all thy work is done;
While it is thy Master's will,
Labor on and labor still.

And whatever meets thy view,
Endeavor with thy might to do;
Never sinking with despair
In the midst of toil and care,
But until thy task is done,
Ever pray, "*Thy will be done.*"

BUT THIS IS NOT OUR OWN DEFENSE.—

Profession is not our weapon, but the simple exposure of the object of attack. This is the thing to be vindicated against the improbabilities in the nature of the case; against the natural skepticism and the sinful opposition of men; and, thank God, the vindication is practicable; the means of successful and triumphant vindication are within our reach, and we are under the most sacred and imperative obligations to use them, for the honor of our revered principles, for the protection of our individual rights, for the deliverance of souls from the power of sophistry, the dominion of prejudice and the oppression of the devil, and for the glory of Christ, whose blood, in spite of all cavil and neglect, has power to cleanse from all sin.

[Original.]

THE BAPTISM OF FIRE.

BY A CONGREGATIONAL PASTOR.

Years ago, sitting in Sabbath-school, while my teacher spoke of God, it seemed a worthy thing to love and serve him. The flow of sweetness then went through my heart at such a thought. Was it, therefore, renewed? No! only the moral sense was awakened. That was the approval, not the reception of God. For afterwards the sins of boyhood and youth swept through my heart with a black surge. Nevertheless, conscience was yet alive, unseared, itself burning like a hot iron into my life. This often made me moody, morbid, and misanthropic, even to thoughts of suicide. Amid all this, still there was a wild joy, a reckless flippancy, which seemed to mark the outer life as free from stings within. But that was only the flower blooming on the crater's verge, the bird's song in the tempest cloud. Sickness came, more than once, sore and terrible, swinging me close to the dark pit. Fear-struck, I cried to God for life, and promised him my service. Though all forgotten when health came, there dwelt black phantoms of remorse in my soul. College days dawned. In the heat of study, under the spur of ambition, and with an awakened love of the beautiful in letters and art, a glare of glory brightened the cloud. No thoughts of duty to God and a religious life intruded. Fame, greatness, learning, and honors, these were the goads of endeavor, dulled only by vanities and vices of youth. But in the midst of deadness to divine things, even in the hearts of God's so-named children, one gay, frivolous fellow-student was converted. Converted? As I had been taught, or rather left untaught, this sounded strangely. At times before, I had purposed to be religious, and so went to church oftener, read the Bible and the Episcopal prayer-book solemnly, and thought I was doing right well. This, however, was only the

cloud and the dew of a wayward soul. But now I heard and saw that there was in another, and must be in me, a change, deep and radical, before I could be God's child. Who would show it to me? Who might tell me? Alas! none spoke a word. I asked one, who had named Christ, to point me to salvation. He thought me in sport. Never before had I spoken a serious word to him, and he treated me as one who mocked. But when I urged my question vehemently, he was confounded, and in his own blindness told me to believe. Believe! Believe what? "What the Bible says—on Christ." There was no prayer offered, no advice otherwise given to my benighted soul. I read God's word. It said to me, "*Now* is the day of salvation." So the preacher said; so my soul said. Now or never. It was done. Darkly and imperfectly I gave my heart to God. Vaguely and gropingly I accepted Christ, and followed him. But it was yet afar off, and through the mist. Still I had peace—no joy. How should I serve him? By preaching the gospel. So I studied theology, as it is called,—the science of God,—but after the traditions of men, not the commandments of Christ. A dry, barren, outward life of religion mine was. Enough of services and ordinances and ceremonies, broken cisterns, holding no water; nothing of the inward spring, flowing with eternal life. Though the peace of justification breathed low, the tide of joy in holiness did not stir. I felt myself a forgiven, but not a renewed soul. Something was wanting. Ah! a great void within, chasm-like and abysmal, yawned deep and dark below, threatening to swallow up in death all my hope. Reason only came to my aid, and out of its fragments I patched up a many-colored coat of complicated belief. Simplicity and single-mindedness in Christ, I knew not. The garment of faith I wore needed to be dipped and soaked in his blood, my soul to be baptized into his life, making it of one divine hue. Prayer was audible speech and outward form, not in-

ward utterance and power. Truth was a creed, not a life. So I began to preach. Young, enthusiastic, and impulsive, my zeal was without knowledge, and to the unwise appeared spiritual. Souls became thoughtful and inquiring. What could I say to them? Nothing which they could understand; if any thing were spoken, it might not be heard through what seemed a wall of granite, many feet thick and miles high, between the soul and me. What should I do? I read the lives, and works, and words, of sainted men. Alas! they only smote and burned my soul. I could not think, and feel, and act, like them. "No," said the Evil's tongue, "nature unfits you for this." That was not all. At prayer he knelt with me, and whispered, "Ah! you are no Christian at all, but a fool, a hypocrite. Why waste your powers and resources here? Go back to the great city, where fame, wealth, and influence await you, and be something." I was agonized. Pledged to God, yet drawn to desert. On the threshold, yet hesitating. Could I dare, should I not be ashamed, to look back and leave the plough in the furrow? Yet, can I preach, shall I lead souls to God, without his truth and life in me? I cannot; I shall not. So I spoke to a good and wise man in the Church. He, too, smote me, but in love. "Young man, who sent you here? If God, what for? If to preach, do it. No matter, if as yet you are no Christian, as a vessel of dishonor God may use you to his glory; do his will; even if you are damned, you will be less wretched than if you had basely fled from duty." I obeyed. Soon the grim list of my sins was written out and laid before God. Within was a selfish will, a sensual mind, an ambitious heart. Chief among my transgressions was an intense, burning love of literature. This and all else was yielded. Essays, poems, tales were bundled up, sealed over, and stowed away. What gifts seemed worthy were given to God; what seemed useless were thrown to the winds. Consecration, full

and perfect, so far as knowledge went, was thus rendered. God entered then the open door, and took the vacated throne within. Oh! in full glory, with a pure breath of love, and a chorus of joys, in ermined holiness, was his coronation made. Peace deeper than any river, raptures transcending mountain exhilarations, then followed. It was meat and drink to do his will. It was ease and infant play to bear his cross. It was inspiration and creation to speak his word. Souls listened, and were saved. How long did this transfiguration-glory last? Only one week. In that time, the consciousness of perfect love in full exercise, was clear and strong. But fatigue overcame emotion, exhaustion deadened thought, till, ignorant of the true and abiding way of faith, my soul pitched into the breakers and began to split. Ah! there was the rock of death which so many strike. Had I only known that emotion, and exercise, and vision, were only the beams of the sun, and not the orb itself, the fruits and not the roots of God's life in the soul, I had not sunk. What was to be done? Bring out the idols bundled up; burn them to ashes; go over the smoky catalogue of sins again; renew confession, and increase endeavor. Nay! this was all useless. The foundation was already laid. Faith only was needed to lay up the walls aright. But I had not learned, was never taught by man, this "highway of holiness." So the old life again gradually came back, with its ups and downs, its fears and trials, its griefs and toils. Yet not so dimly and stiffly did I walk then as before. The light had been kindled, and was not all gone out; the life, the true eternal life, had begun to breathe; the well-spring of Christ was opened in my soul, and at times more than ever before, religion was a vitality, a reality, an immortality, though much dimmed and down-dragged by a worldly life.

Now God began the keener work. His pruning-knife went deeper than ever, — cutting away from me my beloved; sending me out into the wild, where prairie solitudes

and forest glooms were made darker by men's iniquities. Toil, sacrifice, disappointment, sickness, weighed and haunted. New scenes, new relations, brought new interests and endeavors, with their hopes and aspirations. Revivals occurred; but as each one came, a deep gloom, a keen in-search, a fearful sifting, preceded, till joy and peace returned. Then, as pressure and excitement afterwards passed away, softly the world stepped in and circled its meshes round my unsuspecting soul. So I lived and labored, wept and prayed, through twelve long years of ministerial life,—years not deficient in tokens of God's love, that could not but awaken grateful joy, though marked by selfish plans, dark repinings, personal ambitions, and conscious unfaithfulness. No storm on the Black Sea, shipwrecking the mariner, and surging him on its shores naked and companionless, could be more dark in its memories than is that Past to me. God hides much of its terrors, yet reveals enough of them to humble and melt me even now. Yet, amid all those waves of evil, yearnings for life, wrestlings for liberty, were like root-growths in the rock and oak-throes in the storm. The day of glory was coming; the blind soul was being led by an unknown way. Placed where I wished not to be; called to a work I desired not; yet obeying, as by necessity, the divine finger, God kept near to me. I had often tried to escape the duty of preaching; never did I love the work except as an intellectual one, unless in revivals, when the present glow of interest charmed. Nevertheless, God kept me in it, and when I turned drove me back to it, as with a cherub's sword of fire. Two years ago, the great political contest of the nation commenced. Plainly I saw it my duty to preach on civil duties. Many said that such as preached thus would be cursed of God, with loss of spirituality. I began then to pray more; for I had nothing to spare from my soul, and wanted to do right. In the very teeth of some opposition, though with many favoring, I gave sermon after sermon for a

month. As I preached, I prayed; never so much before. Men listened unwontedly. Why? Satan said "Politics." God said "Truth." I saw that not their understanding only, but their moral sense was moved, as I had not moved men the like. This was because my heart was in the utterance. Then I asked God why the simpler, more radical truths of the Gospel, could not be thus impressively and successfully urged by me. This was the answering voice:

"Because you are not *wholly* consecrated to me. You think you *are*, because you *were* once; but you have taken back the gift as often as made; your heart is not in the work; you strive to please men, not ME; you preach yourself, not Christ."

All true,—sadly, fearfully true; this was my soul's deep conviction. Then I said:

"Lord, I will be thine,—thine wholly and forever."

So I gave up all things; all literary schemes; all lecturing tours; all purposes of foreign travel; everything of life went into God's hands, till I felt that nothing remained, not an atom or hair of my own which was not yielded. Then I *felt*, I BELIEVED, I KNEW, that between me and Him, no stone of separation was left standing. But then, how shall I stand—what will make me endure unto the end? Ah! how often before was this self-renunciation made, and then lost. What did I need? Not the witness of my personal acceptance; that I had gained before, and had never fully lost, though I had held it with a tremulous, loosening grasp, as a mariner overboard in the ice-waves of the Pole clings to a floating berg. I wanted the proof of my call to the ministry; that only could fix me. I had been taught that Reason, Providence, and such outward signs, enough proved a man's call; and that anything inward was vanity, yea, fanaticism. But now I said:

"Lord, if there truly be such a thing as an inward call, a clear, positive witness of my fitness for the ministry, and thy purpose for me in it, give it to me; for without such assurance I shall never abide."

Two weeks of prayer brought it. O! it came, blessed be God, clear, strong, full, un-mistakeable. The Spirit witnessed thus:

"Yes, you were born for this, created, fore-ordained for it, and in this work you are henceforth to live and die, so that no authorship, professorship, or teachership, nothing whatever, shall allure."

"Ah, then," I said, "I shall stand now sure, firm, fixed, never wavering. The problem is solved, doubt is all gone, and my work is settled."

How the future's path then glowed! How life then charmed! How toil became past-time! Two years have passed since then, and daily, hourly, even amid trials, hatreds, curses, and afflictions, this pillar of fire by night goes before me, brightening at each step. But this was only the opening eyelid of the morn. Full-orbed glory was yet to come. One ray but wakened the breath for more and many. Christ, too much to me as to others, had been one far off, over the sea, a proprietor or principal for whom I was steward and agent, and to whom I sent back my account, imperfect indeed, but true; for which I received the recompensing commission. That was not sufficient. Ah! I wanted him to come to me, or myself to go to him, and be united in a life-partnership, in an eternal fellowship. I went. He came. We met in mid-ocean, and on the dark wave; like Peter, trembling, I cried and grasped his hand, the right, while he embraced me with his left, and took me into his heart, putting his into mine. Then I could say, and say it now, God being my witness, Christ is my life; he is hid in me, formed in my soul, the hope of glory. That was another stride which the angels of my soul, in its aspiring thoughts and affections, made on the Jacob's ladder of faith towards the New Jerusalem, which I saw now coming down to me out of Heaven. I panted then for further heights. Not only to recognize but to realize God in all things inward and outward; in the frame-work of man and of the universe; in the insect, bird, and flower, as in the thought, desire,

and affection, — this I desired. Everywhere, at all times, in all circumstances, I wished to know and *feel* that God came and spoke to me, breathed upon and touched me, — a sensible presence, a living inspiration. Ah, how long I prayed for this! how much I agonized! Did I not need it? Could I speak and work for him truly, fully, unless my soul apprehended his smiling presence, his truthful voice? All through the winter's remnant and the summer's fulness, the prayer for this divine realization was offered. One more specialty was added to it and sought amid other things. I had bid souls to God because he was great and worthy, because his service was their duty and mine, because if it was not given, they and I should be lost. If loss came, then it was just and right. But Oh! there was not in my soul tender compassion, ardent, burning love for the poor sinking sinner. I wanted this, for it was needed. So my prayer was:

"Lord, give me an *unction* for souls, — the baptism of the Holy Ghost, that I may compassionate the lost and win them to Christ."

Alas! it seemed as if these two prayers, daily, hourly going up to God in clouds of importunity, would never be answered. But the delay was only to accumulate the blessing. One day, in the first autumn month, the Methodist brother having charge here, came to me. He told how that at camp meeting, just closed, God was present; how that the Spirit had come with his brethren as with a cloud in to the sanctuary; how that his faith foresaw, nay, that present sight even declared a great work of God. He told me that if I and my people wished to be blessed, "it would be well to follow where God led, dropping all distinctions, and working together in Christian fellowship." I listened doubtfully, shrugged my shoulders, shut up my heart, and called it secretly a spasm. Candidly I told him that I did not like his sect, its shouts and groans, its methods and teachings; and that neither I nor my people could labor well with him and his. Like Abraham, but without the old

saint's largeness of heart, I bid him, as Lot, go his way and I would go mine. This was not like Christ; but, as Paul did, I sinned ignorantly in unbelief, and God had mercy on me. My brother begged me to come and see. I went. I saw young men, but a little while ago thoughtless and hardened, now bowing there at God's feet, and I said, "This is a divine work; only the Spirit could thus humble." So at once I laid all my bigotry, my prejudices, my conventionalisms, and my sectarianism in one black bundle at Christ's feet, and pledged myself to my brother, in my Master's name, to help him as the Lord should will. My own people were not alive; it seemed as if a little before, the blessing had been offered them and was not received: besides we had no place for public week-day meetings. Never dreaming but that they would more than approve of the step, and follow me as their Spiritual Shepherd, I went on calling to my sheep. Alas! they did not at first hear my own or their Master's voice; and I went on alone and unapproved. Sabbath night came, when my Methodist brother asked me to preach for him. I consented, there not being service with us. God gave me the right text: "Rejoice, O young man, etc." While I spoke, the veil was lifted, time fled away, and eternity with its judgment appeared. Oh God! I saw poor souls, precious more than myriad worlds, sweeping up thither without hope. My heart broke, it melted, it ran. So much did the power of truth and love flow together within, that I was like an over freighted bark nigh to sinking. Therefore, I cried out for God to stay his hand; for it seemed more than I could bear and live. It *was* stayed, but to my grief; for, though that night many souls were pricked and wounded, and though I went home peaceful at first, the light within was veiled, the chains around were renewed. Again, two evenings after, I preached. Ah! what damp, dripping walls, what cold, rusty links encircled me. No freedom, no fulness. Agonized in my study that night, I cried: "Lord, why is this? What sin, what difficulty,

walls *THEE* from my soul?" God replied: "That Sabbath night I was ready to answer your prayers,—to give you all your heart's desires. But two things you interposed:—First, your pride,—your personal, denominational, intellectual pride, stood in the way; you were not willing to seem or be accounted as a fool, yea, a fanatic, even, before that people. Then, again, you feared for your poor, weak body, wishing to save it up for yourself and your own people, to do a work for them; not knowing that if I had such a work to do by you, I could even raise you up from the dead; if not that it were better for you to die." Then I said "Lord, it is even so. With shame and grief I confess the evil; if, therefore, it be not now too late, and thou wilt return, bringing back that rejected gift, I will yield up my pride, my reputation, my life, my all, believing that thou wilt protect, provide, and sustain me." In that hour I let go my hold on self; my will was put into the hands of God. The evening before Sabbath came. Meantime I had peace again. Then we met,—disciples, young and old, to tell of love. It was a pleasant, cheerful meeting; no excitement whatever there, but a sweet, pervading breath of joy. At its close, souls were called to the altar. Then a neighboring Congregational brother spoke, telling his own experience. His word was powerful. As he exhorted, I stood beside the pastor, and my eye ranged over the souls yet unborn, many of whom I had warned, and prayed over in love. These, and others of my own flock, dead in sin, came to my thought. Alas! how dreadfully gleamed their guilt,—how luridly flashed their sins on my soul. The terror of their doom in unbelief blackened on my view. What if they should be lost? What a death must be theirs forever! At that moment a strange sensation filled me. My heart began, as it were, to collapse, and shrivel far within, like a parchment scroll in the flame. What spiritual agony was that! I turned to the pastor and said, "My brother, I am dying." "You are not sick, or faint?" he

asked. "Oh no," I answered; "my soul is sorrowful, even unto death; I shall fall." "No matter," he replied, "let go of yourself." I fell; instantly his arms embraced me. Then it seemed, (I say it *seemed*, not because it was not reality, for it *was*, deep, and intense; but because figures only, and those but faint, can express what imagination did *not do*,) it seemed as if a heart ten thousand times greater than my own, was projected into it, till it filled, swelled, cracked, burst, and scattered into pieces like an exploded bomb. Then came arms, as if infinite and omnipotent, passing up through my soul, and reaching towards those and other souls, with wide sweep gathering them up and bringing them into me, to press them through my soul, till, like a trailing woman, I writhed, and groaned, and cried. Then, as out on a broad sea of desolation and darkness, I was hurled, cast overboard, and sinking down, down, down, till a deep, majestic current came sweeping on, and surging me up high over the eternal shores where the Judgment throne was fixed. Ah! there it rose,—the Sinai of eternity, where blackness and darkness rolled in massive clouds, frightening the soul of sin. There, Holiness, Justice, and Truth reigned over the guilty. "Before Jehovah's awful throne" souls swept, receiving their doom. My soul was tortured with grief for them, as through that gloom a voice of divine wrath spoke in spiritual tones. "Tell them,—tell those unbelieving souls that here, if they come in sin, I will say to them, 'because I called and ye refused, I stretched out my hand and ye regarded not,' therefore your fear and desolation shall come as a whirlwind." I told them so. Some believed, some feared, while others mocked. All this while personal consciousness of time, place, and circumstances remained. Neither air nor water I wanted; for I was not faint, nor sick in body,—only in soul. At last the calm came, when prayer began. Then faith lived; then peace flowed. Souls yet unborn in fact, were seen passing through birth. Troubles, fears, anxieties,

doubts, cares, were all sunk in an ocean of love, and I was borne along in an ark of faith on the upper wave. They lifted me up; for I was weak of frame, though strong of soul. I spoke to them of unbelief; of the sin against the Holy Ghost, which I then saw; of the judgment to come; of the celestial home; of the eternal hell. Ah, it was the place of God's presence there,—the ante-chamber of the great future. Souls trembled and wondered. They took me home a wonder to many, not less a wonder to myself. It was all a new and strange thing to me, for I had never seen an instance of the so-called "power" which this was, although I had never doubted its reality. After sweet and tender prayer I laid down to rest. Nights before I had tossed and groaned till past midnight with a burning brain and a burdened heart, for my unawakened people; I thought it would be so again. Tomorrow the Sabbath was to dawn, and but an imperfect preparation made. At once I was stilled. God bade me, like a child, leave it all to him,—my body, my mind, my preaching, and my people; I did so. Almost instantly, like a tired babe embraced in love, I dropped into a slumber such as never before since childhood I have ever known for its sweetness and fullness. Long before dawn it ceased. Waking as by a touch, the Divine Spirit communed to my soul; bade me in clear, unmistakable language, what to do. Among many things that Sabbath night, I was to preach, at God's bidding, on the words, "Greater love hath no man than this: that a man lay down his life for his friends." It must be in the Methodist Church. Though I had not been invited, my brother, on being told of it, recognized the divine direction. God promised to show me Christ's love as I had never before known it. That morning on rising, strength came into my frame. Oh, how like a giant's members mine seemed. It was Elijah's power,—or rather, like it. Never before had I felt so strong in body never, likewise, so clear in mind, so bold of

soul. Thus did I go to the sanctuary. My text was this: "There shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth when ye shall see Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, and all the prophets in the kingdom of God, and you yourselves thrust out." God aided me in speech. He seemed to give me the spirit of one of the old prophets. I cried aloud and spared not, telling my people of their sins, seeing them at the judgment seat, and alarmed in soul at their danger. They looked aghast, and listened amazed. Some were frightened; others angered, while many deemed me crazed. Alas, they were as yet not raised enough above the earth to discern the Lord's presence. God knows,—and I am sure now,—that I was truly rational, though filled with a divine unction. Night came, and with it a crowd to the Methodist Church,—not to hear my poor speech, but drawn thither by the Unseen. I told them of Christ's love,—for it came to me then as a present reality,—an intense conception almost like a pictured vision. The Father's bosom opened, the life-star descending, the infant mangled, the wanderings and persecutions, the long, long trial of men's scorn, the bitter cup in Gethsemane, the cruel judgment, the piercing cross, the dark sepulchre, the coming forth and the passing away, all these appeared in clear, full view; all as tokens of love. Ah, such love, so marvellous, so infinite! But alas! the guilt so terrible of its rejection,—the baseness so damning of its despicability! This made that love a terror to the soul of sin. Yes, this was the new light in which God showed to me Christ's love. It did not melt, but smote; it did not comfort, but condemn. Nevertheless, it saved; though Satan hissed, and said only evil was done. Now, then, came the power of that tempter. Next day complaints, censures, revilings, sunk like spears and arrows into the already wounded heart. Even woman, otherwise kind, reproached. They called the preacher wild and mad. Only a few spoke words of kindness. One chiefly, and most tenderly of all, was the brother who

stood to receive the smitten. I said to him in anguish, "My brother, they pierce, they crucify me,—even my own people." "No matter," he replied, "so it was with the Lord." At my request, we went into his empty church, and sat down in the pulpit. I told him the sad story of all my past; of rebellions, and wanderings, and ambitions; of God's crosses and burdens upon me; of my unworthiness and nothingness, till the whole was unfolded. We agreed to a mutual consecration, and together knelt in prayer. He poured out his soul for me and my people, as for himself and his own. Then I opened my heart to God. At the very outset he took my soul into his hands, and bore me up to the presence of ineffable glory. Through this, the Spirit of His Son, with a clearness and definiteness of tone that spake with power, in my heart and through my lips, asked me for each, and every one of my life's cherished treasures;—"Will you give up to me your beloved wife, for me to take her from you if I will, by separation or death? Will you put your children, not their bodies only, but their minds into my hands, willing to have them know nothing, and be nothing, if that shall glorify me? Will you employ all your time, and devote all your talents, even the smallest and seemingly most useless, to my service? Will you resign your reputation, personal and professional to me, so that, if I require, you may be disgraced, contemned,—even by your friends and brethren, as by the world? Will you part with your people, ready to suffer reproach from them, and be discarded by the most attached? Will you yield to me your few possessions, your books, and your home, that you may become destitute and shelterless? All, *all*, ALL, will you now and forevermore, without condition, without reservation, without any expectation of earthly good, without any return but my own life, consecrate thus yourself and your all to me? Ah, Lord, how those questions came with searching, sifting power! They burnt into my bones; they eat my flesh;

they flayed my heart. I plead with God, and reasoned with him at every step, to let me keep but one gift. No! all or none! I yielded all, and he took all. Oh, in that hour I felt like an outcast seaman, left on a desert island in mid-ocean. Inwardly I suffered the loss of all things, more keenly than if outwardly they had been in reality taken away; for then I had still retained the affection and anticipation of them. But now all ties of life were broken, all interests of time lost, all joys of earth quenched. God's great hand seemed driven into my breast; his fingers grappled my heart, and twined with its inmost fibres. Then I felt as if he had torn it out, and held it up, bleeding at every pore, and quivering to its centre, to scathe and peel it, to cut it into shreds, to blow it all away. I had no heart of nature left. When this was done, the voice said, "Go now and preach my gospel, baptizing men with Truth and Love, in power." In that hour my future spread before me; my path of duty lay plain, and my mission henceforth was definite to my view. In that hour I saw before me in the world, only tribulations, sneers, censures, oppositions; but in Christ, I beheld inwardly, truth, love, and divine glory as mine. That was the "sealing of the Spirit." Under that process, a fiery ordeal indeed, I cried like a babe torn from its mother's heart. I sobbed like an orphan at the grave of both parents. I shrieked like a wounded frame under the surgeon's blade. That was the "death of nature," begun at least, if not completed; the serpent's head crushed, his fang bruised, and his life smothered,—though his form might coil, and his tail rattle till the sundown of life. All hopes, all ambitions, all interests, all affections, everything of life, then stripped off, passed completely into God's hands. That was the "inward crucifixion,"—"the circumcision of the heart." The will of self then fell into the will of God, as a rain-drop or snow-flake falls into the sea, and becomes a part of its current. Thus began the union of the

human soul with the divine nature. What were the results of all this? Let others speak of those external to myself. Nothing do I see to glory in or commend. Only of that which is within can I tell, and that imperfectly. At first I felt as if a besieged city, overcome and prostrate, lay in my life, amid ruins; as if a dissected frame were mine, yet intensely alive and sensitive to every touch of evil, every word of error. Men frowned, and I wept; lips cursed, and I warned. One thing was still needed after that burning,—the anointing of love, the oil of God, to soothe the seared humanity. It came slowly; out of the dark sepulchre the smitten frame rose; into the sad, broken heart life began to breathe. From the scattered fragments of the old, God built up the New Jerusalem, a temple within more glorious than the first. Physically, the extremities of my frame were still endowed with what seemed superhuman strength, yet at the centre, in the heart's place, all was vacancy and weakness, as if a sword had there divided me in twain. Intellectually, thought was quickened and intensified, conceptions of truth were clear and strong, speech was fuller and truer; only the old habitudes of mind hampered the utterance. The former poetic and ornate sentences, which gave pleasure to the earthly taste, with just enough truth in them to save from damnation, were gone to ashes, burned up as hay, wood, and stubble. In their place, plain speech, simple thought, yea, even sometimes common-place expression entered, displeasing to minds who think that popularity and success with ministers depend upon beauty, and not upon truth. Preaching became and now is attractive, glorious. The Sabbaths come not often, and nigh enough. Study, and prayer, and converse on religious themes, are an intense delight unceasingly. The interests of earth excite but little; it is child's play to talk of or attend to them. Time is a shortened duration in which all the energies must be enlisted to the utmost. Oh! it is a glory thus to live! I never knew before what that term "*glory*"

meant. It has been like the flashings of a rocket wheel, expiring in the moment that it shines. Now it is the pathway of suns, the sweep of comets through my soul's firmament. Night and day God *realizes* himself to my soul. Spiritually, this life is indeed beyond description; truly, its peace passes understanding; its joy is unspeakable. Amid trials, tests of faith and sincerity, which God has brought to me over and over again, by seeming death agonies of my beloved, by insults to my face, and slanders at my back; by desertions and distresses multiplied and severe, I am still kept sustained by all sufficient grace, with the harmonies of God's truth, the great choruses of his promises in my soul, with the pulsations of love in deepening tides beating evermore into my central life. God be praised. The Tempter comes, hisses with hate, allures with smiles, assails with questionings. In vain. Knowing that victory is sure, though the battle is keen, I am never overwhelmed. Blessed be God, who causeth me to triumph. Though weaknesses, defects, and infirmities abound; though ignorance, and failure, and difficulty, retard,—the step is progressive, the movement upward. How can I unfold all the sweet, transcendent blessings of this new life in Christ? Dark passions, appetites, and propensities, keen bitternesses and vain suspicions, all the host of inner evils that before only cowed under the foot of will or the frown of truth, that slept amid worldly peace, but were wakened in power at the touch of temptation, where are they? God only knows. He has taken them in hand, making the wolf dwell with the kid, the leopard with the lamb; the calf, the young lion, and the fating together, and the little child Jesus leads them. God shall use them all for his glory. I aspire after no applause of men; it is as painful now as once it was pleasing. I shrink from sight. Only by the definite will of God, I give this record. Like Abraham, I take this only and beloved child of my heart to the top of Moriah, where, bound on the altar, a knife of earth in my own hand

may slay it, if God so will. Whatever he commands I obey, though it be to stand in the fire with the Three. Ah! I know that the form of the Fourth will be there, and that the smell of fire even shall not be found upon me. If God be with me who can be against me? If Christ be my *All*, how can I need more? No! the world may take from me all its own, I claim and need it not. The church, yet half-born, in the twilight of the valley may grope and doze, may cast the spawn and slime of its earthly life along my path; my soul shall be cleansed therefrom by the ever-cleansing blood of Him who walked that path before; my feet shall tread the air as though they were wings, and the mountain tops only shall be my stepping-stones of glory, my ascension-ladder to the mid-heaven of God's great city. There and thence I shall cry, "O, Church of God! O, souls on whose lintel the blood of Christ is sprinkled, be ye wholly cleansed! Zion, arise! Israel come out of Egypt, pass from the wilderness, possess the land of rest in the blaze of God's shekinah, and shout, 'Enter thou, O Lord, with us, and dwell in thy Temple evermore. Amen.'"

"There is no food for soul or body which God has not symbolized. He is light for the eye, sound for the ear, bread for food, wine for weariness, peace for trouble. Every faculty of the soul, if it would but open its door, might see Christ standing over against it, and silently asking by his smile, "Shall I come in unto thee?" But men open the door and look down, and not up, and thus they see him not. So it is that men sigh on, not knowing what the soul wants, but only that it needs something. Our yearnings and home-sicknesses for heaven; our sighings are for God, just as children that cry themselves asleep away from home, and sob in their sleep, know not that they sob for their parents. The soul's inarticulate moanings are the affections yearning for the Infinite, and having no one to tell them what it is that ails them." — *H. W. Beecher.*

[Original.]

I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAYS.

BY M. A. BERNHARD.

STRANGERS and pilgrims here below,
Oppressed by sin, our mortal foe,
And sorrow, toil, and pain;
We sometimes sigh for that blessed shore,
Where we shall taste of grief no more,
And sin shall cease to reign.

Transporting thought! a home above,
To bask forever in the love
Of "Christ, our sacrifice;"
We'll there our grateful voices raise,
And vie with angels in his praise,
And feast our ravished eyes.

Yet we will say, "Thy will be done;"
Go gladly with to-morrow's sun,
Or wait our three-score years,
To labor till our master come;
Or suffer till he calls us home,
And wipe away our tears.

Then let Him take our idols all,
And drape our heart in sorrow's pall,
If he reveals his face;
Though in the lion's den we bide,
Or in the fiery furnace tried,
We still will sing his praise.

Cleveland; June 27, 1858.

[Original.]

"WE WOULD SEE JESUS."

BY E. L. B.

It was for one of the earliest of these beautiful October days that a meeting was appointed at the house of an aged member of the church, whose protracted infirmities had for many years prevented her attendance on religious worship. It was to be a communion season—a privilege she had long desired; and one which, for her sake, had been anticipated with particular pleasure. A short ride through the brilliant autumn woods took us to the place,—a quiet, rustic spot;—such, I could not help thinking, as Jesus would have loved to pause in, and leave his benediction, "Peace!" I had been reading in the morning the story of his wondrous life, as he walked with the Judeans, and shed the blessings of his infinite compassion upon the sick and the

infirm, the possessed of devils, and the sorrowing. The character of the Redeemer had never seemed more lovely,—his great mission never more God-like in its conception or fulfilment; and as I sat in the twilight dimness of that old-fashioned apartment, over which the thick cloud of a thunder shower was brooding, the pastor's text, as he announced it in the language of the inquiring Greeks, was but the cry of my own heart,—*"We would see Jesus!"*

He spoke briefly and to our hearts, of seeing Jesus with our spiritual perceptions, and enumerated seasons in which the sight of Jesus would be peculiarly dear to the believer. In times of darkness, when the soul, long tried and tempted, weeps before its God; in days of sickness and calamity; and in the hour when nothing earthly can afford the departing spirit consolation, oh, then the view of Jesus, as he comes by faith unto the soul, is brighter than the dawning of morning after a night of dreariness,—fairer than the return of spring after the winter's gloom.

A prayer was offered, and then the bread was broken, and the wine poured out, in memory of that Jesus whose presence our yearning hearts had implored, and in token of our fellowship as members of his family. We were but twelve; and with the One, unseen of human eye, just the number assembled in that "upper room." Our hearts were full of sweet remembrances of that first sacred supper, and of sweeter anticipations of the coming feast when no question of betrayal shall agitate the guests, and no one has need to ask, "Lord, is it I?" The aged disciple was tenderly remembered in the pastor's petition; our hearts invoked in silence a blessing for her household, and so we parted. As we withdrew from that lowly roof, we trust that each partaker in the humble worship, in one sense could say, "I have seen Jesus!"

I have thought much since that afternoon of the request of the inquiring Greeks. It has come to me in every hour of duty or repose; and often when alone, the sweet

word finds utterance at my lips,—“We would see Jesus!”

Perhaps it is not unusual for the Christian to have seasons when his thoughts dwell almost wholly with his Savior, and he feels a tender eagerness to read, and hear, and speak alone of him. There is, may be, something of a loving curiosity to know all that can be known of his sad history, as the “Man Christ Jesus.” Imagination pictures him in all the dignity, and beauty, and power of his strange humanity—a dweller in the humble abodes of lowly men, stooping to raise the most abject of mortal sinners, yet wearing in his divine presence the majesty of more than earthly king. The history of Jesus has been all our life a familiar tale; it was told us in the cradle, and we chanted it from the lesson-book at school; it is rehearsed from every pulpit, and speaks in every page of the one Book that lies always beside us on the table; and yet, to the heart imbued with the spirit of the subject, it has ever a freshness and a beauty which every record of human genius or excellence has failed to possess.

There is a holy magic in the name of Jesus. How almost like an instinct we turn to that dear name, when the sources of earthly hope and pleasure are cut off, and the disappointed heart shrinks back into its own weakness and sorrow! We whose infancy was taught to reverence the name of Jesus, could hardly wander in our hearts so far from him but that the sound of the once sacred word would at some time thrill our souls with awe, and fear, and trust.

A lady who had made a profession of religion in early youth, after some years fell into a back-slidden state, and at last came to consider herself quite an unbeliever—almost an infidel. She seemed to have become perfectly dead to spiritual things, utterly indifferent to the claims of her Redeemer. She even experienced a dislike of hearing the name of Christ, and so far had the evil of her heart perverted her

understanding, that she failed to see a clear evidence of the truths of revelation, or to discern the marvellous excellence of the character of Jesus. Such a skepticism was the form in which Satan assailed her soul, and which held her in a fearful spell of coldness and error. One day she was visiting a Christian acquaintance, when the subject of conversation turned upon Christ. Presently her friend produced a tattered bit of old newspaper, preserved for its containing a description of the person of our Savior, which assumed to have been written by a Roman President, during the time of Christ's public ministry. The lady read the brief account, and though doubting the authenticity of the document, read again. Strange sensations passed through her whole being. She felt the blood tingle and throb through her veins, and flush her cheeks; and but for the presence of others she would have given vent to her feelings in weeping. It was like receiving a fresh message in his own handwriting, from a dear friend so long dead that the mist of forgetfulness was gathering over her heart, and every word was to her. This sudden burst of passionate feeling quite upset the confidence she had felt in her own disbelief. She began to inquire if she could so easily renounce the faith her mother taught her, and what was the mysterious charm of that name which had so strangely moved her. She did not at once seek reconciliation with the grieved and offended friend, but she could no longer make herself believe that she at least had no confidence in the claims of Jesus; and that unexpected sight of Jesus was a haunting idea in her thoughts, until she found peace and forgiveness in his blood.

It is well to look for Jesus with all the eyes of all our being; with the eye of intellect as we would look at any other man, reasoning about him, comparing, arranging, and remembering our knowledge of his history, his character, and the principles of his most righteous government and law; with the eye of faith, which sees in Jesus just

what the Scriptures claim for him,—the Man-God in whom are combined all the characteristics of a perfect humanity, with the glories of Deity,—the Savior and Redeemer of fallen men,—the intercessor with the Father, the Shepherd, the Brother, and the Lover of his people,—of faith that discerns his providence in all the arrangements of our earthly life, and looks forward to the mansions preparing in his heaven,—of faith that receives without doubt or question, whatever of truth or of human experience he may offer for our acceptance, and that trusts without a murmur where the reason of his doings is veiled in mystery.

Has the heart eyes with which to look on Jesus? It is the heart which cries for such a sight, or other asking is vain. It neither coldly reasons, or coldly believes. It loves with ardor, adores with rapture, and obeys with zeal. The heart's question is what Jesus loves to answer. No suppliant heart was ever spurned from Jesus' feet. Come, then, ye who need and want, and entreat with loving reverence, this desire of many eyes. Are you sick and sorrowful for sin? he will show himself a healer to your heart. Are you grieved with earth, and longing for a better trust? listen to his tender "Come unto me:" no one ever answered that call, but saw his Jesus ready to fold him to his heart. Is earth yet beautiful? ask still for Jesus, and a richer beauty, a more divine glory, will be revealed unto your soul.

The true believer will often ask for Jesus in deep and earnest prayer. He will find some place of retirement, and there disburden himself of the cares which daily press upon his spirit; he will break the earth-charm that had so fascinated thought and desire, and in pleading, melting request and thankfulness, will draw Jesus to his bosom. There will his spiritual vision be purified, his spiritual love be quickened, his faith exalted; and he will come forth from his retirement with Jesus by his side,—Jesus in his heart. There, above all others,

is the place to look for Jesus; there is obtained that perception of his character and offices, which bring him into such intimate spiritual relations with his people; this is that sight of Jesus for which we weep and pray.

Yes, I have seen Jesus; I have followed him in all his pilgrimage on earth, from his wondrous advent in the town of David, through toil, and love, and sorrow, to the rich man's tomb, and then up to the last glimpse of the ascending God; and have wept abundantly whenever the Teacher spoke to assembled thousands the words of eternal life, or the Healer showed his mercy to the sufferer, without one touch of sorrow in the tears; and I have, I trust, at Jesus' cross, looked up with repentant weeping, when humble faith could say, "Lord, I believe," and yet unsatisfied thought, faith, and love exclaim, "We would see Jesus!"

[Selected.]
GOD CALLING YET.

God calling yet! and shall I never hearken,
But still earth's witcheries my spirit darken?
This passing life, these passing joys, all flying,
And still my soul in dreamy slumber lying!

God calling yet! and I not yet arising!
So long his faithful, loving voice despising,
So falsely his unwearied love repaying,
He beckons still, and still I am delaying.

God calling yet! loud at my door is knocking,
And I my heart, my ear, still firmer locking!
He yet is willing, ready to receive me,
Is waiting now; but ah! he soon may leave me.

God calling yet! and I no answer giving!
I dread his yoke, and am in bondage living.
Too long I linger, but not yet forsaken;
He calls me still; O, my poor heart, awaken!

Surrender all, all to his care confiding;
Where but with him are rest and peace abiding?
Unloose, unloose, break earthly bonds asunder,
And let this spirit rise in soaring wonder.

God calling! I can no longer tarry,
Nor to my God a heart divided carry.
O, vain and giddy world, your spells are broken!
Sweeter than all, the voice of God hath spoken.

{Original.]

THE LEGACY—ITS CONDITIONS.

BY J. P. J.

"My peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you." John xiv: 27.

"The work of righteousness shall be peace." Isaiah xxxii: 17.

"Occupy till I come." Luke xix: 13.

THE work of righteousness shall be peace in a very eminent degree even here on earth, the abode of conflict, and even in this life of probation and trial. But it is a very remarkable fact, testified by the experience of thousands, that those who have been most fully convinced that this is not a place of rest, and who have been made willing to yield all thoughts of it here, have found most of the rest of faith. The legacy of peace has become theirs, as they have been enabled to resign worldly things. "In the world ye shall have tribulation, but in me ye shall have peace." The more fully they have consented to the promised tribulation, the more fully they have received the promised peace. These tribulations are a part of the work of righteousness, which shall be peace. The flesh and its desires, its tastes, and preferences, oppose the entrance of that peace which can only be fully received and enjoyed by the meek and lowly in heart. These obstacles must be removed, before the heirs can be fully entrusted with the divine legacy, the pearl of great price. For, can this pearl find its way into a casket crowded with other things? And if it did, would not its beauty be marred or itself be crushed by the pressure? Every anxious care would bruise it. Can you not see now why the condition, "Be careful for nothing," is annexed to the promise: "And the peace of God, which passeth understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds?" No; this royal jewel, this divine legacy, purchased at the sacrifice of all that this world contains, and even life itself, cannot be possessed by the worldly-minded professor, neither by those "who are in friendship with the enemy of God,"—James iv: 4. It must not only have a heart cleansed for its dwelling-place, but a heart

emptied of care. Care is generally considered harmless, and hence we sometimes see believers, whom the "pleasures and riches of this world" would be powerless to entice from the path of duty, overwhelmed with care about lawful things. But these lawful things become unlawful, when they attain power to disturb our peace by over anxiety. Remember that the cares, equally with the riches and pleasures of the world, "choked out the good seed, so that they brought no fruit to perfection."—Luke viii: 14. So then it is not only a hindrance to our peace, but an obstacle to our perfection. Are you troubled? Then you are praying for peace. Are you seeking sanctification? Then you are "crying without ceasing" for holiness, and with strong desire your whole being goes out after it. Perhaps you have laid your pleasures and possessions upon the altar; but there is still an obstacle. Now lay your cares there. "Be careful for nothing." This is not opposed to a prudent and pious diligence; to the contrary, it often prevents burdensome care. But let not too much advantage be taken even of this admission. For the covetous man will carry it to the extent of getting all that he can, and keeping all that he can get. The ambitious man would think it very prudent care to get all the honor he can; he would even apologize to himself, by thinking he could render more service to God. But "be not deceived; God is not mocked." "How can ye believe which receive honor one of another, and seek not the honor that cometh from God only." How can ye believe in the necessity of humility to the full extent of gospel teaching, while the sin of ambition still deludes you into the belief that you are seeking the honor of God when you are seeking your own. How can you believe then who receive honor of one another? is impossible that you should even believe in the necessity of attaining to that humble mind which was in Christ Jesus, "who made himself of no reputation." Here then is another obstacle to the work of righteousness, which shall be peace; this

over-anxiety or carefulness about things with which a Christian ought to have no concern. But perhaps you will say, I am not concerned about much honor, but about my fair fame, which has been injured by misrepresentation. In the first place, was it misrepresentation suffered in a righteous cause? If so, be meek enough to listen to the master, and be lowly enough to receive his prescription. "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake." Rejoice and be exceeding glad. Have they said all manner of evil against you? and have you been exceeding glad? No; they have said but little evil, and yet you have been exceeding sad. You thought you were only mortified, because unjustly accused; but do you not see you had too much love of approbation, when you could be so troubled? Do you not see that this anxious desire to keep what honor you had, is as much a branch of the sinful root, ambition, as the pride that desired more. If the root had been dead, how could you feel?—the dead cannot feel. Perhaps this was the only thing that hindered your full consecration, and perhaps this very thing might have prevented your confession with the mouth of the salvation that had been already wrought in your heart. "Therefore be exceedingly glad that this only 'thorn' in your peace, has been extracted by probing the wound more deeply." If you have arrived at this state, your wound will be soon and forever healed. "Fear ye not the reproach of men, neither be afraid of their revilings." "But sanctify the Lord of hosts, and let him be your dread, and let him be your fear, and he shall be for a sanctuary." "For the fear of man bringeth a snare; but whoso putteth his trust in the Lord shall be safe." "Before honor is humility." Payson said: "I never was anything until I consented to become nothing." Now do not fall into the snare of one whom I knew, who strove to consent to become nothing, that he might become something. Pride is the most deceitful of all sins, and the most difficult to extinguish. It is a protean prin-

ciple that assumes any and every shape and disguise, to avoid detection and arrest. It will even take refuge in humility, and be proud because it is humble. None but those who have found out its secret coverts and subtle refuges in their own hearts, and have crucified its hydra-headed image, can know the extent of its hindering power "to the work of righteousness, which is peace." Peace and pride cannot dwell in the same breast. It is an impossibility. It is the very swine which treads the pearl of peace beneath its feet in the mire of worldly desires. It is as great a hindrance to peace in the man of taste, as in the ambitious and the covetous. He has not the peace of contentment in having food and raiment sufficient for his necessities. (Tim. vi: 6-12.) He would like to have his house better furnished, and to see his family better dressed. The gratification of his taste is in some degree necessary to his comfort; because this root of pride is not yet crucified. He expects to have part of his heaven here. If this desire disturbs his peace it is sinful, and he is in this thing like Bunyan's Allegory of "Passion, who must have her good things here, but Patience is willing to wait for hers." It would take a volume to record the history of pride even in a single heart. There is the pride of intellect, pride of taste, pride of dress, pride of living, pride of preaching, pride of working, pride of speech, and even pride of piety. These fleshly lusts are the "little foxes that spoil the vines," (Song of Solomon ii: 15.) so "that they bring no fruit to perfection;" "for the pride of life is not of the Father." (1st John, ii: 15, 16, 17.) There is nothing that so much wars against our divine legacy as pride; and if Christians cannot be at peace until they have satisfied all its demands, they will never find it here. The luxuriant vine that goes beyond gospel length and breadth needs much pruning before it will "bring forth fruit unto perfection." "They will not frame their doings to turn unto the Lord," was a favorite text of Dr. Chalmers. When the branches grow beyond the gospel frame, it

is a part of the work of the vine-dresser to curtail them. This legacy did not include luxury, but only food and raiment; (Math. vi: 31, 34.) therefore the part of the vine that hangs over the wall of competence must be cut off. By co-operation with the Spirit we might prevent this. We may plead for our indulgences, and even try to excuse ourselves on scriptural grounds, but, nevertheless, "God is not mocked;" for he that soweth to the flesh (or the pride of life) shall reap corruption." But by spiritual co-operation we may "sow to the Spirit," for "we are laborers together with God," both for ourselves and others. Peace only dwells in the humble heart. The work of righteousness is only complete in proportion to the work of humility. Many will say when suffering under losses, privations, disappointments, and humiliations, "If I could only be certain that this is for the Lord, I could be content to suffer." But consider; must he not remove your false rest, to fit you for the reception of true peace. Then, if this is a part of his work to that end, it is for the Lord. "Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly, and ye shall find rest unto your souls." What a pattern, and what a teacher! Here was indeed a pattern of perfect and disinterested love and humility. He took the lowest place, led a life of privation, and poverty, and sorrow, under the law of public opinion, and for his good received revilings and persecutions, without a hope of reward, not for himself, but for others.

"My dear Redeemer and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word;
But in thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.

"Be thou my pattern—make me hear
More of thy gracious image here;
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine."

Paul arrived nearest this humility when he said, "I am willing to spend and be spent for you, though the more abundantly I love, the less I be loved. (2d Cor. xii: 15.) Some would say, "But his reward was sure

hereafter; and is not ours equally sure, unless we, like Esau, forfeit our spiritual birth-right by preferring the indulgence of our fleshly appetites? But "the work of righteousness which shall be peace," is not the complete ascendancy of spiritual life in our own hearts alone. There is a work to be done for others. "And to him that knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him it is sin." "Be ye therefore doers, and not hearers of the word only, deceiving your own selves." See how intimately these scriptures are connected. "My peace I give unto you." "The Son of man came to seek and save that which was lost." "Occupy till I come." (Luke, xix: 10, 13.) "He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also." The work of righteousness shall be peace, and the effect of righteousness, quietness, and assurance for ever. He has left us a legacy, and also a work; the performance of the one is the condition of the reception of the other. He gives to all who will receive. Obedience is the receptive act; disobedience is positive rejection of the divine legacy. The disobedient believer cannot have uninterrupted peace, neither the selfish servant who would bury the grace he has received; for when it became unprofitable to others, it also yielded no reward to himself. (Math. xxv: 18, 30.) "He was commanded to put his light upon the table that it might give light to all that were in the house," but he put it under a bushel, and a smothered light must go out. (Matt. v: 15, 16; Luke xi: 33, 35.) "Take heed, therefore, that the light which is in thee be not darkness." "For if thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light, as when the bright shining of a candle doth give thee light." Beware, then, of the two-eyed piety that casts one eye on the good things of this world and one on the next. Those who attempt the double service of God and mammon, make unto themselves and others many stumbling-blocks. To the single-eyed Christian, the candle of the gospel shines with a bright and unextinguishable light, directing him surely

"in the narrow path," which he finds a path of pleasantness and peace. There are no stumbling-blocks in this path, it is a path of light. At every turning point there is a word saying "this is the way; walk ye in it." "Ask for the old paths where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls." (Jer. vi: 16.) Learn this path of me, for "I am meek and lowly." Learn of this example "written in living characters," that self-indulgence is not the narrow path; "Knowing this that our old man must be crucified, that the body of sin might be destroyed." (Rom. vi: 6.) "For the flesh lusteth against the spirit, and the spirit against the flesh; and these two are contrary, the one to the other." Therefore this crucifixion is a necessary part of "the work of righteousness, which is peace," for there can be no permanent, abiding, perfect peace, where there are two elements constantly in conflict. And they that are mentioned as Christ's, upon whom the whole work of redemption has been accomplished, "have crucified the flesh, with the affections and lusts." "This I say then, walk in the Spirit, and ye shall not fulfil the lust of the flesh." "But put ye on the Lord Jesus, and make no provision for the flesh, to fulfil the lusts thereof." (Gal. v: 16, 17, 24, 25; Rom. xiii: 14.) "Ye that are seeking holiness, have ye consented to the way of the cross? If ye have not, ye seek in vain." "Therefore, my brethren, count it all joy when ye fall into divers trials," "knowing this, that the trying of your faith worketh patience." "And patience must have her perfect work," "that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing." "And not only so, but we glory in tribulations also, knowing that tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope, and hope maketh not ashamed." "That ye may stand perfect and complete in all the will of God." (James i: 2, 3, 4; Rom. v: 3, 4; Coloss. iv: 12.)

No affliction would trouble a child of God if he but knew God's reason for sending it.

LEAD ME IN THY TRUTH.

BY CARRIE THRASHER.

FATHER, let Thy Spirit guide me,
Let thy hand my weakness stay;
I am frail, afflicted, weary;
Lead me in the holy way.

I would not attempt, my Father,
To mark out the course to move
By my feeble, finite finger,
But submit me to thy love.

Lead me, Father, for without Thee,
Erring, I shall fall away;
Guide me, or I soon shall wander,
From the pure and holy way.

Thou hast promised me thy presence,
Thou hast left these words for me:
"Lo, my child, I'm with thee alway,
Till I call thee unto Me."

Thanks to thee for this sweet promise,
I will trust my soul with Thee;
In Thy hand I'm safe from danger,
With Thy love, from fear I'am free.

Help me, Father, thus to trust Thee
Long as life's short day shall last,
Then in Heaven I'll rise to praise Thee,
When these earthly scenes are past.
Taunton, 1858.

[Original.]

ANGEL CURIOSITY.

BY A STUDENT.

"Which things the angels desire to look into."

WE do not find the least indication that the angels are to be thought presuming, because they desire to look into mysteries beyond their comprehension. But it is to be remembered that we have no reason to think they are ever unreconciled to the limitations of their knowledge; that things unseen to them, or uninvestigated by them, are subjects upon which they are unbelieving. Not so with us, beings of a lower grade. If we stopped with greater reverence at the evident boundaries of our present field of investigation, we would be more like the angels above us. They desire to look into the mysteries of redemption, but they wait with patience, until, per-

adventure, a day may be given them in which the subject shall be opened to their vision. We desire to look into the mysteries of that eternity which is the life morning of angels, and the third hour of the day with earth emigrants; and because we cannot understand the peculiarities of the place, and the mode of transfer thither; because we cannot see, or hear, or touch the spirit, as it leaves the body; and because we cannot hear some word coming back to us, as we hear earthly sounds, we are sometimes ready to doubt the whole matter. O let not an angel know that there is ever the breath of a doubt upon the reality of the existence of spirit, separate from the body, breathed within us. We are ashamed of it before an angel, when we think of it. We are ashamed of it before God; but he knows our weakness better than man or angel does. He knoweth our frame, and that we are but dust; and that the machinery works badly sometimes. He knows how much to attribute to flesh, and how much to spirit, in any case of blindness with us. We judge not our own selves in some cases, and in others we do. As to voluntarily attempting to pry into what we know God has not left open for our present investigation, we judge ourselves to be innocent of it, if consciousness is the correct witness that it has ever been, by common consent in heaven and earth. But how far we should yield to the drawings of our interest in those who once lived with us here, when they so mysteriously go away from us into that vast eternity; and how far we should try to follow them; in other words, how strongly we should try to hold on to them, and try to keep them in our circle of existence, or be carried by them into their circle of existence,—these are questions. I do not mean to say that how much we should try to do this by outward signs, is a question. I do not think there is much room for question in the matter. If a departed spirit looks upon such attempts at all, it looks upon them as upon children at play, reaching

out their hands to take hold of unseen hands in air. But it is the mental effort to go to eternity while our bodies remain here, to get some perception of the state and mode of existence there, so that we can intelligibly feel the communion of life with our glorified loved ones—it is this upon which we question. So far is certain, that we should try to extend our vision into the unknown, no further than will have a healthy reaction upon our minds, taken as they are, together with the body. Yet we are not always wise enough to stop here. We need to be in a state of great passivity before God, lest we transcend the limitations which he has given us in our very natures. But there is a difference. The nature of one needs restraint in these things, and the nature of another needs excitement to them. God alone knows how to regulate each. Each must look for his direction and control, or not be in safety.

December, 1858.

“NOT FAR, BUT NEAR.”

I SANG:

“There is a happy land,
Far, far away.”

“Oh no,” she replied, “not far, ’tis near now.” And then she smiled and seemed to see something. Soon after, she gently raised her hand and whispered: “Come,” and then passed away with the angels.—
[*Oberlin Evangelist.*]

“Oh no, not far, but nearer
Its heavenly shores appear;
Its walls look brighter, clearer,
And angels hqver near.
Hark! to the music swelling
From yonder shining throng;
My Savior’s love they’re telling
And soon I’ll join their song.
I love thee, sister dearest,
And sadly leave thee here;
But Christ, whose voice thou hearest,
Will bring thee safely there.
But oh, how dark ’tis growing,
And I am faint and numb;
Yes, sister, now I’m going,—
Come, blessed Jesus, come!”

THE BEAUTY OF HOLINESS.

BY REV. THOMAS H. DAVIES.

Lines prompted by hearing Mrs. P. Palmer speak at Sackville, N. D., on the beautiful theme of Christian Holiness.

Oh where can just Heaven in our world beauty view?

In her fair landscapes and her fields bright with dew?

Does it shine on her mountains in the morn's early ray?

Or the painting of clouds as the sun sinks away?

Is it found in her forests with verdure arrayed,
In color and form harmoniously displayed,
Where the birds of rich plumage glance swift on the wing,

And a pure song of praise to their Maker oft sing?

Is it found painted fair on the soft cheek of youth,

Where every sweet smile seems the language of truth?

Ah! the *smile* and the *frown* the same visage share,—

A heaven loved holiness we cannot find there.

Is it written so plain on manhood's fair brow,
That an angel from heaven might to God's image bow?

Ah! oft in the many can the workings be seen
Of a soul sadly marred,—a heart all unclean.

Is heaven's own beauty with the fairest, aye found,—

The daughters of Eve who grace our world's ground?

The trifles that many of these now pursue,
But too plainly declare they God never knew!

When earth is enrobed with the garments of night,

And sees them all spangled with stars pure and bright,

Is the beauty that makes all paradise fair—
The beauty of God, in true holiness there?

This beauty was seen by the pure angel throng,
When God's mighty hand laid earth's mountains strong;

They saw it in man, in the sun and the shade,
And the earth 'neath his feet was in pureness arrayed.

Oh when shall they see it again in the race,
Not formed as in Adam, but flowing from grace?

When the blood of atonement by faith all shall share,

The angels of God will love to dwell there.

When the Church in a robe of purity drest,
Shall lean in strong love on her dear Savior's breast,

The world at the sight shall more strongly believe

The worth of religion, and its joys too receive.

O Zion, too faithless, arise in love strong,
Sing in the ear of the world Redemption's new song;

A lay of salvation from sin, death, and hell,
Shall then o'er the earth in a strong chorus swell.

The world in these days shall the first Christians view,

And give their Redeemer the praise to him due,
For planting rich graces in earth's barren ground
Where God's purely loved and paradise found.

Then the pots in God's house shall ever be clean;*

The bells on the horses salvation's sounds mean;
Man redeemed from all foes, his Maker's love share,

And the world, in its people, God's image shall bear.

Point de Bute, N. B., }
13th Nov., 1858. }

* Zachariah xiv: 20.

DEATH WITHOUT FEAR.

THE following were the dying words of Mr. Wm. McLean, of Edinburgh, a man of exemplary piety:—

"Come, stingless death, have o'er; lo! here's my pass,

In bloody characters, by Him who was And is, and shall be. Jordan, cut thy stream;
Make channels dry; I bear my Father's name
Stamped on my brow. I'm ravished with my crown,

It shines so bright! Down with all glory, down,
That worlds can give; I see the pearly port—
The golden street where blessed souls resort.
The tree of life, floods gushing from the Throne,
Call me to joys; begone, short woes, begone!
I lived to die, but now I die to live!

I do enjoy more than I did believe;
The promise me into possession sends,
Earth in fruition, hope in glory ends."

The Guide to Holiness.

JANUARY, 1859.

EDITORIAL PAPERS.

QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

A DEAR brother, who signs his name L. M. S., proposes the following:—"Will a person in the enjoyment of perfect love always have a clear witness of it? and if so, in what does that witness consist?"

Here are two questions, which must be answered separately. It will be necessary to look at the latter first, since before we can decide whether the evidences of a clean heart are intended to be perpetually given, we must ascertain what facts constitute the witness of present purity of heart.

There are two classes of evidence that a man is holy; one, the facts of his life as they are seen by observers—his pursuits, his tempers, his spirit, his very tones and gestures bear witness of the grace that is in him, and declare to all, but most emphatically to those who know him best, the work which grace has wrought in his soul. But we suppose our brother to have respect to the other class of facts, namely:—those which appear to the perceptions of the heart itself, when it is wholly sanctified by grace. Commonly, the evidence which comes first to the soul that it is really purified, is what we may call a *consciousness* of purity, accompanied by such a perfect rest or repose in the will of God. Some have seemed to lose their struggle, and all their agony of desire after purity of heart, by gradually sinking, in a manner they knew not how, into a state of such tranquillity; such deep interior silence of spirit, accompanied by such a conscious cleaving of the affections to God, and such complete satisfaction of all the wishes in the contemplation of the divine glory, that the attention has at first been caught altogether away from themselves, and they have been so absorbed in the glory of God, that for a little time there was no recurrence of the attention of the soul to the question of its own spiritual state. When it has occurred to such persons afterwards to ask themselves, "Where am I?" they have not always had their attention drawn to the exercises just named, as in themselves conclusive evidences that all impurity is washed away, and that God has indeed taken entire possession of their nature. Yet thus they are undoubt-

edly to be regarded. We believe every Christian who really enjoys entire deliverance from the carnal mind, has more or less all along, though he may not always have in the same degree, this *consciousness* of present purity; this continual seeking and finding the centre of all his hopes and all his desires in God.

There are two states of the mind closely allied to the one alluded to above. One is what Mr. Fletcher calls recollection. Writing to Miss Hutton, he says,—"You ask from me some directions to get a mortified spirit. To get this, get recollection. Recollection is a dwelling within ourselves; being abstracted from the creature and turned toward God. It is both outward and inward. Outward recollection consists in silence from all idle and superfluous words, and a wise disentanglement from the world; keeping to our own business, observing and following the order of God for ourselves, and shutting the ear against all curious and unprofitable matters. Inward recollection consists in shutting the door of the senses, in a deep attention to the presence of God, and in continual care of entertaining holy thoughts for fear of spiritual idleness. Through the power of the Spirit, let this recollection be steady, even in the midst of hurrying business; let it be calm and peaceful, and let it be lasting. To maintain this recollection, beware of entering too deeply, and beyond what is necessary, into outward things; beware of suffering your affections to be entangled by worldly vanities, your imagination to amuse itself with unprofitable objects, and of indulging yourself in the commission of what are called small faults."

The state of mind described by Mr. Fletcher in the foregoing extract, is one that may, in a good degree, be perpetuated in the experience of any one who will be at the pains to cultivate and keep it. It is the very soul of watchfulness and keeps the heart that has it instantly ready to work, or suffer, or pray, or die. The prevalence of the state of mind here described, we should consider evidence not to be doubted that the heart is clean.

The other state, or rather exercise alluded to, is that described by Bramwell under the name of "*burning love*." He says he aims always to remain long enough in his closet to obtain this glowing sensation of love in the heart—this burning of holy desire after God. To one who has never felt it, it is, perhaps, impossible to describe what Mr. Bramwell means; but to our brother, whose question we

are attempting to answer, and to most of our readers, this language is entirely clear, we do not doubt. The disciples who had been enjoying a walk and a talk with Jesus, said, "Did not our hearts burn within us, while he talked with us by the way, and opened unto us the scriptures?" From that day to this, many hearts have felt the gracious flame while communing with Jesus. Now we would say, if these symptoms exist in the mind *as a habit*, they constitute, especially when they co-exist—when they are commonly all present, an amount of evidence which ought to satisfy the man who is the subject of them, that grace now reigns to the exclusion of all impurity in his heart—that his nature is wholly sanctified by grace.

We have never known any person who seemed always to have what we should call the evidence of entire sanctification with equal clearness. Excessive cares, feeble, nervous states, manifold temptations, abounding wickedness in community, heavy domestic burdens and trials may damp the spirit, or, for a season, seem to cloud the horizon of the soul; but if there be no yielding to sinful unbelief, no turning in the hour of sorrow to any earthly cordial for a solace, all will soon be bright with new lustre, and the soul will go on with new strength.

Our brother asks again, "Will a person in a state of entire sanctification ever shrink from duty; or will he always be bold and fearless?"

Doubtless he will be much more fearless after grace has purified his heart than he was before, yet grace—any measure of grace, so far as we know, does not entirely destroy the native timidity of some temperaments. Jesus himself appears to have shrunk from the horrible death of crucifixion, and he repeatedly prayed, "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me;" yet no one would say the heart of Jesus was not pure. So we suppose the holiest Christians do sometimes shrink in feeling, in view of heavy crosses. But Jesus said, "Nevertheless, not my will but thine be done," and he bore the cross, and then hung upon it, because "it pleased the Lord to bruise him;" and so it must be with every heart that retains its purity. Whatever measures of grace it may have received, it must deny itself, and constantly resist and overcome all reluctance to duty, by making the will of God its rule of action.

"In every time and place,
Who serve the Lord most high,
Are called his sovereign will to embrace,
And still their own deny."

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

THE WAYWARD PUPIL.

(Continued from page 126, vol. 34.)

THE teacher had become a pupil,—a disciple of the Lord Jesus. She had entered the school of Christ, with a heart overflowing with love to the Great Teacher, and longing to *do something* to manifest her gratitude "for his unspeakable gift." All nature seemed to be praising God, and her whole soul was flowing out in harmony with nature! It was at that season of the year when the birds were warbling their sweetest notes, that she had heard the voice of the Beloved,—“For lo! the winter is passed; the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth.” Oh, how joyfully did she recognize the spiritual meaning of those sweet words, “Arise my love, my fair one: rise up, and come away!”

And let me say to you, young disciples, that you are privileged to exercise throughout your whole Christian course, this pure and holy joy. The Gospel is good tidings of *great joy*. Hear the last words of our dear Savior:—“That my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full.” Hear also, his parting prayer:—“And now come I to thee, and these things I speak in the world, that they may have my joy fulfilled in themselves.” Precious legacy of joy! If all Christians would receive the truths inculcated by the “Guide to Holiness,” all would receive this precious gift which the dear Savior has bequeathed alike to all his faithful followers, “Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.”

But let us return to the lady who had become as a little child, in the school of Christ. She loved the Great Teacher, and longed to show him how loving and obedient she could be. The germ of holy love was indeed planted in her heart, but it was only a germ, to be unfolded and nurtured by the gifts and graces of His Spirit. She did not realize how very weak and helpless she was. The poet has beautifully described the proper state of mind for the young Christian to cherish:

“As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own,—
Knows he’s neither strong nor wise,—
Fears to stir one step alone,
Let me thus with thee abide,
As my Teacher, Guard, and Guide.”

You will remember in Paul’s description of the heavenly armor, he says, “Above all, tak-

ing the shield of Faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked." The lady did not then understand that she ever could again be assailed by the wicked one. In the ardor of her new love, she felt that nothing could ever draw her away from the Savior. She would be a very teachable pupil, and she was continually asking, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" The answer was returned, "The poor ye have always with you, and when ye will, ye can do them good!" "Lovest thou me? feed my lambs!" "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them!"

And now came the fiery darts of the wicked one. Since the tempter could not lull the new disciple into indolence, he encouraged her to more intense activity, and induced her to overlook, and at times to forget another class of instructions, which the dear Teacher had enjoined as of the first importance: "Bringing into captivity every thought, to the obedience of Christ,—purifying the heart by faith." In a word, the new pupil was not conscious that she had yet to learn how to use the shield of faith. But she felt that with all her efforts to do good, she was losing the joyful experience of her first love. While she was mourning in sadness, and imploring the dear Savior to be her Guide, he kindly sent an older pupil, whose warm, loving heart yearned to lead her into the "way of holiness." From this beloved disciple she received specific directions how to use the shield of faith.* They were written by one who well understood the use of the Christian armor, and she now saw the connection between faith and love as she had never done before. She was encouraged to cease from the activity of nature, and to go to the Savior in all her weakness and sinfulness, and implore him to impress his own image upon her heart. Thus, she was enabled to consecrate herself entirely to Christ; and while she was pleading, "Create within me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me," a well-spring of joy seemed once more to be opened in her soul, and she had a new experience of "the peace of God, which passeth all understanding." How kindly the Great Teacher smiled upon his wayward pupil, as with childlike docility she retired to the infant class, still asking, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" Again the answer was returned, "If ye know these things, happy are

ye if ye do them!" Looking unto Jesus the "author and finisher of faith," she could now say, "When I am weak, then am I strong." "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."

Young reader, have you entered the fold of Christ, and become one of his little lambs? Do not attempt to go before, but *follow the good Shepherd!* Seek his guidance; listen to his voice, as he sweetly calls you to keep near his side. "For he calleth his own sheep by name, and leadeth them out. He goeth before them, and the sheep follow him; for they know his voice."

But it may be that you, too, have strayed from the fold. Then be encouraged to listen to the voice of the Good Shepherd. See how tenderly he welcomed a wanderer back to the fold. It is ever thus. He goes out upon the mountains to seek and to save the lost. Each one of the flock is known to the Good Shepherd by name, and the little lambs he shall gather with his arm, and carry in his bosom.

Thus will He continue to feed us in green pastures, and lead us by the still waters, until we are all safely at home in his fold above.

[L. L.]

THE TREMBLING LAMB.

Give me strength to follow thee;
Savior, guide my steps aright;
May thy weak and trembling lamb
Never wander from thy sight!

Thou wilt lead in pastures green,
Where the quiet waters flow;
In the paths of righteousness,
Thou wilt cause my feet to go.

I would ever follow thee;
Ever listen to thy voice.
Gentle Shepherd, hear me now,
Make my trembling heart rejoice!

Then, when thou shalt call me home
To thy blessed fold above,
I, thy little lamb, shall rest
In the bosom of thy love.

[Leila.]

We are happy to announce to our young friends that

WEE-WEE SONGS FOR OUR LITTLE PETS, by their friend Leila, are now out and ready for delivery.

* See "Interior Life," by Dr. Upham.

EDITORS' DRAWER.

WE WISH YOU A VERY HAPPY NEW YEAR! This salutation is so common at this season,—nay, we might add so almost universal, that there are grounds to often suspect its sincerity. But, beloved, we give it not as a mere compliment, but as an expression of hearty desire. And yet, the question will arise, how far can we hope that that desire will be accomplished? This is the point to which we would direct your eye. Happiness is not accidental,—nor is it the arbitrary gift of a capricious sovereign; it is the result, the outgrowth of a course of conduct, the pursuit of which our beneficent Creator has put within universal reach. None need be unhappy. Every man is the arbiter of his own destiny. Happiness is just as sure to follow in the wake of humble obedience, as light is sure to succeed the withdrawal of darkness. Our only ground of hope, then, that this year will be to you one of happiness, is that you make the will of God your choice. Here lies the secret of a happy new year, and a happy old year. The past, the present, the future, are alike good to the soul that has learned from its innermost recesses to say, “Not my will, but thine, O God, be done.” Many of our readers will doubtless assent to this, and as they enter upon a new year, will endeavor to bring their hearts to this point of perfect submission. Beloved, in the midst of the struggle, (for a struggle it is) remember Him that was made perfect through suffering, and who is touched with the feeling of your infirmity. He stands by you to succor. Engage him in this cause, and the victory is yours. When God becomes triumphant, happiness is won. God is love, and he that dwelleth in God, dwelleth in love. To this fountain of perennial joy, Christ is the way. Begin, then, the year with Christ; abide in him, and this will be the happiest year of your life.

DECLINED ARTICLES.—Two short poems, one a paraphrase of the 147th Psalm, and the other “For Whit-Sunday,” though possessing some merit, will hardly meet our idea of appropriateness for the Guide. “Letter to the Ministers of the Methodist Church,”—contains some good thoughts and wishes, but lacks explicitness, and is not sufficiently laden with the *burning truths of God* that ought to be seen and felt. “No standing still,”—all true, but most too commonplace in its expression. “A Dream,”—a very fine poetic effusion, though better adapt-

ed to a religious periodical of a more general character. The same is true of “Home,” “Trust in God,” and “The Penitent.” Two articles written by the same hand, entitled “Foes Within and Foes Without,” and “Faithfulness Becometh Thy House, O Lord,” though exhibiting goodness of heart, are not sufficiently well executed for publication. “An Important Question,” by Amicus Editorum.—We have no doubt the writer is a “friend of Editors,” but we have some fears as to the safety of his views, and the expediency of teaching converts that they must always expect to be more or less subject to bondage through fear of death. “A prayer,”—not quite. “The Way in which I have been Led,”—The writer could hardly expect the article to be used without much condensing and changing. “How shall we obtain a Holy Heart?”—Some time in suspense. “Where is the Hindrance?”—Ditto. “The Cross,” by H. H.—Very good, but hardly admissible while we have a superabundance of poetry. The same may be said of “An invocation for the Spirit’s Presence,” by M. L. A reply to “Bad Theology in Hymns,” we think hardly called for. Our hymns doubtless contain about the right theology, but are often strangely applied, as when *Christians* habitually use those hymns designed for *sinners* or *backsliders*. A short “Address to the Guide,” in blank verse, will hardly pass. “What are thy hopes?” contains good thoughts, but is better adapted to a more general paper. An article by E. C. exhibits genuine experience, but its execution will not justify its insertion. This may be said of several other articles now on hand. While those on personal experience accumulate as they do, we must take the liberty to make a selection, even though some should be laid aside which might otherwise come to light.

THE PROMISE OF THE FATHER; OR, A NEGLECTED SPECIALITY OF THE LAST DAYS. By MRS. PALMER.

ERE this shall meet the eye of our readers, this long anticipated volume will be on sale. While we cannot regret the causes of its delay, we feel that an apology is due the public, in view of our many unfulfilled orders resulting from the announcement that it would be in readiness three months since. We will give a brief statement of the causes of the delay, which, though known to many, may not be equally

known to all. It is now about five months since our friends, Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, passed through Boston on their way to the British Provinces, in answer to an invitation to attend a special meeting in New Brunswick. They anticipated that their engagement abroad would delay them but about two weeks, and preparations to issue the volume were already commenced. But so extraordinary was the outpouring of the Holy Spirit as they passed on from place to place, that they were delayed week after week, witnessing hundreds on hundreds saved, and not daring to return while being so evidently withstood by the Angel of the Covenant. Letters have from time to time reached us, giving some account of the particulars of these Pentecostal showers which have attended the ministrations of our beloved brother and sister in Jesus.

These we have published; and to those who have read these letters, no farther apology is needful. Surely we are living in the latter part of the last days, when God pours out his Spirit not only upon his sons, but his *daughters* also are permitted to share largely in the gift of prophecy. From a letter on hand, which we are permitted to publish, (received too late for the present issue,) written to Mrs. P.'s sister, Mrs. Lankford, of New York, we see a practical illustration of the principles of Mrs. P.'s new work. None can read, we presume, without being constrained to feel that a characteristic of the last days has been too much neglected. God has not forgotten his ancient promise. He still pours out his Spirit upon his *daughters*, as also upon his sons. If this truth was more fully acknowledged, and "The Promise of the Father" to his daughters and handmaids duly considered by denominations of every name, the fulfilment of the promise received, and the gift brought into exercise, we doubt not but a Pentecostal flame would be speedily kindled, which would result in the salvation of tens of thousands.

And to the consideration of this subject this book is largely devoted. It is not sectarian, but eminently scriptural; and is addressed to ministers and people of every Christian sect. We have the opinion of one, who has read the work in manuscript, that Mrs. P. seems to have exceeded herself in the preparation of this volume. Anticipating that the book will, in fact, be a book for the times, and the demands for it large and pressing, we have published a large edition, and shall be ready to meet all orders, we trust, without delay. The price will be \$1.00.

BOOK NOTICES.

THE TENANT HOUSE; OR, EMBERS FROM POVERTY'S HEARTHSTONE. By A. J. H. DUGANNE. ROBERT M. DEWITT, 160 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.

The author was appointed, in connection with others, by the New York Legislature, as a committee of investigation on Tenant Houses; and the book before us gives a graphic description of the condition of the lower classes as it came under his own eye. It has all the charm of romance,—while its truthful basis is calculated to make a profound impression in favor of those who are called to struggle with abject poverty. The effect of covetousness in deadening the sympathies of the heart, and the sustaining influence of piety amid the stern trials of life, are portrayed with a master's skill.

WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY.

Daniel Webster expressed the general sentiment of American Scholars, when he said: "I possess many Dictionaries, and of most of the learned and cultivated languages, ancient and modern; but I never feel that I am entirely armed and equipped in this respect, without Dr. Webster at command." And Rufus Choate says: "I beg to adopt, in its utmost strength and extent, the testimonial of Daniel Webster."

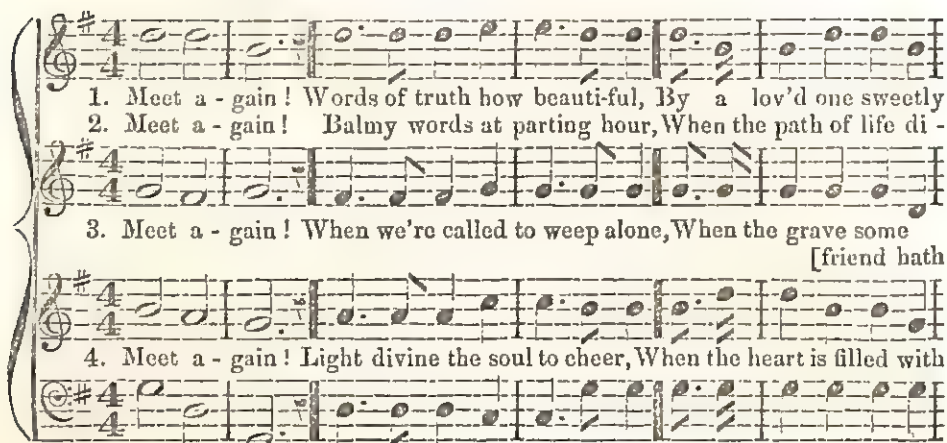
Add to these testimonials the preference that has been given to Webster's Dictionary in the schools of our country, and we may form some estimate of its value as an acknowledged standard. The edition which is above all other editions, as the Dictionary itself excels others, is the unabridged *quarto*, the only one which contains the merits of the work, and the one which we offer as a premium for twenty new subscribers.

DEFENCE OF REV. B. T. ROBERTS, A. M., before the Genesee Conference of the Methodist E. Church, at Perry, N. Y., Oct. 19-21, 1858.


We are indebted to our old friend S. K. J. Chesbrough, Esq., who took notes and testimony at the trial, for a copy of the pamphlet. To say that its perusal gave us *pain*, would be but a faint expression of our feelings. Nor is the feeling awakened by mere sympathy with the implicated party. Like the sainted Paul, our brother commits himself to the Lord for judgment, and there we leave him. But the facts deduced from this trial develop a partizan feeling in the Church, which we cannot but deplore. That there is a struggle going on, not in the Genesee Conference merely, but in the churches of the land, between a modern phase of piety and the spiritual element for which our fathers contended, is apparent enough to the most casual observer; and who will be the final victor cannot be a matter of doubt, if the friends of truth fight in the armor of the Gospel. Beloved, *be ye clothed with humility and abide in Christ*, and ye shall yet see the salvation of God.

"MEET AGAIN!"

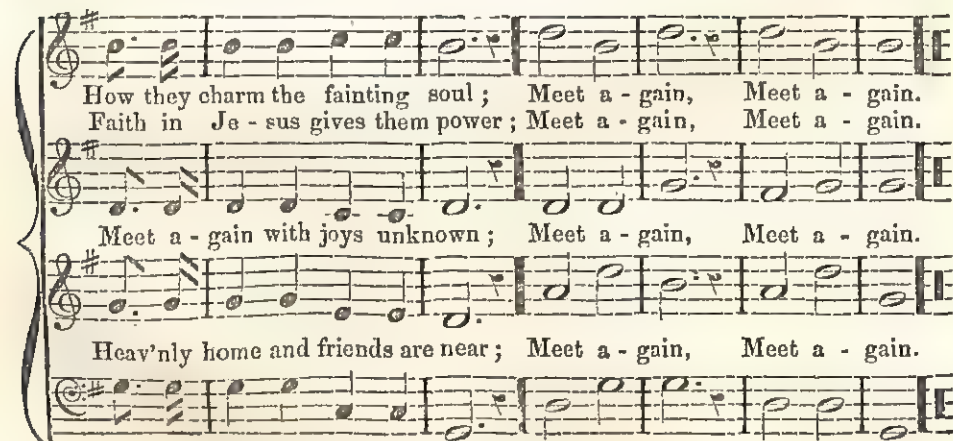
ARRANGED AND HARMONIZED BY REV. W. MC DONALD.



1. Meet a - gain! Words of truth how beauti-ful, By a lov'd one sweetly
 2. Meet a - gain! Balmy words at parting hour, When the path of life di -
 3. Meet a - gain! When we're called to weep alone, When the grave some [friend bath
 4. Meet a - gain! Light divine the soul to cheer, When the heart is filled with



spoken, When the trembling heart is broken; How they charm the fainting soul,
 - verging, We our different ways are urging, Faith in Jesus gives them pow'r,
 taken, These sweet words shall bliss awaken, Meet a - gain with joys unknown,
 anguish, When in death the frame doth languish, Heav'nly home and friends are near



How they charm the fainting soul; Meet a - gain, Meet a - gain.
 Faith in Je - sus gives them power; Meet a - gain, Meet a - gain.
 Meet a - gain with joys unknown; Meet a - gain, Meet a - gain.
 Heav'nly home and friends are near; Meet a - gain, Meet a - gain.

[Original.]

THE FORM OF THE FOURTH IN
THE MIDST OF THE FIRE.

BY JESSE T. PECK, D. D.

Yes, the Church has been in the furnace—the burning, fiery furnace; but the form of the fourth was seen in the midst of the fire. The Son of God never abandons his suffering people. He gave his life to redeem them. He graciously pardoned them when in anguish they came to him, and begged for mercy through faith in his blood. He gave the Spirit's power to raise them from the death of sin to the life of righteousness. They were aliens from the commonwealth of Israel, and strangers from the covenant of promise, but they have been brought nigh by the blood of Christ. By gracious adoption they have become heirs of God, and joint heirs with Jesus Christ, to an inheritance that is incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away. In every period of darkness, the Church of God is still the light of the world, the City set upon a hill that cannot be hid. Her members never all backslide, nor pass into cold formalism. A hasty judgment might pronounce it so, but the Omniscient Being can, in times of the utmost darkness, discover many "thousands who have not bowed the knee to Baal." His own presence and gracious power preserve from the flames those who trust in him.

So it was in the year 1857, and during all the period of spiritual declension which preceded it. "Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another, and the Lord hearkened and heard it." The little prayer-meetings, the conference and class-meetings, the family altar, and the closet, were scenes of deep-felt sorrow, of earnest breathings, of mighty faith, of sighs, and struggles, and tears, and then "the form of the fourth" appeared, and in answers clearly intelligible, gave assurances of victory to the hosts of God.

There were many extraordinary in-

stances of entire consecration during this comparatively dark period. Earnest Christians became dissatisfied with a state of partial salvation. They saw that there was deeper, richer, fuller grace for them. The word of God and the Holy Spirit revealed their want and their glorious privilege. Devout and holy men and women instructed and exhorted them with glowing zeal and many tears, and the prayer arose from many dear disciples—"Create in me a clean heart, O God;" and faith claimed the answer:—"I will, be thou clean," was spoken to many in the States, in Canada, and in Europe; and thus appeared "the form of the fourth"—"the Son of God"—walking in the midst of the fire. The general outpouring of the Spirit was anticipated. It was felt by many burdened struggling hearts, so distinctly that the shouts of victory rolled out in advance of the coming glory of the King of kings.

The pulpit became unusually distinct, and searching, and confident in the utterance of inspired truth; and it was evident that no ordinary influence rested down upon the ambassadors of heaven. Enlargement was seen and felt on every side. There was an outgoing of the inward power of the church, from the Pastor to the most obscure member, to reach the guilty, and save the lost. No common request went up in prayers. A great revival—a powerful, sweeping revival was the demand. It was "a day of rebuke and of blasphemy." Infidelity was bold and chilling, and in many places the numbers of the church had fallen off alarmingly, and in yet more, the increase of the population was greatly in advance of that of the church. A feeling of concern, approaching alarm, took hold of the watchmen and their faithful brethren, and the pleading cry was for such an outpouring of the Holy Spirit as would rebuke the scorner, overwhelm opposition, and give a clear and decided advantage to the truth in its future contests.

The lay element was roused at length. It ceased to be a question whether a man might not seize an opportunity to save a soul, regularly or irregularly, with or without the authority indicated by sacred vestments. Good people forgot that there was any such question. Neighbor began to speak to neighbor, saying, Know ye the Lord? Benevolent, faithful men went into the highways and hedges, and compelled the wandering and the needy to come into the great Supper of the Lamb. They gathered the people in union prayer-meetings, and the clergy and the laity of the different Evangelical churches were seen mingling their prayers and tears, and joining in the exhortation to sinners, saying, — "Save yourselves from this untoward generation." The former merchant princes, who had been growing rich and proud and skeptical, were seen uttering the language of penitence, bathed in tears, as they stood up stripped by Providence of their enormous wealth, and not unfrequently did they publicly thank God for what they at first regarded as the most distressing disaster and inevitable disgrace.

The press sent out its tracts, its religious periodicals, its warnings and appeals, and they were scattered by the hand of faithful religious kindness, throughout the land, like the leaves of autumn; and even the secular press, God in his Providence brought down in perfect meekness, and even with joyfulness, to become a most powerful and almost ubiquitous means of diffusing religious information, and rousing the multitudes to flee to the strong hold for refuge from the coming storm.

And what manifestations of grace were seen and felt as the new year came in, and as 1858 passed on! "Strong men bowed themselves" before the altar of God. The infidelity of the times gave way before the burning power of truth. The guilty felt that they had no covering. They imagined they were personally pointed out by the finger of the watchman, and by the indications of Providence.

They fled from place to place to find security from the withering accusations which fell upon them in the light of day, and in the darkness of the midnight-hour. They fell down in the streets to pray; and the shop, the store, the saloon, and even the theatre, became vocal with the entreaties of suppliants at the throne of grace! Strange hours were these! How men and women turned pale at the sound of profanity! How they fainted in the whirl of the dance! How they went to the house of God to scoff, and remained to pray! What scenes of awaking and conversion were the Sabbath schools, and what multitudes, old and young, thronged the houses of worship! What destruction of bigotry — of sectarianism! What flowing into one, of the souls of true believers of every name; and what ransomed thousands reverently entered the churches to plight their faith and seal their vows in the presence of the Master, and of assembled thousands!

And it was no transient flame — no temporary outburst of passion, or even of religious enthusiasm. It was a deep conviction; it was the work of the Holy Spirit pervading communities, teaching lessons of sound wisdom to erring mortals, guiding the wandering back to truth, to happiness, to God, awakening with just alarm the guilty slumberers upon the brink of ruin, and pervading all forms of society with an awe of God, and "a certain fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation which should devour the adversaries." Hence men were astonished at the sweep of its power. The cities were shaken, and their vilest and their best came trembling before the altars of God. From New York the work spread to Philadelphia, to Baltimore, to New Haven, and Boston. It stretched westward, and northward, and southward, through town and country. It was powerful in Canada, and in England. The continent of Europe was moved, and distant missionary stations in Asia, and Africa, and the Isles of the Sea,

responded with trembling gratitude to "the voice of God that was upon the waters," and upon the land.

The largest portion of a year has passed since this great revival commenced, and the churches have been busy in absorbing and giving out its power. At this day it is an organic life force which seems to be gathering vitality, and advancing to conquests in the dominions of death, promising to present the Church to an astonished world in the clear light and commanding position anticipated by holy prophecy. She has heard and responded to the call of her Master, saying:—"Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee." She has verily "come up out of the wilderness, leaning upon the arm of her beloved, shining forth fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners." Let men beware how they despise her counsels and appeals, or stand in the way of her advancing march to the conquest of the world. She may yet again pass through the furnace, but the form of the fourth will be with her, and as just now before our eyes, so in all coming trials, she will come out of the furnace, without the smell of fire upon her garments.

[Original.]

THE CHRISTIAN'S ETERNAL REWARD.

BY REV. S. L. LEONARD.

ONE of the strongest inducements that the Scriptures hold out to the Christian warrior, to fight manfully, is drawn from the character of the reward which awaits the good man beyond the grave. No mortal can fully tell us what the joys of heaven are; for one of the most glorious circumstances connected with them is, that they are of too noble a character to be fully comprehended by us, while we are in this vale of tears. Yet we know some ingredients that shall there help to make up the saint's bliss.

There he shall be free from all that here mars his happiness. The child of God has joy even in this life; but here there is much to detract from his peace. Wherever he looks he sees the laws of his Heavenly Father violated, and beholds loved ones exposed to eternal death. How often does the pious father mourn over the waywardness of an unconverted son, and the mother shed bitter tears on account of the impiety of that daughter over whose infant slumbers she once watched with such fond solicitude? And Christianity does not free her votaries from the common ills of life. She makes no promise to them that their names shall never be cast out as evil. She gives no assurance that they shall never endure the evils of poverty, nor frees them from man's natural liability to physical suffering. But she does promise them that they shall bid a final adieu to all their sorrows at the moment of death. No tears are shed in that world which is to be their eternal home. The inhabitants of that clime never say, we are sick; and there the tongue of the slanderer never robs the child of God of his good name. There the Christian's battles are all ended, and he has entered a state where sorrow is unknown.

But heaven has its positive joys; and one source of those joys is the character of its society. Society is necessary to man's happiness; and Eden itself would not have been complete had Adam been left to roam amid its bowers without any one with whom he could hold intercourse. Yet there is much in this life that is calculated to lessen the value of the society of earth. But there is nothing in heaven to diminish the worth of its society. There shall be a joyous meeting of long separated loved ones. The pious mother shall there greet the infant over whose early tomb she shed so many tears. You shall there meet that one with whom you sported in childhood's sunny hours. There shall the husband again greet her whose smile was the

light of his home; and the wife gaze upon the glorified form of the husband of her youth. Those parents who watched over your early life shall keep you company in that bright world where farewells are never uttered. And what Christian has not felt that it would have been a high privilege to have conversed with the patriarchs, prophets, apostles, or reformers, while they were on earth? How highly would we have prized the society of Moses, David, Paul, John, Luther, or Wesley. We can never see these old soldiers of the cross in this life. They have long since finished their warfare. But if we fight manfully we shall greet them when all our battles are over. But Christ is there. Who that loves the Saviour has not often felt the wish arising in his mind that he could have stood with him at the grave of Lazarus, and have listened to his voice as He said to the widow's son, "Young man, I say unto thee arise!" Would you not have hung delighted upon his lips, as he uttered those lessons of wisdom that forced even his enemies to exclaim, "Never man spake like this man?" This privilege you can never enjoy in this life; but in heaven the humblest of the children of God shall see the captain of his salvation. There He shall lead us by the fountains of living waters, and wipe away all tears from our eyes.

And the Christian soldier's reward endures forever. Without this quality it would not meet the demands of our nature. One reason why the pleasures of this world do not satisfy the mind is, that they so soon fade. Even when we are in possession of earthly wealth, and pleasures, and fame, the soul cannot shut out the thought that all these things shall have an end, or refrain its longings after something that is enduring in its nature. And could the fear that its joys could have an end enter the minds of the inhabitants of heaven, would it not cast a shade over those joys? But no such fear comes there; for God

has written eternity upon all the joys of that world. The song of the redeemed shall roll on forever, and the crown of life shall adorn their brows throughout the countless ages of eternity. No marks of decay shall be seen there; but one wave of joy after another shall roll over the enraptured soul; and as it looks forward it shall see illimitable fields of pleasure stretching out before it.

And is it not wise to contend for such a prize? How worthless in comparison to it are all the trifles that earth offers to her votaries. What is earth's fleeting wealth in comparison to "an inheritance that fadeth not away?" Shall earth's fame be put in competition with the honor that endureth forever? Shall we sacrifice to the attainment of earth's frothy pleasures joys that shall fully satisfy the soul? Shall the man of the world make sacrifices for the attainment of his object, and shall we make none in the cause of Him who has provided heaven for us?

PERSONAL INFLUENCE. — Blessed influence of one true loving human soul on another! Not calculable by algebra, nor deducible by logic, but mysterious, effectual, mighty as the hidden process by which the many seed is quickened, and bursts forth into tall stem and broad leaf, and glowing, tasselled flower. Ideas are often poor ghosts; our sun-filled eyes cannot discern them; they pass athwart us in thin vapor, and cannot make themselves felt. But sometimes they are made of flesh; they breathe upon us with warm breath, they touch us with soft responsive hands, they look at us with sad, sincere eyes, and speak to us in appealing tones; they are clothed in a living human soul, with all its conflicts, its faith, and its love. Then their presence is a power, then they shake us like a passion, and we are drawn after them with gentle compulsion, as flame is drawn to flame. — *Blackwood's Magazine.*

[Original.]

FIRST PURIFIED, THEN TRIED.

BY B. S.

"Many shall be purified, and made white, and tried."
— Dan. xii. 10.

SOME Christians have imbibed the error that God requires a crushing process in order to bring them into the experience of "perfect love;" or in other words, they cherish the idea that much mental suffering, prayers, and fastings, and anguish of soul, are pre-requisite to the death of sin in the believer.* There is no Scripture warrant for such a belief, for it is written, "By grace are ye saved through faith." Not by works, not by human suffering, but through faith in the precious blood of Christ.

Lest we should be misunderstood, we admit there are often great struggles, fastings, prayers, and earnest groanings, after the blessing, before it is attained. This is the fault, or error, if we may so speak, of the creature—not God's. He is saying, all the while, "My son, or my daughter, give me thy heart." That is, just as it is, irrespective of feeling or circumstances. Of similar import are other instructions on this point, such as the following, namely: "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." "Look unto me and be ye saved," &c., &c. Thus the Scripture process is very easy, and very simple. A child may understand it. "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven."

We have been drawn to offer the foregoing remarks as a refutation of that legal spirit which prompts and actuates many

sincere seekers after holiness. Indeed, not long since we met a Rev. father, at a meeting for the promotion of the "higher Christian life," where he remarked to us: "I don't believe in getting it so easy. It is a crushing process." He reversed God's order somewhat. "Many," it is written, "shall be purified, and made white, and tried." The trial, we see, comes last; but it comes sooner or later with power. "He scourgeth (or trieth) every son whom he receiveth." God, in the work of justification, shadows forth the manner, or process, of bringing believers into the blessing of entire sanctification; only in the latter case, the individual, in consequence of possessing greater light and power, is under the obligation and necessity of exercising a corresponding consecration, submission, and faith. Then, this position must be ceaselessly maintained, irrespective of feelings and circumstances. None were justified who wilfully cherished one sin. None were justified only through the medium of faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. Thus, in the grace of entire sanctification, the renunciation of all sin, and faith in the same Almighty Redeemer, are requisite.

Now, for example, to illustrate our text in its closing feature. "AND TRIED." This comes after being "purified, and made white." Abraham stood before God as an "heir of the righteousness which is by faith," and God communed with him face to face as with none other before or since. Afterward, Abraham still maintaining his integrity, God tried him, as never man was tried. He was commanded to go out, some two or three days' journey, and there, upon a dreary mountain, to sacrifice his dearly beloved and only son. Behold the good old patriarch building the altar, binding the wood and his son thereon, and taking the fire and the cruel knife. Ah! what a scene! Nature, seemingly, is bleeding at every pore. The end of human endurance is reached. But he falters not. God appears, and gives him back the son of his

* Since writing the above, we find the following corroborative remark in Rev. W. E. Boardman's "Higher Christian Life," viz.:—"After having found acceptance in Jesus by faith, we think to go on to perfection by strugglings and resolves, by fastings and prayers, not knowing the better way of taking Christ for our sanctification, just as we have already taken him or our justification."

love, and gives to us an example of faith's victorious conflict. Another instance, corroborative of our text, we have in the patriarch Job, that paragon of goodness. It was declared of him that "he was perfect and upright," yet, after this declaration came the furnace trials. One affliction succeeded another with fiery speed and severity, until every power of his being sunk in anguish and bitterness before God. He could not, probably, have lived if another item of grief or trial had been added, for God had said to Satan:—"He is in thy hand, but save his life." We think Satan went to the extent of his permission, but failed in his object. God's devoted servant lived a monument of victorious endurance for our imitation. He "glorified God in the fires," through the power of perfect faith. We cite the apostle Paul as another example. No mention is made of his trials until after he had passed into a victorious state of grace. In allusion to his fiery discipline, we shall give his own testimony. "Of the Jews," he says, "five times received I forty stripes, save one; thrice was I beaten with rods; once was I stoned; thrice I suffered shipwreck; a night and a day I have been in the deep; in journeyings often; in perils of waters; in perils of robbers; in perils by mine own countrymen; in perils by the heathen; in perils in the city; in perils in the wilderness; in perils in the sea; in perils among false brethren; in weariness and painfulness; in watchings often; in hunger and thirst; in fastings often; in cold and nakedness. Besides those things which are without, that which cometh upon me daily, the care of all the churches." On another occasion he said: "We would not, brethren, have you ignorant of our trouble which came to us in Asia, that we were pressed out of measure, above strength, insomuch that we despaired even of life." These trials were not spoken of by the apostle complainingly, but rather to extol the sufficiency of grace to endure them triumphantly.

"What shall I say more?" "Others had trial of cruel mockings and scourgings, yea, moreover of bonds and imprisonment. They were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword: they wandered about in sheep skins, and goat skins; being destitute, afflicted, tormented; (of whom the world was not worthy) they wandered in deserts, and in mountains, and in dens, and caves of the earth."

Thus the Sacred Word presents to the sanctified a field of disciplinary trial. Such are counselled to "buy gold tried in the fire," and not to think it strange concerning the fiery trials which are to try them. They are also assured that trials of faith are much more "precious than gold, which perisheth," even if it is "tried by fire." Our object then, in penning these thoughts, is to caution seekers of "perfect love" against the Romish notion of doing penance, or seeking the blessing with a legal spirit. Submit at once. Believe at once. Then do not be discouraged if, after being "purified and made white," you should be *tried* to the extent of your endurance. God will work—and work powerfully—if there are no obstructions, until the warfare ends in present triumphant, and eternal reward.

"The soul by faith reclined
On the Redeemer's breast,
Mid raging storms, exults to find
An everlasting rest.

HEAVEN IN VIEW.—"His journey may be dreary and toilsome—darkness may surround him—difficulties, dangers and trials may infest his way—but his consolation is, all this will soon be over and he shall then be at home. Shall he then be dejected because in the journey of a day the accommodations of the road are defective? Shall he feel that all is lost because the lodging place for a night is uncomfortable? No. He rather hastens onward, and presses towards his object with greater eagerness."—*A. W. Taylor.*

[Original.]

THE OFFERING.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

"My son, give me thine heart." — Prov. xxiii. 25.

"Here is my heart!—my God, I give it thee,
I heard thee call and say,
'Not to the world, my child, but unto me;'
I heard, and will obey.

Here is my love's offering to my king,
Which, a glad sacrifice I bring—
Here is my heart!

"Here is my heart!—surely the gift, though poor,
My God will not despise;
Vainly and long I sought to make it pure,
To meet thy searching eyes;
Corrupted first in Adam's fall,
The stains of sin pollute it all—
My guilty heart!

"Here is my heart!—my heart so hard before,
Now by thy grace made meet,
Yet bruised and wearied, it can only pour
Its anguish at thy feet;
It groans beneath the weight of sin,
It sighs, salvation's joy to win—
My mourning heart!

"Here is my heart!—In Christ its longings end,
Near to his cross it draws;
It says, 'Thou art my portion, O my friend,
Thy blood my ransom was.'
And in the Saviour it has found
What blessedness and peace abound—
My trusting heart!

"Here is my heart!—Ah! Holy Spirit, come,
Its nature to renew,
And consecrate it wholly as thy home,
A temple fair and true.
Teach it to love and serve thee more,
To fear thee, trust thee, and adore—
My cleansed heart!

"Here is my heart!—it trembles to draw near
The glory of thy throne;
Give it the shining robe thy servants wear,
Of righteousness thine own;
Its pride and folly chase away,
And all its vanity, I pray—
My humbled heart!

"Here is my heart!—teach it, O Lord, to cling
In gladness unto thee;
And in the day of sorrow still to sing,
'Welcome, my God's decree.'
Believing, all its journey through,
That thou art wise, and just, and true—
My waiting heart!

"Here is my heart!—O Friend of friends, be near,
To make each tempter fly,
And when my latest foe I wait with fear,
Give me the victory!
Gladly on thy love reposing,
Let me stay, when life is closing—
Here is my heart."

[Selected.]

REV. R. M. McCHEYNE.

EXCERPTA FROM HIS LIFE AND REMAINS.

"Everything I meet with, and every day I study my Bible, makes me pray more that God would begin, and carry on a deep, pure, wide-spread, and permanent work of God in Scotland. If it be not *deep and pure*, it will only end in confusion, and grieving away the Holy Spirit of God, by irregularities and inconsistencies. Christ will not get glory, and the country generally will be hardened, and have their mouths filled with reproaches. If it be not *wide-spread*, our God will not get a large crown out of this generation. If it be not *permanent*, that will prove its impurity, and will turn all our hopes into shame. . . . I am also deepened in my conviction, that if we are to be instruments in such a work, we must be purified from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit. Oh! cry for personal holiness, constant nearness to God, by the blood of the Lamb. Bask in his beams—lie back in the arms of love—be filled with His spirit—or all success in the ministry will only be to your own everlasting confusion.

You know how I have always insisted on this with you. It is because I feel the need thereof myself. . . . Oh! to have Brainerd's heart for perfect holiness—to be holy as God is holy—pure as Christ is pure—perfect as our Father in heaven is perfect." R. S. S.

SIN.—"The beginning of sin is in the suggestion, the nourishing of it is in delight, but in the consent is its perfection. And it often happens that what the evil spirit saw in the thought, the flesh draws to delight, and yet the soul does not consent to that delight. And whereas the flesh cannot be delighted without the mind, yet the mind struggling against the flesh, is somewhat unwillingly tied down, so that through reason it contradicts and does not consent and yet it grievously laments being bound."—Gregory.

[Original.]

HOLINESS TO THE LORD.

BY REV. D. P. NEWTON.

DEAR BROTHER:—There is evidently an increasing spirit of inquiry abroad, on the subject of holiness. Never, seemingly, since the days apostolical, has there been so general, so simultaneous an outbursting of hope and joy on the question of the inner life, entire devotedness to God and his service. Surely angels must tune their harps afresh,—“Glory to God in the highest.” Nor is this spirit of inquiry confined to our own city, but it is spreading in cities and villages abroad. Only a short time since, on visiting a place called Birmingham, and beholding what God had wrought, we exclaimed, joyfully,—“*That’s it, that’s it!*” That’s why the cause of truth prospers so remarkably in B.

The doctrine of holiness prevails; entire consecratedness to God is advocated, boldly published from the pulpit in all its vividness, clearness and fulness, and lived out by its professors. “Holiness to the Lord” is the motto—the watchword; meetings for the establishment in this superlative grace are held weekly. What the result? God’s spirit is poured out, sinners are awaked, and converted, by scores and hundreds—the revival continues unabatingly, year in, year out—the new converts hold on their way, grow stronger and stronger. Hardly a single instance of backsliding is recorded. The effect of this publishing a full gospel, a complete Saviour, whose blood cleanseth from all sin, even now, is most salutary on the surrounding community—the world see it, feel it. Intemperance, Sabbath desecration, infidelity, and a pro-slavery spirit, begin to hide their deformed heads. This one example ought to convince every one of God’s smiling approbation at this course. Friends, ministers of the High and Holy One, what your wish, your heart’s desire and prayer to God? that

he may be glorified in all things? in the salvation of sinners continually? That revivals on revivals, a general outpouring of God’s Holy Spirit may be evermore? That new converts may grow stronger and stronger, shine brighter and brighter even unto the perfect day? and *never* backslide? *never* dishonor their holy profession? In a word, is it your wish, your daily prayer, that this world may be speedily renovated, turned up side down, made to blossom as the rose?—preach holiness, entire consecration, perfect love, the duty and privilege of every one to love God supremely *now*, with all the heart, soul and strength—to live for God and *only* for God. Preach the doctrine, sound it out, bring it home definitely, with power, to every heart—make it a definite *special* object—let sanctification follow justification in quick succession—in every revival, every protracted effort. Preach the doctrine, preach it, practise it, sound it out—God will bless it—it’s the essence, the cream—the nectar, the sum and substance of the Gospel—the glad news, the joy and song of angels and glorified spirits. “Holiness to the Lord.” Never, *never* will the church arise, shine forth as the morning, “fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners,” till the Bible is understood and believed on this point. Just in proportion to the advancement of the doctrine of holiness, the purification of God’s people, in heart and life, is the prosperity of truth and righteousness in the world, and the falling of Satan as lightning from heaven.

“The love of God flows just as much
As that of ebbing self subsides;
Our hearts (their scantiness is such)
Bear not the conflict of two rival tides.”

Yours in the Lord, for a full and free salvation.

New York.

LOOKING BACK.—“Looking back is more than we can sustain without going back.”—*Cecil*.

[Original.]

THE JEWEL FOUND.

BY L. BARTLETT.

I LONG to write of what God has been doing for me, in hopes he will guide every word, and bless it to some soul. I would say, with David: "O bless our God, ye people, and make the voice of his praise to be heard; which holdeth our *soul* in life, and *suffereth not our feet* to be moved." "Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul. I cried unto him with my mouth, and he was extolled with my tongue. If I regard *iniquity* in my heart, the Lord will not hear me: But verily God *hath* heard me, he hath attended to the voice of my prayer. Blessed be God which hath not turned away my prayer, nor his mercy from me."

When I was twelve years old, I united with the Presbyterian church. The intervening years from that time to the present, I have spent in finding out something of the deceitfulness of my heart; something of its vileness, its pride, and my utter helplessness. It was a searching time, but I found little comfort. As I was ever digging deep, and tracing back all the winding ways of my soul, I found every motive sinful. Self seemed to rule supreme; and yet there was so little selfishness outwardly visible, that I had even gained a *name* amongst my friends for goodness of heart, and generous, pure motives, ever actuating me to deeds of love. I *did* love them, it is true. My heart was ever overflowing, full of affection. I was ready any moment to give up my comfort for others. But if that love was pure, what meant the anxious thirst for their praise? O, *self* was the idol.

A desire of pre-eminence was a prominent principle of my nature. I wished to excel (and if I could not *really* excel, I wished others to *think* me excelling) in

mind, morals and religion. It would truly be a blessed thing to excel in these, but my desire now is to have the real pearl, not a false, outside *glitter*. If my station be humble, it is nothing to me. It is the one my Father assigned me, and he knows what is best for me, and where I can live most to his glory.

Love of esteem was predominant. To gain the approbation of others, in short, to be looked up to as a paragon of excellence, was my aim. So strong was my love of praise, that I would even seek the approbation of the evil as well as the good. My vanity produced unsteady conduct; I was all things to all persons. I would even seek praise for qualities I did not possess. I sought for notoriety.

This I knew was the state of my heart. I was grateful to God that he had shown me something of my depravity, yet pride mixed with even these humiliating discoveries. I was proud of my finding out pride. Yet I prayed for strength to subdue my evil propensities. I struggled daily and hourly against sin. I strove to mortify pride, and endeavored to conquer the hateful vanity in my heart. For years my prayer was, "Deliver me from this self-love. Let me lose self in Jesus." Still I always expected the pride, (or a *remnant* of it,) to remain for me to war against. I did not know that Jesus ever took our sins away so that they rose no more, and we felt no longer the stirrings of pride and self. I often felt a longing to die, that I might be pure and holy, and the ceaseless warfare be forever ended. There was such a mixture of good and evil, of generous impulses and vile, abominable sin, that it was difficult to separate the one from the other. I could scarcely tell whether a motive was right or wrong. The good and the evil kept such a constant war, I experienced momentarily the struggles described in the seventh chapter of Romans. But God has heard my prayer, though I prayed for that which I did not suppose attainable.

I aimed at perfection ; but as I did not expect to attain it, of course I could not. I often pleaded the promise, "I will lead the blind in a way they know not ;" and to me how literally has it been fulfilled.

Thanks to infinite mercy, I now experience the blessedness of the state described in the eighth chapter of Romans, beginning, "There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh but after the spirit."

A few months since, a Methodist friend asked me if it was my expectation to enter heaven in my sins. "Certainly not," said I. "Then you expect to live in sin all your days, and just before you die give them up, so as to go to heaven perfect."

"I do not expect to be free from sin in *this* world," I answered.

He then said he prayed to be delivered from a religion in which one was sinning all the time ; and informed me that the seventh chapter of Romans was not Christian experience.

I did not believe anything that was said ; still it troubled me exceedingly. I could but think, if that chapter is not Christian experience, then I am not a Christian. If there is no such thing as remaining corruption in a Christian's heart, most certainly I am not a Christian. (It still seems to me it cannot be the experience of a natural heart. Surely the unregenerate do not carry on a warfare of that kind. It must be the exercise of a justified though not a sanctified soul. For I am certain I applied continually to the blood of the Lamb for atonement, and enjoyed many precious moments known only to the Christian.*)

* We incline to the belief that the 7th of Romans describes the case of a convicted sinner, awakened to feel the pressing claims of the law, which his enlightened conscience assures him is "holy, and just, and good ;" who feels the galling chains that bind him, bewails his cruel bondage, and longs for deliverance, but who has not come to the full determination to break away

But of full salvation I was ignorant. For a number of days I had been pondering in my heart the words that had been addressed to me. A tract was then handed me, entitled, "The Sealing of the Spirit." As I read the extract from the life of J. B. Taylor, it seemed such an exact description of the struggles of my heart, and the desires of my soul, that I went immediately to my room, and throwing myself on my knees, made the fullest, most entire surrender of all, and felt that God was able to keep that which I gave him ; felt he was able to keep me from *pride* and *self-love* even. I felt such perfect trust, — such entire confidence in Jesus. And O, my trust was placed in One so worthy of confidence ! He has indeed kept me. I felt he was just as able to keep me from *all* sin as he was to keep me from *any* ; so fully did I realize my own weakness and dependence, and the strength there is in Jesus. Oh ! the thought was so inexpressibly precious that *he* was able to keep me ! It is not in words to express the confidence I felt in his almighty power to save. I believed not only that he could and would, but that he *did* save me. I could trust him for *full* salvation. I did not think as I always had *before* when enjoying a sweet season : — "O well, this will only last a little while, — a few days at the longest, — then I shall be as bad as ever." No ! I could trust him for the future, knowing in time of temptation he would make a way for my escape. I do not ask him *now* to keep me weeks and months from this time, when I fear I may meet with temptation, for I find so much to ask him for each moment as it flies. I need to be kept momentarily. I need so much strength each moment, I can only pray as it passes to be kept *now*. I find it is not trusting

and be free, at any hazard. Our sister doubtless went beyond the experience there described, especially when she "enjoyed many precious moments, known only to the Christian." It is plain she was freely justified at such intervals, though it may have been otherwise for a large portion of the time. — *Sub-Ed.*

him to think when I am peaceful, "I know I feel no stirrings of pride and self now, but then, it is because I am not tempted; but to-morrow, or at such a time, or in such a place, I shall be tempted so sorely I shall surely fall." That time may never arrive; I may never reach that place. Then why should I allow these doubts and fears to enter my mind and disturb my peace, when Jesus has said, "My grace is sufficient for thee," and I might be engaged in praising my Saviour for present freedom from temptation, and the peaceful rest I enjoy? Doubting whether I shall remain steadfast when assailed by temptation, must affect the peace of the present moment. For we do not watch the present, when we are looking to the future. I once thought it was a distrust in *self*; but I soon found it was distrusting our *Saviour*. O, there is enough to watch each moment. I can trust Jesus now for everything; I enjoy perfect peace; I have had a void filled; the Bible is a new book to me; the hymns are all new, especially the one commencing —

"Jesus, my cross have taken."

O, how useless were my struggles with sin. How strange I could not see I had only to give up the struggle, and trust more fully in Jesus. It only requires a little more vigorous faith for sanctification than we had for justification. O, that all knew the delight of giving up soul and body, and having the will merged in His!

I have been told I was like Peter, confident I should not fall. But I am sure impulsive Peter trusted in his own strength. And I never had such a perfect trust in Christ's strength, and not a particle of confidence in self. There is where my strength lies; that is the reason I am kept, because I believe in his ability and willingness to save, and that he *does* save from all sin.

When I gave myself to him, I knew it was all I could do. I then felt nothing but trust, a resting on his promises. I

felt no great love, no wonderful joy, no marvellous change in my feelings. I only trusted Jesus for everything. I was willing to walk by faith, if I could not by sight. I felt my Father would give me all I needed, and I had no will of my own. I would take joyfully what he gave me; and if I was destitute of all save a crumb from his table, still I would praise him. If Satan whispered, "Your consecration was not all right; you need not flatter yourself you are entirely given up to Christ;" I listened not to the suggestion. I knew I did my best. I gave myself as well as I knew how, and that is all that is required. I could still trust the promises, and that when I had nothing beside to rest upon. That was enough. When weeks passed and I did not feel the love and joy I expected to, I still trusted him, and felt if he did not see fit to give me just the feelings I expected, I would pass my days without them. I would still serve him and *praise* him. If he had given me the feelings I longed for, I should probably have trusted them instead of Jesus, we are so apt to trust anything rather than the only safe thing there is to trust in — God's word and promise. I knew I loved Jesus better than anything else, even if I could not feel just as I thought I ought. I could not thus trust and rest upon one I did not love. I could not lean thus upon one in whom I had no confidence.

I find I must not speak of self, for then it will creep back into my heart. I must only talk of Jesus, and his goodness to me; and as I talk of him, and commune with him, and lean upon him, he becomes daily more and more precious.

Last winter I was asked to read "Upham's Interior Life." The request awakened my prejudices; but my heavenly Father prepared me to read it, and without any instruction in this blessed doctrine I was led to *feel* all that Upham describes. Every word I have read in that blessed book confirms me in my belief.

I feel that I must advocate this doctrine

wherever I am. I know just how the Christian feels who denies the possibility of living without sin. The doctrine of perfection to them savors of human pride, and they regard those who believe in it as not knowing the deceitfulness of their own hearts. But I know it is trusting in Christ alone, not in our own righteousness. O, who can feel more deeply than a sanctified soul, that human righteousness is but filthy rags? Is it not honoring God, to believe we may have so much of Christ that nothing of self remains?

I am astonished that those who believe in this doctrine do not speak of it at all times and in all places. If my heavenly Father had not sent one that had experienced the blessedness of full salvation, and who was not content to enjoy it alone, I might never have had my poor blind eyes opened. I hope in return I may never be silent, but shall urge every one not to be content with a low standard, but to take the gift of *full* salvation, and live as becometh those professing godliness. Still I do not feel inclined to argue, nor do I feel impatient, as I once did, with those who differ from me in their belief. I can only tell them my feelings, and if my heavenly Father sees fit to bless anything I can say to one of his dear children, it awakens gratitude.

Amsterdam, N. Y.

THE HABIT OF GIVING. — "It is only by commencing early in life the consecration of our substance to God, that we can establish the habit of benevolence. While we postpone the discharge of our duty until we have become wealthy, the love of gain is insensibly acquiring strength, we listen to the claims of benevolence with less and less sensibility, and at last become deaf to the voice of humanity. When we are able to give without the smallest self-denial, the disposition to give has perished, and we have been transformed into the very misers whom once we thoroughly despised." — *Wayland*.

[Selected.]

FAITH.

BY LADY MAXWELL.

I HAVE never known so much of the nature of simple faith, and of its unspeakable value, as since I have tasted of the pure love of God:—by it how has my soul been upheld in the midst of temptation! The Lord has taught me that it is by faith, and not joy, that I must live.

He has, in a measure, often enabled me strongly to act faith on Jesus for sanctification, even in the absence of all comfort: this has diffused a heaven of sweetness through my soul, and brought with it the powerful witness of purity. I would say to every penitent, "Believe, and justification is yours;" and to every one who is justified, and sees his want of sanctification, "Believe, and that blessing is yours also." I seem to derive the greatest advantage from a lively faith in constant exercise; this secures what I now already possess, and increases my little stock.

At times, my evidence for sanctification is as strong as a cable fixed to an immovable rock, and as clear as the sun shining at noon-day.

THE REFORMATION. — "On reading of the reformation, methinks a sovereign and reviving joy must needs rush into the bosom of him who reads or hears, and the sweet odor of the returning gospel imbathe his soul with the fragraney of heaven. Then was the sacred Bible sought out of the dusty corners where profane falsehood and neglect had thrown it, the schools opened, and divine and human learning raked out of the embers of forgotten tongues, the princes and cities trooping apace to the new-erected beams of salvation; the martyrs with the irresistible weight of weakness shaking the powers of darkness, and scorning the fiery rage of the old red dragon." — *Milton*.

[Selected.]

THE JUDGE AND THE POOR AFRICAN WOMAN.

IN one of the populous and beautiful towns on the banks of "La Belle Riviere," the Ohio, there dwelt, and for aught I know, dwells now a just judge, honorable in life as well as in title; and also a poor lone African woman, long since gone to her crown and her throne in the kingdom above. She was queenly in the power and beauty of her spiritual progress, though poor as poverty could make her in this world's goods here upon earth, but she is now doubtless queenly in position and external adorning as well as in heart, transformed and transfigured in the presence of the glorious Saviour in heaven, whom she loved so dearly and trusted so fully upon earth.

The judge was rich and highly esteemed. He dwelt in a mansion, not so fine as to repel, not so splendid as to make him the envy of the foolish, large enough to be the social centre of the town, and plain enough to make every one feel it a home, and his heart was in keeping with his house, large and open.

The poor African woman lived in a cabin on an alley all alone, without chick or child, kith or kin.

Her own hands ministered amply to her own wants while she had health, and at home or abroad at work by the day, she often earned that which found its way to India, or Africa, perhaps, in the spread of the gospel. Her home, though poor and small, was always neat and tidy. She belonged to the church of which the judge was an officer, and often sat down with him at the table of the Lord, in the house of the Lord, as she will again, O how joyously, at the feast of the Bridegroom in the palace of the King; but it so happened that they had never had free conversation together about the things of the kingdom. He respected her. She venerated him. At last she received a severe injury, from

which she never recovered, and for many weary months before her death was dependent and helpless, alone and bedrid.

During this time the judge's ample table and abundant wardrobe had contributed its full share to the comforts of the poor woman. Never a day but she was remembered. But for a long time, for one reason and another, he put off from time to time a personal visit which yet he fully purposed in his heart to make her. Until at last one day, as he thought of the cheeriness of his own pleasant home, the thought of the contrast between this and the loneliness and desolation of the poor woman's cabin, came into his mind, and while it heightened his gratitude for the goodness of God to him, it filled him with sadness and sympathy for her.

"Who can tell but I may cheer her a little, and perhaps by a little timely sympathy save her from repining at her hard lot? Possibly, too, I may be able to throw some light upon the rugged pathway along which she is going to the kingdom?"

The judge loved to do good; it was a great luxury to him. So, taking a well filled basket, and making sure that purse as well as scrip was stored with convenient small change, he sallied forth to visit the poor woman.

As the door opened, he was struck with the air of neatness in the cabin. If she was bedrid, some kind hand supplied the place of hers. Everything was in order, swept and garnished, neat as a pin. "Not so desolate, after all," thought he.

But again, as the judge looked around, and contrasted the social joys of his own ample mansion, where the voice of children and of music, as well as the presence of books and friends, made all cheerful and happy, with the cheerless solitude of the poor woman alone here from morning till night and from night till morning, only as one or another called out of kindness to keep her from suffering, his heart filled again with sadness and sympathy.

Seating himself on the stool at the side

of the poor woman's cot, he began speaking to her in words of condolence:

"It must be hard for you, Nancy, to be shut up here alone so many days and weeks?"

"O no, thank God, massa judge, the Good Lord keeps me from feelin bad. I'se happy now as ever I was in all my days."

"But, Nancy, laying here from morning till night, and from night till morning, all alone, and racked with pain, dependent upon others for everything, do you not get tired and down-hearted, and think your lot a hard one to bear?"

"Well, I'se 'pendent on others, dat's sure, 'deed I is, an I was allers used to have something to give to de poor, an to de missionary, too, and to de minister, but den I'se no poorer dan my good Lord was when he was here in de worl, and I'se nebber suffer half so much yet as he suffer for me on de cross. I'se berry happy when I tink of dese tings."

"But, Nancy, you are all alone here?"

"Yes, massa, I'se all alone, dat's true, but den Jesus is here; too, all de time. I'm nebber alone, no how, and he's good company."

"But, Nancy, how do you feel when you think about death? What if you should die here all alone some night?"

"O, massa judge! I spect to. I spect nothing else but jes to go off' all alone here some night, as you say, or some day. But it's all one, night or day, to poor Nancy, and den, massa, I spec I'll not go all alone arter all, for Jesus says, in de blessed Book, I'll come an take you to myself, dat where I am, dare you may be also, an I believe him. I'se not afraid to die alone."

"But, Nancy, sometimes when I think of dying, I am filled with trouble. I think how bad I am, what a sinner, and how unfit for heaven, and I think now what if I should die suddenly just as I am, what would become of me? Are you not afraid to die and go into the presence of a holy God?"

"O no, massa, 'deed I'se not."

"Why not, Nancy?"

"O, massa, I was 'fraid, berry much. When I was fust injer, I see I mus die, an I thought how can such a sinner as I is ebber go into such a holy place as de new Jerusalem is? An I was miseble; O, I was miseble, 'deed, sure! But den by an by, after a while, I jis thought I mus trus myself to de blessed Jesus to make me ready for de kingdom jis as I did to forgib all my sins. An so I foun res for my poor soul in Jesus, an sen dat time I feel somehow all better; I know now he will make me all ready pure an white for de new Jerusalem above. An now I love to think about de time when I shall come to 'pear befo he Father's throne, wid him in glory, all starry spangly white."

For a moment the judge sat in silence, admiring the power of grace. Not yet himself deeply affected by the light reflected from this star in disguise. A little pressure more was required — another chafing question — to bring out the ray destined to pierce his own soul.

"Well, Nancy, one thing more let me ask you: Do you never complain?"

"Complain! O, now massa judge, complain, do you say, massa? Why, massa! Who should such a one as I is complain ob! The good Lor; He knows bes what's bes for poor Nancy! *His will be done!*"

Nancy said this in tones of the deepest sincerity. And a little more. There was just a shade of wonder at the question — as much as to say, "What! you an officer in the church, and a man of education, a judge, and yet think that a poor creature like me might complain of the dealings of a merciful God and Saviour like mine?"

The arrow took effect. The judge bowed his head in silence a moment, and then rose and bade Nancy good-bye, without the word of consolation and prayer which he fully purposed when he went into the cabin.

All the way home he kept saying to

himself, "Well, I never yet said 'His will be done' in that way. I never felt it. Alone, poor, helpless, bedrid, dependent, miserable in body, and yet happy as an angel. Ah! there is a power there I never felt. But I must feel it, and God helping me I will. Not afraid to die. Trusting Jesus to purify her from all sin, and present her spotless before God. Waiting joyously his summons. O, blessed faith! I must know more of this, and I will."

Two weeks, night and day, the arrow rankled, rankled, rankled. His pain increased. Sleep forsook him, and his family became alarmed. He said nothing, but often groaned in spirit and sighed deeply. Sometimes the tears were seen to steal down his manly cheeks. All wondered, and all waited to hear what had come over the strong mind and manly heart of the judge.

At last, one day while he was bowed before God, he felt in his heart, "Thy will be done." The storm-tossed sea of his soul was suddenly calmed, and peace filled his heart — peace as a river. Now he, too, could trust Jesus to make for him his pathway on earth and fit him for heaven, and take him to it whenever and from whatever place it might please him.

It was the beginning of a new life for him — a change quite as great as at the time of his conversion, and as it has proved, the beginning of blessed things for his own family and church and town, and for the cause of Christ generally. Consistent and steadfast before, he has been a burning and a shining light, letting his light shine far and near ever since.

He went in the fulness of wealth and education, and influence and honor, to the poor, lone, lorn African woman, to do her good if he might with either counsel or food, or clothing or money. This was the full purpose and prayer of his heart; and yet, while he gave nothing to her, he received from her what all his wealth could not purchase or all his wisdom devise.

She, poor body, had nothing to give, nor so much as even dreamed of giving aught to anybody. And yet, without a thought of it, she did give to the rich and honorable judge what was worth more to him than the wealth and honors of all the world.

And what does this illustrate to us? What but the power of spirituality? What but the power which poured upon the few illiterate fishermen of Gallilee in the Pentecostal baptism, fitted them for the reformation of the world, almost in a single generation? What but the very power now needed to transform the world and introduce the golden age of complete gospel triumph? — *The Higher Christian Life.*

[Original.]

MY HEART'S PRAYER.

BY E. L. E.

My heart was ill and pressed with want —
Its fulness needs must overflow;
It spoke in language weak and scant,
A drop welled from its depth of woe;
One drop — a feeble word of prayer —
Of fainting, trembling, weeping prayer.

It spoke again, and then it seemed
A something raised its weakness up;
A ray upon its darkness beamed —
A sweet dropped in its bitter cup;
Aloud it cried in earnest prayer —
In yearning, pleading, struggling prayer.

My heart went singing on its way,
Its burden grown so strangely light,
God's love-smiles had lit up the day,
His favor made as fair the night;
It answered back in grateful prayer —
In reverent, trustful, loving prayer.

THE DAILY STRUGGLE. — If we keep not God's grace that He giveth us — if we do not continually and daily reform ourselves, and with all diligence fashion our lives after His life, it is but right that we lose again that which we have received. But if we abide in Him through faith, then hard and impossible things are light and possible to us; for through Him that strengtheneth us we may do all things. — *Bishop Coverdale.*

[Original.]

THE SAVIOUR'S DEATH.

BY S. V. L.

MAN universally admires the sublime. As he gazes on the fiery heavens when the storm is wild, or on the bold precipice over which dash the foaming waves, he is unconsciously enchained a willing captive before the scene. Admiration for the lofty and beautiful in nature and art is an innate principle, or primary element in the mental constitution. The sublime in nature ever wins man's highest regard, while the beautiful in art excites his profoundest admiration. But when *moral* sublimity—which is in every sense the most exalted in its nature—when this presents its superior claims to human appreciation, it universally fails to receive its legitimate and merited admiration. Natural, scientific, or artificial grandeur affords, under all circumstances, a feast to the human soul; but that which is *morally* magnificent presents in vain its charms to its affections. The fall, and its results, have shattered man's moral sensibilities, and wrecked the noblest elements of his spiritual nature. His admiration wanes as he approaches the perfection of sublimity.

The grandest scene the world has ever witnessed was the tragedy of Calvary. This is an admitted fact. No occurrence in the past—no event in civil or sacred history approximates, much less equals, in moral sublimity, the crucifixion of Jesus of Nazareth. Around no other cluster memories so sacred, recollections so holy, associations so full of mingled joy and sadness. Forty centuries were brightened by its anticipation, and during one hundred and thirty generations were the souls of good men fired by the prospect of its consummation. Eighteen hundred years has its memory brightened the destiny of the race, and cheered the hearts of the children of God. Apart from the death of the Saviour, none presents higher

moral loveliness, than that of the Athenian philosopher. In its relation to the character of his life, and its bearing upon the age in which he lived, it was indeed sublime. Truths noble and impressive had fallen from his lips. His lessons of instruction, and the principles to which he gave utterance, were freighted with high moral import. In elevating goodness, and exalting virtue, his days were spent amid persecution's storm. Death or retraction were the alternatives between which the aged man was to choose. Then it was that his moral greatness was most clearly exhibited, as he addressed those who sought his life. Hear the noble sentiment to which his soul gave birth, and his lips utterance in that hour: "It would be ridiculous for a man who during his life had habituated himself to live like one who was very near death, to be afterward distressed when this event overtook him! Shall one who verily loves wisdom, and entertains the strong hope that he shall find that which deserves this name nowhere except in Hades;*—shall such a man, instead of rejoicing to depart, be afflicted at dying?" Thus did this master mind fall in defence of truth, and die a martyr to real integrity of character. But a sublimer scene is afforded in the death of the world's Redeemer. Well has it been said, "Socrates died like a philosopher, but Jesus Christ like a God." The one was a heathen scholar, a wanderer in the mazes of doubt, seeking by reason's feeble light to explore the field of truth; a mere man, unregenerate in nature, conscious of sin's supremacy, spending his whole life in subduing the lusts of nature, and crushing the vengeful passions of his heart. Not so the other. He was the world's Redeemer—its creator—its upholder—His mission was divine. In his mind truth found its native dwelling place, while no lust or passion rankled in his immaculate heart.

* From "*ἄδης*" (Greek term) generally meaning the receptacle of the dead.

The scene of the Saviour's death was indeed fearfully sublime. Calvary must have presented then a spectacle grand but awful. Its contemplation will ever melt the Christian soul, and moisten his cheek with the tear of sympathy. Let us approach that scene with solemn reverence.

The long dark night has fled. The shadows of Gethsemane no longer fall upon the brow of the agonizing Saviour as he struggles with the tempter. The mob, the judgment hall, the mock trial, have all been passed. The ponderous gates of the sacred city have swung back upon their massive hinges to let pass the rabble. Around Golgotha, where the criminal has oft paid by death the price of his crime, are gathered now tumultuous thousands, eager for the Saviour's crucifixion. The transverse beams are planted, and on them hangs the Son of God. Above the brow that might have reflected lustre on the diadem of the universe, has been written in derision, both of his divinity and power, "*Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews.*" On either hand atones for his crime, a malefactor. The one joins even in his dying agony with the angry throng in reviling the suffering Redeemer. The other, reviewing the evidences of his messiahship, is impressed, probably for the first time, with the mighty truth that beside him hangs the Deity, hiding in human flesh the Godhead. We hear him in plaintive accents say, "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom." No earnest prayer, even in this hour, will the Saviour reject, and turning upon him his dying gaze, he whispers, "This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise," while unseen the Father imprints upon his soul the regenerating kiss. Behold now the intense agony of the Saviour. The hands which fed the surrounding crowd, and daily ministered to human suffering, are pierced by the spikes, and nailed to the rugged wood. The arms which had circled little children, and that yearned to embrace

the world, are now outstretched in pain; their nerves are wild with agony. Those hallowed feet, which had often pressed the soil of Judea,—that were bathed with the tears of woman's affection,—those feet that trod undamped in the midnight storm the rolling surges of the tempestuous sea, are torn and bleeding. His temples are crimsoned with the life current drawn by the crown of thorns. More intense become his sufferings. Even God apparently forsakes his expiring Son, and in the deep, the inconceivable anguish of his soul, he cries, "My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me?" The extent to which God forsook him in that awful hour, eternity alone will reveal to us. On his enemies he throws the splendor of his fading vision, and prays, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do." The lamp of life burns low—expires. **JESUS IS DEAD.** And now Nature bears her testimony to his character. The veil of the Temple, separating the holy place from the Holy of Holies, is rent in twain, exposing the most sacred mysteries. The rocks burst asunder, while the earth quakes to her centre. The blushing sun refuses to witness the crucifixion of his author, and withdraws his light. Darkness spreads its fearful pall over the whole land. The graves fly open, and from them emerge the sheeted dead to walk among the living, while the astonished centurion exclaims, "*Truly this was the Son of God.*"

Sublime! Yes, *more* than sublime was the crucifixion scene. Human vocabularies contain no words competent to express its grandeur. Conception is staggered, imagination bewildered in endeavoring to approach its moral exaltation. Review his life. From the cross behold the purity of his whole history. His sinless perfection—his devoted earnestness; then gaze on the majesty of his death.

Reader, **FOR YOU HE DIED!** Startling thought! Oh, yes! for every drop of blood drawn from Him upon Calvary

shalt thou be held responsible in the day of God. He died for *thee*, as if thou wast the only fallen being in the universe. His blood was shed for thine *entire sanctification*. His blood "cleanseth from all sin."

"Jesus, thy blood! thy blood alone,
Hath power sufficient to atone;
Thy blood can wash me white as snow,
No Jewish type can cleanse me so.

Oh, go to that cross; there let thine affections ever be entwined. As you gaze on his cross, resolve to be a holier Christian. Let every thought, word, and action, proclaim the sentiment of the Apostle when he says, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." Ever remember that all you are, or will be in eternity, is the purchase of THE SAVIOUR'S DEATH.

[Original.]

CHRISTIAN CONDOLENCE.

THE following communication, written on hearing of our late bereavement, by one whom we have never seen in the flesh, is so full of Christian sympathy, and so replete with rich personal experience while in the furnace, that we cannot forbear giving it to our readers. May the blessing of the Lord attend it to others, as it has to our own heart.

MY DEAR BROTHER:—I do most sincerely sympathize with you in your bereavement; but I have received especial spiritual blessings through such affliction, and can perceive, by the light of my own experience, that the Lord will ore long bless this in like manner to you. "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted." This was the first text that gave me any relief, when I buried my twin babes (my all), in ten days of each other. I had thought my grief too deep for relief, but this text promised comfort to my very mourning. I thought, how good and gracious is God to make such a promise to meet the most extreme case, and to apply it to the soul sinking under its burden of grief, in the hour of its utmost need. My grief was stayed, for the time, by admiration of the pitying kindness that could ad-

minister such timely relief. Here was not only a promise of comfort to the mourner, and upon the very ground of mourning, but a blessing with it. "Blessed are ye that mourn." What blessing is this? I said. My heart immediately replied, It is blessing enough to see the manifestation of his goodness, as I now feel it in my heart; for I could not have known it, if I had had no need of comfort. Though I might have heard it from others, it would have reached the ear only, and not the heart. Mental conviction is not heart experience. I had a real affection afterwards for such texts as the following: "Behold, we count them happy which endure. Ye have heard of the patience of Job, and have seen the end of the Lord; that the Lord is very pitiful, and of tender mercy." The experience of Job became more prized at this time, from a remark of a pious lady who was standing by my bed, applying the usual remedies to recover me from a fainting and sinking state, caused by the death of my first child. She said, "Only think of the submission of Job! When he lost all his children, and all his possessions, at a single stroke, he was enabled to say, 'The Lord hath given, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.'" I shall never forget the surprise I felt. It seemed to pour a new light into my heart. I was a Christian at that time. I loved the Saviour, and to hear a word said against his word pierced me like a knife; but—would you believe it?—this was the first true idea I had ever had of resignation in my life. But it did not bear fruit immediately. I indulged much rebellious grief after that; for I was the spoiled child of fortune, and had never had my will crossed; though I was in a cold state at that time, from the influence of causes which I could not control. I was converted at boarding school, and my conversion was a very powerful one; but my father, who was an unbeliever, took me away from school, kept me from Christian communion, and forced me into gay society. I held out as long as I

could against this coercion ; but when compelled to yield, I thought I could go into the world, and still keep my heart to Christ. But it was a failure ; for though I was scrupulously conscientious, and free from actual sin, yet the life of devotion had nearly died out of my soul. I sometimes think it is well that I had this experience, for it has given a life and earnestness to my warnings of others, in being able to point out each peril minutely, to which the soul may be subjected by the influence of what are falsely called innocent pleasures. I had evidently departed from my first love. Religion is not a round of duties, however conscientiously performed, but love for the person of Christ. Even zeal for his word will not do in the place of this. Enjoying anything more than him, even one's own family, has a degree of idolatry that is often overlooked even by good Christians. I was conscious of worshipping afar off, and did truly desire to draw nearer and serve him aright. The prayer that was constantly on my lips, was in the language of a favorite hymn :

"Whatever idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only Thee."

I truly and earnestly desired this ; it was the very voice of my heart. At the time that this craving was greatest, nothing in the world seemed desirable but to love and worship God, free from every taint of sin, and every affection that would hinder my devotion to him. But there was a time when this desire was faint, and this was during the interval of worldly pleasure. From this I was aroused by the first sorrow I had ever known — the death of my children. Stroke after stroke followed these, until the nearest and dearest were cut off by death. But the crucifixion did not stop here. I was constantly, for years, subjected to almost every conceivable form of affliction, among which ill health seemed to be the least. This continued until I was surrounded by trial as with a ring of fire from which there was no escape but to go up

higher. Yet amidst all this I was still enabled to say, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." For a long time I had no other scripture that I could apply. My heart was constantly repeating it, as if to keep from perishing under the strokes of the rod. When I look back now, I think it strange that it was so long before I understood that this was in answer to my prayer for help to separate my heart from its idols. When I did recognize this fact, there was another scripture put into my heart, "He knoweth the way that I take ; and when he hath tried me I shall come forth as gold." Now I began to be reconciled to the way of suffering ; for if this was the way the Lord had chosen to bring me into the state I so much desired, I was willing to be brought by it ; for when I had made inquiry, I had received the answer, "I have received thee in the furnace of affliction." I was kept in this furnace until the life of nature was wholly consumed. I seemed to pass through the height and depth, the length and breadth of Christian experience. I have passed through all the gospel straits, and realized all the promises of deliverance ; and can truly say that he is a faithful promiser. "He will never suffer the righteous 'to be moved.' None of them that trust in him shall be desolate." He is able to be more to us than all that he has taken. One single ray of the joy of his presence is more than a compensation for the loss of every earthly thing. All things would not be "possible with God," if he could not fill the heart with instantaneous joy, such as would be sufficient to shut out all grief forever. And "all things would not be possible to him that believeth," if the believer could not call it down instantaneously by the prayer of faith. He is not partial ; he did not say to the Apostles alone, "Ask, that ye may receive, that your joy may be full ;" "and your joy no man taketh from you ;" "for he is no respecter of persons." This joy is perennial ; it is inexhaustible ; a fountain sufficient to fill the hearts of the whole world. You, my dear brother, have

felt this in its fullest sense, no doubt; but at present a cloud has passed over you. If the gospel cannot remove every trace of grief, and every regretful feeling in one single instant's time, yet ultimately it will fill with "joy unspeakable, and full of glory." "For he is able to do exceedingly, abundantly above all that we can ask or think, according to his power that worketh in us." This I fully realized before I was enabled to make it my own. We may believe the promises; but genuine faith feeds on them. "He that eateth me, even he shall live by me." "That by these (promises) we might be partakers of the divine nature." These are deep passages that I do not think are generally understood. It is a high state of Christian experience, which I fear is not generally attained without suffering. "We are heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ, if so be that we suffer with him." It was when I fully consented to this, that I received grace to be "exceeding joyful in every form of tribulation." It was then that I began to be delivered from trial, though at the time I had fully consented always to remain in the furnace, and could truly say, "It is good to be here." But the variety of experiences I went through before I arrived at this state, would fill a volume; so that now I have a word for every inquirer, by showing them how the Lord delivered me out of similar trials. I do hope and pray that the Lord may comfort you under your bereavement; but if you find your grief linger long, had you not better do a little work for the Lord outside your office: that is, to set yourself in pursuit of some particular lost soul, and follow it with prayer and effort, until it is recovered and brought to Christ? I have found the pursuit of souls a cure for grief and burdensome care. While striving to heal others, I was healed. In that sense also, "he that waters, shall himself be watered." You are doing a great work, and cannot well be spared from your office; but perhaps you have some time which you devote to

sedentary employment. If a part of this were spent in active effort "to seek and to save some lost soul," it would be a more effectual healer of grief. I recommend this because I have always found it an effectual remedy.

Philadelphia, Nov. 10, 1858.

[Original.]

THE UNSEEN BATTLE FIELD.

THERE is an unseen battle-field

In every human breast,

Where two opposing forces meet,

And where they seldom rest.

That field is veiled from mortal sight;

'Tis only seen by One,

Who knows alone where victory lies,

When each day's fight is done.

One army clusters strong and fierce,—

Their chief of demon form;

His brow is like the thunder cloud,

His voice the bursting storm.

His captains,—Pride, and Lust, and Hate,

Whole troops watch night and day;

Swift to detect the weakest point,

And thirsting for the prey.

Contending with this mighty force,

Is but a little band;

Yet there, with an unquailing front,

Those warriors firmly stand!

Their leader is of Godlike form,

Of countenance serene;

And glowing on his naked breast

A naked cross is seen.

His captains,—Faith, and Hope, and Love,

Point to that wondrous sign;

And gazing on it, all receive

Strength from a source divine.

They feel it speaks a glorious truth,—

A truth as great as sure;

But, to be victors, they must learn

To love, confide, endure.

That faith sublime, in wildest strife,

Imparts a holy calm;

For every deadly blow a shield,

For every wound a balm.

And when they win the battle-field,

Past toil is quite forgot;

The place where carnage once had reigned,

Becomes a hallowed spot:

A spot where flowers of joy and peace

Spring from the fertile sod,

And breathe the perfume of their praise,

On every breeze, to God.

Lynn, Mass.

[Original.]

THE UNITY OF CHRISTIAN GRACES.

BY MRS. E. R. WELLS.

LOVE is the foundation of all religion, its only basis; without it, the superstructure totters and falls; with it, it is as enduring as the everlasting hills. Love to God and our neighbor is the chief element of Christianity, the soul and spirit of all piety, the Alpha and Omega of all true religion. Towering in its grandeur it stands alone, the embodiment of Divinity, for God is love.

All the Christian graces revolve around love, the sun—and draw their light and beauty from its refulgent rays. They cannot exist without it; and where its beams are shed, there every other fruit of grace luxuriates in constant freshness. The Apostle enumerates them, “Love, Joy, Peace, Long-Suffering, Gentleness, Goodness, Faith, Meekness, Temperance;” but the one first mentioned combines them all. The rest are but the exponents or representations of Love, in varied forms, but all enhancing the beauty and glory of this one great source or principle. In these defined forms it is beautiful to trace Love beaming forth from every exhibition of the other graces, as the great motive power, the all-pervading spirit.

We see it welling out from overflowing Joy. It is the stream, dancing in very gladness, gushing forth in torrents of blessedness; swelling and enlarging into the broad and mighty river, impetuously rushing on to the ocean of divine Love. It is Love luxuriating in excess of bliss, and glorying in its exhaustlessness. Yea, more, it is Love triumphing. It is Love viewing the promises, so broad, so exceeding precious, so enduring, that exultingly he sings and shouts. It is Love in the heart of fallen but renewed man, meditating upon the perfections of Godhead, and at thought that the All-wise, All-good, and All-glorious One is his Father;

crying out in ecstasy, “My Lord and my God.”

And if Joy is Love triumphing, *Peace* is Love resting. It is Love with folded pinion on downy couch reposing. It is Love in green pastures and beside still waters, sweetly reclining. It is Love shed abroad in the heart, filling with quietude and holy content. It is that great calm which the soul feels when it views the atonement wrought out by blood-shedding, as its own. Ah, it is the quiet of the mighty deep, whose waters no more cast up mire and dirt, for Jesus says, “Peace, be still.”

The Apostle speaks of “enduring hardness as good soldiers;” then is not *Long Suffering, Love enduring?* Ah! it is Love baring its bosom to the storm. It is the bruised reed bending, but not breaking, beneath its load. It is the shorn lamb with untempered wind, ceasing its moan. It is the stricken one kissing the hand that holds the rod. It is the sheep before her shearers, opening not her mouth. It is giving the cheek to the smiter, answering not again. It is forgiving seventy times seven, even as Christ forgives us. Oh, it is following the Master in being a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, if so be, God is glorified. Yea, it is following Him to prison and to death, for the love we bear toward Him. Ah! it is following Him “fully” until He says, “It is enough, enter into thy rest.”

Gentleness, Dr. Clark says, is “benedignity, affability.” Then is it not *Love in society?* It is love with cordial hand grasping his fellow. It is the beaming eye that speaks of a heart glowing with affection’s flame. It is that tenderness which fears to offend, and smooths the asperities of life with a softened hand. It is that delicacy of feeling that studies another’s wish and another’s taste. It is that refinement of heart that prompts to true courtesy and quiet Christian affability. It is that unassuming bestowment of

favors that seems to say the giver is the obliged one, and not the receiver. It is "being kindly affectioned one toward another, with brotherly kindness, forgiving one another in love." Oh! it is a matchless grace! one that Paul does not apply to himself; but he says, "I beseech you by the gentleness of Christ."

Goodness, says the same author, "is the disposition to do good to the souls and bodies of men." Then is it not *Love bearing burdens*?—Love loading itself with blessing and scattering with liberal hand?—Love burdened with kindnesses and dispensing to all who need?—Love in the highways and hedges compelling by gentleness the wanderer's return?—Love spreading the banquet, and inviting all to come; yea, seeking the houseless and homeless, and making him his honored guest? Is it not feet for the lame, and eyes to the blind; food to the famishing, and medicine to the dying? Love at the "Five Points," and on the lone mountain; in the prison and in the camp, in the hospital and in the cell; crossing oceans and burning deserts; surrounded by heathen children and savage men; seeking and saving that which was lost. Oh! it is Love everywhere, going about like the Master, "doing good."

Faith is Love amid conflicts and clouds.

It is Love when the voice of the Commander is lost amid the war of elements and clash of arms, firm at his post. It is Love pursuing duty's path amid cloud and tempest, without moon or stars. It is Love, constant at the helm in darkest night, when surges rise and billows roll, and no beacon is seen to guide his bark. Ah! it is Love offering Isaac and hiding Moses. It is Love crossing the Red sea with steady tread, and "choosing affliction with the people of God, rather than enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season." It is Love approaching the heated furnace, confident the "form of the fourth will be there;" and with unblanched cheek entering the den of lions, assured of

safety. It is Love daring to do right in face of prisons, fagots, chains and death. It is Love never flinching, never failing, when all is perilled and firmness most needed. It is Luther at Worms, and Wesley shut out of the English churches. It is being singular for Christ's sake, when devotion is costly, and zeal occasions great reproach. Yea, more, it is Jesus in the garden and on the cross. O, it is leaving all and following Christ, not knowing whither we go. It is to us in place of sight, "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen," and produces the same effect.

Meekness is Love humbling itself; sitting at the saints' feet; in honor preferring another. It is lowliness of mind and quietness of spirit. It is patience having its perfect work; and humility unconscious of its dignity and worth. It is Moses deaf to the flatteries of kingly courtiers, and calmly listening to the clamorings and murmurings of an ungrateful band. It is Jesus led as a lamb to the slaughter, giving "His cheek to those that plucked off the hair," that He might give gifts to men. O, it is the sum of gentleness, goodness, patience and humility. It is an unrivalled grace, rarely perfected, and has its embodiment only in the meek lamblike Son of God.

Temperance is Love denying self. It is Love subduing passion, and controlling carnal desire. It is slaying appetite, and crucifying the flesh. It is Love with closed eye to things forbidden, and deafened ear to pleasure's syren song. It is keeping the body under subjection as unto Christ. It is Love unmoved by the "lust of the eye, the lust of the flesh, and the pride of life." It is refusing idols' meat, and subsisting upon pulse. It is living as Christ lived, devoid of luxuries and pomp. It is in "all things" copying the Master.

St. Albans, Vt.

MANNERS.—"St. Paul's manners were the finest of any on record." — Coleridge.

[Original.]

SELF-CRUCIFIXION.

BY REV. F. BROWN.

As Christians we are said to be "crucified unto the world," and the world is said to be "crucified unto us." The question immediately arises, What are we to understand by the world? Every sensible object that is instrumental in disturbing the harmony of the relation we should sustain to God. What by being *crucified* to the world? It is to be insensible to all its sinful allurements, and to use lawful things in subserviency to the salvation of the soul, made possible by the death of Christ on the cross.

To be more particular. It is to have *all relish for its sinful pursuits destroyed*. It is acknowledged that there is in the human mind an inherent tendency to sin. It is as natural as the motion of the steel toward the loadstone. As natural as for water to flow, or the sun to give out rays of light. Our experience and consciousness force this unpalatable truth upon us. We feel the keenness of hunger after the mere pleasures of earth. The temptation presents itself and immediately the hidden motion of desire is in that direction. Circumstances may be unfavorable to gratification, or a fear of consequences immediately succeeding the desire may prevent its development into action, but the principle of sin is there. It is as certain sin as murder or any other acknowledged crime. All the evidences of *life* are there. The warmth of a living desire, the motion of a living heart. Call it a germ, but it has the essential elements of the future plant. Call it an embryo, but it has the perfect organism of the future being. With such an experience we are said to be "alive unto sin," *alive to the world*.

Destroy this natural tendency, substitute an inherent motion toward holiness, and we may be said to be "dead to sin, but alive unto God." Sin will tempt as

before. The world will continue the same. Our natural senses will remain unchanged; but the presentation of the sinful object will produce no internal motion of desire. There will be no disturbed and morbid action of the affections. On the contrary the spiritual vision will present the object in so repulsive a form, that the soul will spontaneously shrink from contact. The instinctive effort of the soul now is to repel. The very presence of the temptation produces grief, whereas it was before accompanied with a feeling of pleasure.

Such a soul is "crucified to the world." All relish, tendency, inclination in that direction is destroyed. And by consequence the "world is crucified" unto it. There is a double death. We are "crucified unto the world," because all sinful inclination toward it is destroyed; and "the world is crucified" unto us because its power of attraction is neutralized and useless.

Another evidence of self-crucifixion is that the soul is *perfectly satisfied with God alone*. Not only is the natural tendency toward evil destroyed, but there is substituted an undeviating motion toward God. Every feature of the divine character stands out prominently to our gaze. The veil of impurity torn off, we are now able to "see God." The force of His moral beauty is so great as to draw us, nothing loth, into blissful closeness with Himself. His hand will be felt in every dispensation — His will consulted in every motion. His arm will be revealed as so powerful, and His heart so full of kindness, that unbelief will be impossible. The absence of unbelief supposes the presence of a perfect faith. A perfect faith is uninjured by the withdrawal of sensible joys. It exults when nature dies and self is dethroned.

When Jesus, our great Exemplar, hung upon the cross, all sensible props were withdrawn. No "angels ministered unto Him." No gracious smile fell from the face of His Father like a beam of sun.

light into His soul! No joys, no raptures, no ecstasies sustained Him! All was dark as night! His soul was "exceeding sorrowful!" But was his faith in the effect of his mission destroyed? Why then did he not "come down from the cross?" He could have done so had He been disposed. Why? Because faith showed Him millions of redeemed souls coming back to holiness and to God. Faith pointed to the lost sheep returning to the "Shepherd and Bishop of their souls." Faith opened up to His gaze the mansions of glory peopled with blood-washed multitudes. Yes, it was the triumph of faith over sense.

"We are crucified with Christ." A life of feeling is not a life of faith, but of sight. Faith and sight are very different things. What we have the sensible assurance of, is not a proper object of faith. Faith triumphs when all props are withdrawn. It is an *unpropped trust in God*.

Such a faith is unmoved amidst the most discouraging circumstances. The waves may roar and dash and foam, but it rears its head above the highest efforts. The winds may howl, the storm rage furiously, but it reposes serenely amidst the elemental strife. Friends may desert and foes smite, but faith will sustain. The world may frown, but faith will look up and recognize a smile on the face of God, and be satisfied. Sin may allure, but faith has no affinity with it. It rushes to the cross of Christ as its centre. Hell may assail, but there will be no traitor in the city. Jesus will reign alone, and sway an undisputed and undivided sceptre over the soul.

How may this self-crucifixion be said to be by or through the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ? Because all moral power to obey the will of God possessed by us comes through the atonement. The thought of pardon would never have entered our minds if Christ had not died. Despair would have seized us, and forever shut out any prospect of deliverance. No

blessed Spirit like a flood of light would have fallen upon the moral darkness of our hearts, showing us not only the deep necessity of a change, but pointing to the Lamb of God as the meritorious cause of it. It was because he led "captivity captive," that he "received gifts for men," and prominent among them was the divine Comforter, the blessed *παράκλητος*, the Spirit of light and moral power.

It is the "Spirit of holiness." Its legitimate province is the production of holy principles, tempers, motives, actions. It is the avowed and irreconcilable antagonist of everything sinful. It is the impress of a holy God, and wherever it rests it produces lineaments of character resembling the mind of God. It is the "Spirit of His Son;" because it carries on and perfects the work of redemption. It is the "Spirit of adoption," because it brings the assurance of our sonship. It is the "Spirit of power," because it imparts to its subject the ability to grasp "all the fulness of God," triumphing over the world and self, and with steady and rapid strides moving through every obstruction "toward the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

Haddam, Conn.

MORALS OF A HEATHEN. — If the anecdotes of Plato that have come down to us are authentic, they give him a character that will shame many who enjoy the light and grace of the gospel. Such was his command of temper that when in lifting his hand to correct a slave, he perceived that he was angry, kept his arm fixed in that position, and said to a friend, "I am punishing an angry man." "I would chastise you," said he to the slave, "if I were not angry."

When ill reports were circulated by his enemies, he observed that he "would live so that none should believe them." "I shall be a scholar as long as I am not ashamed to grow wiser and better." Plato, however, lacked the evangelical humility.

[Original.]

TRUE BALANCE OF HEART AND LIFE.

BY A. A. PHELPS.

As it is more common to find persons of ordinary Christian graces than those all redeemed and devoted to God, so we more frequently discover the partial and one-sided developments of Christian character, than we do the full and symmetrical proportions of gospel consistency. Many appear keenly alive to some of the obvious claims of Christianity upon them, but seem strangely blind to others of equal clearness and force. They allow their sympathies and zeal to become greatly (and commendably) intensified in certain directions, but have no heart to labor in other departments of the work, however pressing in their demands. Some, for instance, seem to find the alpha and omega of religion in the *temperance* enterprise. The biggest, and nearly the only devil they ever see, sparkles in the intoxicating cup; if this could be destroyed, they fancy the world would be about ready to strike up the millennial song. Others again become so warm in opposition to gaudy and extravagant *dress*, that their zeal, to say the least, takes an unbalanced and one-sided type.

Now we believe in and contend for earnest and uncompromising positions in both these respects. When gospel holiness shall prevail, the fountains of intemperance shall be dried up. They cannot commingle in mutual friendship, for each is the eternal antagonism of the other. Equally suspicious must be that stamp of pretended piety that arrays itself in the gaudy attire of fashionable display, before the false-reflecting glass of this vain world. We have no confidence in a religion that thus glitters in the stolen livery of earth-born sinners. A thousand apologies may be framed for such a course, but they cannot abide the test of the judgment fires. Let a faithful voice be lifted against

intemperance and pride, and let it be done with uniform consistency and unbending firmness. We wonder not that any should be earnest in denouncing what is so obviously in conflict with God and goodness; the only wonder is that such denunciations should be partial and apologizing, rather than universal and fearless.

The query has often been suggested, as we have witnessed such exhibitions of unbalanced zeal, "*Why not go the whole figure, and be straight and thorough all around?*" It certainly means more than all seem to appreciate, to be a consistent, whole-hearted, well-balanced Christian. It is not so difficult to get people well started in some directions — doing many things both commendable and necessary, but leaving many others entirely untouched. It should be said to all such, "*These ought ye to have done, and not to have left the others undone.*" Some appear far more interested in the *politics* of religion than they do in the *piety* of religion. They have got a good theory, but have never felt the *power*. Others may be found who have not deeply learned that genuine religion means a great deal more than getting happy in meeting.

When we speak of a true balance of character, however, we do not mean that such character is to be tested by the uneven scales of an unconverted world. There is a higher standard by which it must be measured — a standard, which, in some respects, the children of this world have no eyes to see. The experience of a saved man has elements in it that seem strange and paradoxical to the eyes of carnal men, but they are perfectly intelligible to the deeply devoted.

The heart is never perfectly balanced and permanently at rest, till it is entirely cleansed in the blood of the Lamb, and it finds the universal centre — God. When this is the case, though there will be a variety of manifestations, yet they will all combine to establish a sweet and glo-

rious harmony in the soul, and to correct and sweeten and sanctify the entire life to the will and service of God.

A devoted sister of our acquaintance was recently stopping a few days within the bounds of another conference than her own. Having an interview with the minister of the place one day, he said to her, "I understand there are two kinds of holiness in your region; one, a sweet, loving, peaceful holiness—the other a *fighting* holiness. Which kind have you got?" Said she, "I feel nothing but love in my soul, and a peace as sweet as heaven; but these very elements make me hate the devil and oppose sin with all my heart." He probably concluded that she had *both* kinds; and so she had; or rather, she had the harmonious development of entire holiness that made her bold as a lion, yet meek as a lamb; wise as a serpent, yet harmless as a dove; full of meekness, gentleness and love, yet bold and earnest and uncompromising in her opposition to all unrighteousness.

Such is the type of holiness that will purify the church and take the world captive for Jesus. A holiness that strikes a death-blow at our own heart-evils, melts and moulds our natures into all the image of Christ, and nerves up the soul to stand by the naked truth and fight the devil everywhere. We want both the crucifying process and the resurrection power. Give us Christians that have the light, the love, the nerve, the fire, the power, — that have eyes to see, hearts to feel, and hands to do. O, for the mighty baptism of power divine, that shall cleanse us from sin, fill us with love and set us all on fire for God. That will make us love what Jesus loves, and hate what Jesus hates; that will make us feeling, doing, daring Christians — burning, shining, living, fighting, conquering soldiers in the militant church!

West Sweden, N. Y.

A rogue is a roundabout fool.—Coleridge.

[Original.]

CHRISTIAN WARFARE.

BY M. A. HUBBARD.

SOLDIER, go—but not to claim
Mouldering spoils of earth-born treasure,—
Not to build a vaunting name,
Not to dwell in tents of pleasure.
Dream not that the way is smooth,
Hope not that the thorns are roses;
Turn no wishful eye of youth
Where the sunny beam reposes;—
Thou hast *sterner* work to do,
Hosts to cut thy passage through:
Close behind thee *gulfs* are burning—
Forward!—there is no returning.

Soldier, rest—but not for thee
Spreads the world her downy pillow;
On the rock thy couch must be,
While around thee chafes the billow.
Thine must be a watchful sleep,
Wearier than another's waking;
Such a charge as thou dost keep
Brooks no moment of forsaking.
Sleep, as on the battle-field,
Girded, grasping sword and shield:
Those thou canst not name or number,
Steal upon thy broken slumber.

Soldier, rise—the war is done:
Lo, the hosts of hell are flying;
'T was thy *Lord* the battle won,—
Jesus vanquished them by dying.
Pass the stream—before thee lies
All the conquered land of glory;
Hark! what songs of rapture rise,
These proclaim the victor's story.
Soldier, lay thy weapons down,
Quit the sword, and take the crown;
Triumph! all thy foes are banished,
Death is slain, and earth has vanished.

THE CHURCH.—"O what and who shall raise the church of God to a sense of her duty, her destiny, and her honor, as God's instrument for converting an ungodly world?—Where is the more than trumpet breath, that with the thunder of the skies, and the voice of eternal truth, shall break in upon the slumbers of a luxurious church, and rouse her to her mission as a witnessing and proselyting body!"—James.

RIGHT LIFE.—"We are not to be anxious about living, but about living well."—Socrates.

The Guide to Holiness.

FEBRUARY, 1859.

EDITORIAL PAPERS.

THE SYMPATHY OF JESUS.

"Touched with the feeling of our infirmities."—Heb. iv. 15.

THERE is a power in these words which goes direct to the heart. Who has not felt, when laboring under a sense of numberless weaknesses, the value of human sympathy? Like the unprotected vine, which, amid the blast of the tempest, feels after some support, and when it has found it, clings to it with a tenacity proportioned to the fury of the storm, so the heart, when oppressed with a sense of its weaknesses, turns about in pursuit of some one who can share its sorrows, and compassionate its helplessness. Nor, indeed, does she seek for such succor in vain; God has so constituted the human family, that helpless suffering awakens sympathy; and among all classes and conditions of men there are to be found some who can weep with those that weep, and rejoice with them that do rejoice. Still there are circumstances where even this sympathy is denied us. Prejudice may blind, sin may render the heart callous, and distance may separate from those who would otherwise alleviate us. There is One, however, who never fails us. "One who sticketh closer than a brother." "Whose love to us is wonderful, passing the love of women." He is our High Priest,—ever making intercession for us. The Son of God—the Son of man.

"Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he hath felt the same.
He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Poured out strong cries and tears,
And in his measure feels afresh
What every member bears."

It is of Him the apostle says:—"We have not an high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, but was in all points tempted like us we are, yet without sin." His sympathy reaches to every conceivable case, and as he well knows what is in man, he is competent to enter into the condition of every bleeding heart.

There are infirmities which are *innate*. The blight of sin has fallen on all our race, but it does not manifest itself in every individual alike. Man's downward tendencies flow in different channels. Every reflecting mind will admit the existence of an easily besetting sin,—a constitutional tendency to some particular wrong,—

but the slightest observation will satisfy him that the weakness against which he is called to contend is not the one from which his neighbor has most to fear. One finds himself borne down by temptations to anger—another to covetousness—another to lust—another to ambition—another to sloth—another to envy. We admit all this in theory, but how natural is it for us to forget it in practice. We complacently give over to punishment those who have been guilty of an offence, to which, perhaps, through natural disinclination, there is hardly the possibility of our ever being condemned for, while, perhaps, we are ourselves the slaves of a practice equally odious in the eye of Infinite Purity. How often, under such circumstances, is the heart wrested from that compassionate sympathy for which it yearns! The woman taken in adultery saw nothing,—heard nothing from her accusers but *vengeance*. What she could not find in man, she found in the heart of Jesus' *compassion*. "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more." Tempted one, whatever thy weaknesses are, Jesus knows them all,—has felt them all,—yet *without sin*.

There are infirmities that are induced by a diseased system. We all know the sympathy existing between the body and mind. Melancholy, restlessness, nervous irritability, are frequently no more or less the manifestations of disease, than pain in the head, or any other part of the body, and no more indicate the presence of sin than the agonizing cry of the world's Redeemer—recorded in Matt. xxvii. 46—indicates an unsubmitive or distrustful spirit. And yet, how often is this connection between suffering nature and the mental states that it induces, lost sight of in our judgment of men. It is sometimes difficult, we admit, to draw the dividing line between what is purely instinctive and unavoidable, and that which is the offspring of an undisciplined, unsubdued heart; but this should make us more chary in passing judgment. If there is little disposition to *judge* favorably of this class of human infirmities, there is still less disposition to *bear* with them. Indeed, the latter may account for the former. It has been well said that *imperfection* only is intolerant of imperfection. Were *self* dethroned, we should be less annoyed by the imperfections of others, and more disposed to bear all things. We wonder not, that with this knowledge of the world, an unsanctified heart should be tempted to desire death, and look with dread to that period of life (old age) when physical infirmities abound. Like all other human trials, this withdrawal of sympathy is permitted for our good. It leads the soul to look elsewhere for its support. It turns the eye from the human to the divine,—from the seen to the unseen. Nor does the soul look in vain. Jesus *knows* us. "He remembereth that we are dust." At his bar we have justice done us; in his heart we have a place from which human malice cannot displace us. He is

touched with the feeling of our infirmity. He is the invalid's sympathizer.

There are infirmities which the furnace of affliction alone can develop. And it is because nothing else can make them manifest, and it is for our profit that we should be made sensible of them,—that “the Father of Spirits” lays upon us the chastening rod. But, during such seasons of trial, how prone is man to forget the divine injunction:—“Remember them that are in bonds, as bound with them; and them which suffer adversity, as being yourselves also in the body.” A painful evidence of human depravity is too often given in the indifference, if not malicious satisfaction, manifested at the temporal reverses of our fellow men. The envy that cannot tolerate the prosperity of another, will rejoice at his misfortune. It is true there are very many noble exceptions to this remark, and it is because of these exceptions that despair, leading to deeds of violence, is not more frequent: a word of sympathy has saved many a noble spirit from wreck and ruin. Bereavements more generally awaken sympathy and compassion, but, in the sympathy which men bestow in such cases, though it affords a measure of relief, how seldom does it reach the depth of the fountain of human sorrow. The wise man has well said:—“The heart knoweth his own bitterness; and a stranger doth not intermeddle with his joy.” There are profound depths in every human heart which none can fathom but Him “who knoweth what is in man.” He not only sees the surcharged vessel, but presses to it his own heart of love, to receive a measure of its overflowing sorrows. “In their affliction he was afflicted, and the Angel of his presence saved them; in his love and in his pity he redeemed them; and he bare them and carried them all the days of old.” Such is our sympathizing High Priest. “Let us, therefore, come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need.”

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

A PRICELESS GEM.

THE beloved disciple has given us a description of the New Jerusalem in the most glowing terms to be found in our language.

“Her light was like unto a stone most precious; even like a jasper stone, clear as crystal.” “And the foundations of the wall of the city were garnished with all manner of precious stones.” “And the twelve gates were twelve pearls; every several gate was one of pearl; and the street of the city was of pure gold.” How indescribably glorious are those blessed mansions, which the dear Saviour has gone to prepare for all who love Him! But why, dear

children, does John speak so particularly of precious stones,—the jasper, sapphire, chalcodony, emerald, &c.? It is because these are so highly esteemed among all nations, and in all ages. Wherever the Bible has been sent, and people read in their own language a description of the New Jerusalem by this figure, they are taught that the city is glorious, beyond all comparison with the most beautiful things of earth.

We are told by our Saviour of a merchant-man who sold all that he had, in order to possess *one* pearl of a great price. History has recorded the immense value of precious stones, and in our own day, gems adorn the diadem of monarchs, of almost incalculable worth. Suppose that one of you, children, should receive from some king one of those costly jewels. It is worth many hundreds of thousands of dollars, and it is all the fortune you possess. Your parents are continually reminding you of the great value of your treasure. It is deposited in a beautiful casket, and they are doing all in their power to aid you in preserving it. But they know that in time the casket will waste and crumble away, yet the jewel will remain indestructible. Indeed, it will only shine more resplendently when the casing is removed. PRECIOUS GEM! “What would it profit you, if you could gain the whole world,” and yet lose this inestimable treasure!

And now, dear child, suppose we see you trifling with this precious gift. You are playing with your companions by the side of a deep river, and idly tossing it up and down in your hands. Every moment we are fearful that it will slip through your fingers, and be irrecoverably lost. You tell us that every day you are in the habit of playing in this way, and that you should not enjoy your treasure if you were compelled to guard it with greater care. Oh, how strange it does seem, that you should not realize the danger you incur of losing your precious jewel, and of losing it forever!

Young reader, have you not received a gift from the King of kings, of more value than all the jewels that now glitter in the crown of monarchs? Within this human body is enshrined a gem of priceless value. The casket will, ere long, decay, and crumble into dust, but the gem within is indestructible. And yet, while you are idly sporting, indifferent to the value of time, you are in danger of losing this precious treasure. The Great King requires you to guard with watchful care, the jewel which you now carry in your bosom. There are many reasons why you should be watchful. Earth is not your home. You are in an enemy's country, and may be robbed of your treasure. You are weak and helpless, and unable, without assistance, to preserve either the casket or the gem.

But you have a dear, Elder Brother, who feels a tender interest in all that concerns you. Go, in all your weakness, and entrust your treasure to his keeping. He considers it of more value

than all else that the world contains.* You are invited to commit this treasure to His keeping, as unto a faithful Creator. (1 Peter, iv. 19.) He will preserve it safely, until that day when he will give a crown of glory to all who, on earth, have entrusted to His keeping this priceless gem—THE IMMORTAL SOUL. L. L.

* What is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul; or, what shall a man give in exchange for his soul? — Matt. xvi. 26.

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

A BUSY SEASON.—This, to us, is the busiest season in the year; and we are glad to say that it is not a whit behind, but rather in advance of former years. We had feared that the effects of the late monetary pressure, still sorely felt in many parts of the country, would seriously affect our list; but we have a noble corps of self constituted agents in the field, who are alive to the importance of pressing the claims of the Guide, and through their exertions, under God, our march is still onward. Not least, in the items of encouragement, is the testimony universally borne to the usefulness of the Guide in waking up the church to that higher life, in which alone she has ground of hope. Laying every laurel at the feet of Jesus, "we thank God, and take courage." It is peculiarly gratifying to find that the ministry are waking up to this subject, and are extending the circulation of the Guide where, but for the persistent efforts of some obscure, though devoted saint, it had never gained a foothold. We have always had our staunch friends among the clergy, but they were few in comparison with those occupying an humbler sphere. The number, however, is increasing, and this, we doubt not, is attributable, in part, to the means that have been employed to bring the subject before their notice. One person, occupying the humble condition of "a servant girl," writes us that she has taken her back numbers of the Guide, and gone from house to house, leaving them for examination, and then calling again for subscriptions. As a result of these efforts, she sends a list of some ten or twelve, and wishes the premium copy sent to her *pastor*. We mention one out of many similar instances, to show how the Guide comes to be frequently directed to clergymen who have never subscribed for it, and perhaps know but little about it. If prayer, and faith, and effort, will bring about the regeneration of the church, the day is not far distant. Already the signs of the times are most encouraging, opposition is becoming more harmless, and the yearning heart of the church is crying for a more satisfying, higher type of Christian faith and experience. Beloved, be encouraged; in due time ye shall reap if ye faint not.

We shall print of the January and February

numbers *sixteen thousand*, and we hope through the continued exertions of our agents that the whole number will be taken up. It can easily be done if our patrons say so.

We bespeak the forbearance of our friends if their orders do not meet with that despatch that they would, under other circumstances, have a right to expect. Where we are receiving from sixty to eighty letters a day, each requiring particular care, it is impossible to avoid getting a little behindhand. But each shall be served in his turn, and by-and-by our business will take its accustomed promptness.

A BROTHER MINISTER'S SYMPATHY.—The following, from a brother, occupying no mean position in the church of which he is a minister, shows the pulse of some of our dear brethren, in regard to the work in which we are engaged. The excerpts from the Life of McChyne, to which he alludes we publish in the present number.

Rev. and dear Brother:—If the accompanying excerpts will contribute to the prosperity of your enterprise,—the cause of God,—the spread of scriptural holiness over all lands, it is at your disposal.

I take this freedom of addressing you from a conviction that I ought to do something in this way for the cause of holiness—a cause that heretofore I have wickedly neglected. It is my hope, that by thus contributing my mite, I shall myself be enriched from the Fountain of Holiness, and be enabled not only by excerpts, but by a rich experience, ultimately to testify to that which I do know, through the columns of your valuable monthly.

Permit me to say one thing for your encouragement,—When I am the meekest, when I am in the sweetest and most intimate communion with "God, our Saviour," when I live most in eternity, when the value of immortal souls is the most fully realized,—then holiness looks priceless; then "The Guide to Holiness" is prized; and then the magnitude of your labor of love assumes a dimension incomprehensible. How then must your work be estimated by "the church of the first-born?" How loved by the ever blessed Jesus, who so loved the church that he gave himself for it, "that he might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the word; that he might present it to himself a glorious church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing; but that it should be holy, and without blemish?"—Eph. v. 25-27.

Multitudes in your busy city pass and repass your office without a prayer for prosperity to attend you; and multitudes of our churches, who contribute of their material substance for the Harper's, Peterson's, and other magazines, cannot afford \$1.00 for your valuable "Guide;" but, dear brother, "the eyes of the Lord are over the righteous, and his ears is open to their cry." Yes, the divine oversight and gracious audience are certainly your portion. Be thou, therefore, of good courage. Yours is an imperishable crown—at least, so teaches the Word, and so believes your brother.

R. S. S.

Keene, N. H., October 7th, 1888.

THE PROMISE OF THE FATHER.—We are happy to be able to announce, at last, that this long looked-for work has been issued from the press, and is now ready for delivery. The public expectation in regard to this volume, is indicated by the fact that two thousand copies, or more, were ordered in anticipation of its issue.

It is warmly eulogized by those who have seen the work in manuscript, and we doubt not the public expectation will be fully met. If all orders have not been promptly met, our friends will do us a kindness to call our attention to it. We have published a large edition, and are now prepared to fill all orders. Let some one in every community see that their several localities are supplied.

BOOK NOTICES.

THE PIONEER BISHOP: OR, THE LIFE AND TIMES OF FRANCIS ASBURY. BY W. P. STRICKLAND. WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY NATHAN BANGS, D. D. NEW YORK: CARLTON & PORTER. BOSTON: J. P. MAGEE.

A more interesting subject could scarce have been chosen. Bishop Asbury was a man of great simplicity of character, indefatigable zeal and industry, and ardent, humble piety. Living at the most interesting period of our country's history, and when the church, of which he was the venerated head, was in its infancy, requiring a supervision that involved constant travel, his biography is replete with stirring incidents. The author has shown great discrimination in the selection of his material, throwing the whole into a popular form, and making a very readable book. We should have been pleased to see a little more reference to the Bishop's *inner life*, as, in our judgment, his attainment of the grace of "perfect love," had much to do with his singular success and influence; but this did not come within the scope of the author's plan. It is embellished with a beautifully executed likeness of the sainted Bishop.

THE GREAT DAY OF ATONEMENT: OR, MEDITATIONS AND PRAYERS ON THE LAST TWENTY-FOUR HOURS OF THE SUFFERINGS AND DEATH OF OUR LORD AND SAVIOUR, JESUS CHRIST. TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH NEBELIN. EDITED BY MRS. COLIN MACKENZIE. BOSTON: GOULD & LINCOLN.

The subject of this book is sufficiently indicated in the title. Each meditation is accompanied with an appropriate prayer—all well calculated to foster a spirit of devotion and love to Him who gave such proof of his regard for us. The book is got up in the best style of the art, on fine tinted paper, and is altogether a very appropriate gift to a christian friend.

OPPOSITE THE JAIL. BY THE AUTHOR OF "CARRIE HAMILTON;" "GRACE AMBER;" "THE CHILD ANGEL," &c. BOSTON: HENRY HOYT. CHICAGO: WM. TOMLINSON.

This is a book of fiction. The story, though somewhat overwrought, is well planned, and develops some of the finest features of Christian

character. The one that can read it with unmoistened eye must have a hard heart.

WE have received from England the sheets of a small work entitled **WHAT IS TO BECOME OF THE CHURCHES?** or, A Layman's Response to a Minister's Inquiries. The work is suggested by and based on the following interrogatives, occurring in a speech made by "a Doctor of Divinity, at a late meeting of a Missionary Board:"—"What is the reason that the country is shorn of its strength so extensively? What is to become of the churches, if we are not to have a different set of ministers from what we have had of late?" The author commences by giving a daguerreotype of the condition of the church and ministry, as he sees it from his stand-point, and proceeds to show what a continuance in this state will lead to, if not rectified; and the remedy which God has provided for her recovery. The Anglican and the American churches, though not specified, both pass in review before him, and their weaknesses are exposed.

Among the causes of the church's declension, he enumerates indifference to consecration, apathy on questions of moral reform—such as temperance, slavery, &c., &c.—influence of mammon, discouragement of Christian testimony, &c., &c.

His views of the state of the ministry will be regarded by some, no doubt, as unduly severe; while others, admitting its general correctness, will question the propriety of making it public. There is a terseness and vigor in the style, which may be construed by some into a fault-finding or *croaking* spirit, but a careful perusal of the whole work will correct this idea—indeed, from a personal acquaintance with the author, we know that such is not the spirit that originated it, however it may appear. The book was written, as he states in the introduction, before the present remarkable work of grace, which has produced such great changes in the churches and ministry; yet that work itself he regards as confirming the opinions expressed in his book. Take it all in all, it is a pungent appeal, from which the conscience will find it difficult to escape. Well for the church if she can bear the exposure, and turn from that which but mars her beauty and saps her life, to Him who is ready to sanctify and cleanse, "that he might present her to himself a glorious church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing."

THE EDEN ABOVE.—The music bearing this title, introduced in the present number, is taken from a collection of popular hymns and tunes, entitled "Revival Melodies," by Rev. J. W. Dudson. No better evidence can be given of the public appreciation of this collection than that 30,000 copies have already been sold, though published not quite a year since. It can be had of us by remitting in stamps twelve cents.

THE EDEN ABOVE. P. M.

Arranged by
REV. J. W. DADMON.

Animato.

1. We're bound for the land of the pure and the ho - ly,
Ye wan-derers from God in the broad road of fol - ly,

The home of the hap - py, the king - dom of love,
O say, will you go to the E - den a - bove?

1.

We're bound for the land of the pure and the holy,
The home of the happy, the kingdom of love,
Ye wanderers from God in the broad road of folly,
O say, will you go to the Eden above?
Will you go, will you go, will you go, will you go,
O say, will you go to the Eden above?

2.

In that blessed land neither sighing nor anguish
Can breathe in the fields where the glorified rove;
Ye heart-burdened ones, who in misery languish,
O say, will you go to the Eden above?
Will you go, will you go, will you go, will you go,
O say, will you go to the Eden above?

3.

Nor fraud, nor deceit, nor the hand of oppression,
Can injure the dwellers in that holy grove;
No wickedness there, not a shade of transgression;
O say, will you go the Eden above?
Will you go, will you go, will you go, will you go,
O say, will you go to the Eden above?

4.

No poverty there—no, the saints are all wealthy,
The heirs of his glory whose nature is love;
Nor sickness can reach them, that country is healthy;
O say, will you go to the Eden above?
Will you go, will you go, will you go, will you go,
O say, will you go to the Eden above?

THE EDEN ABOVE. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Will you go, will you go, will you go, will you go;
go; O say, will you go to the E - den a - bove?

5.

Each saint has a mansion prepared and all
furnished,
Ere from this clay house he is summoned to
move;
Its gates and its towers with glory are bur-
nished;
O say, will you go to the Eden above?
Will you go, will you go, will you go, will
you go,
O say, will you go to the Eden above?

6.

March on, happy pilgrims, that land is be-
fore you,
And soon its ten thousand delights we shall
prove;
Yes, soon we shall walk o'er the hills of
bright glory,
And drink the pure joys of the Eden above.
We will go, we will go, &c.
O yes, we will go to the Eden above.

7.

And yet, guilty sinner, we would not forsake
thee,
We halt yet a moment as onward we move;
O come to thy Lord, in his arms he will take
thee,
And bear thee along to the Eden above.
Will you go, will you go, &c.
O say, will you go to the Eden above?

8.

Methinks thou art now in thy wretchedness
saying,
O, who can this guilt from my conscience
remove?
No other but Jesus; then come to him pray-
ing—
Prepare me, O Lord, for the Eden above
Will you go, will you go, &c.
At last, will you go to the Eden above?

[Original.]

THE SPIRIT'S BAPTISM.

BY E. R.

Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed?

YE have believed — that is well — but what follows? Are you stopping there, or are you daily pressing after, daily receiving, the mighty energy of the Holy Ghost? The church was never so full of the profession of holiness as at the present time. What proportion do hearts filled with the Spirit's purity; lives enriched by the Spirit's power, bear to this profession?

At this solemn season, let us who "name the name of Christ" as the sign of "departing from iniquity," examine ourselves whether we be indeed in the faith which knows that Jesus Christ is in us by the Spirit which He hath given us. "As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God." The first idea in this passage is that of progress. A man cannot be *led* and *stand still*, or retrograde. Leading implies onward motion. It is at this point, probably, that disunion between the Sanctifier and the soul to whom He has been imparted begins. The spirit of holiness is given through faith in Jesus, as our sanctification, just as the spirit of adoption is given through faith in Jesus as our righteousness; and it may be because the analogy between the two is so exact in the extreme simplicity of their reception that we are in danger of accounting the work in one case to be as finished as in the other. But a work done *in* us necessarily requires, step by step, the co-operation of ourselves, and is complete on the alone condition of this continued co-operation. We do not mean that the "sanctification" is not as entire in the first act, as the "righteousness;" it is, up to our then capacity; but *this*, by the constitution of our nature, never remains stationary. In no respect, physically or mentally, are we to-day precisely what we were yesterday; and, therefore, that work of God which has reference to

the renovation of an ever-progressing nature, can be accomplished only at the price of perpetual progression. Holiness is a life, and the essential law of life is development; and He who first breathes into man this "breath of life," sustains it in accordance with His own law. "The Lord and Giver of life" moves on, leading the "living soul;" if this stop or loiter, it is at the peril of disunion and consequent death.

"If ye be *led* of the Spirit, ye are not under the law." That is to say, — if we understand the expression, — a new principle of obedience is discovered in the soul under the reign of the Spirit, which releases it from the pressure of the law's yoke; or rather, the law written on the heart exempts that heart from any forced restraint of the outward letter. "The law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus makes free from the law of sin and death." This inward energy is *love*, necessarily freed from legal bondage because *itself* is "the fulfilling of the law." The essence — the very life of this love — that in fact which makes it free from law — is its total self-renunciation. It has no need to make itself "the bond-slave of the *'ought!'*" Its nature is to obey; its chosen home is the altar of sacrifice. Law says, "what *must* I do?" Love asks, "what *can* I do?" Law, "what am I *obliged* to renounce?" Love, "what am I *able* to renounce?" It scorns all limit of devotion except that of possibility, and transcends all obligation by bearing in itself the principle and the pledge of universal obedience. And we "stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free, or become entangled again in the yoke of bondage," as we are conscious of acting from an inward impulse which makes obedience a delight, or an outward law which makes it a drudgery.

Again, those who are "led of the Spirit are not under the law," obviously because against the fruit of the Spirit "there is no law." This fruit is love, of which the

graces that follow are only diverse expressions. "Joy" is the joy of love; not merely that which flows from the abounding of spiritual comfort, for this, having its root in ourselves, will be changeful like ourselves; but the joy of adoring God—of delighting in His infinite beauty and excellence,—the enduring exultation of knowing that He is and will be glorified in and through all the vicissitudes that befall us—a joy which, because it grows out of love, like its source, "never faileth."

"Peace," not again merely the calm of reconciliation, but that higher "legacy, our Lord's unutterable peace." The tranquillity of a mind at anchor in the character of the God it loves, knowing, amid the conflict of human interests, the temporary success of evil and depression of good, that the Lord reigneth, and in His rule are ensured the inevitable overthrow of every form of wrong-doing and the ultimate triumph of universal right. Secure of this, "long-suffering" toward error and perversity flows freely forth, and "gentleness" under all circumstances and to all persons—the expression of entire satisfaction in the issue of all things—easily takes the place of irritated self-will.

"Goodness." This is one of love's most essential developments as it exists in the Godhead. "He maketh the sun to shine on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust." It is the principle of universal benevolence, loving all and doing good to all; not because of character, still less of disposition toward us, but because they are the work of the Father's hands, and the fruit of the Son's blood.

"Faith," or, more correctly, "fidelity," a very much overlooked grace, yet few are of more practical importance in freeing us from the menace of the immutable law of justice. This virtue will make us known as the kind of persons who can always be depended upon, either religiously or secularly; whose word will cer-

tainly be fulfilled; whose promise will be exactly ratified. It is a grace which will introduce itself into every possible combination of circumstances; into civil and social life; into friendship and into business; into the church and into the home. Our engagements with men and our covenants with God will alike "stand fast forever, being done in truth and uprightness."

"Meekness." This is love's habitual watchfulness over its own purity. Not only patience under injury, but the benignant element which softens the rigidity of principle. Without this, rectitude would degenerate into sternness, justice into severity, and the standard of right which we erect for ourselves, mischievously work out an unkind judgment of others. It is, of course, quietness under opposition to our own will; but beyond this, and what is more liable to escape notice—it is quietness under opposition to our own opinions. It is the disabusing ourselves of the popular delusion that "because I am right, you, who differ from me, are wrong," under the judicious consideration, "we know in part and we prophecy in part." And yet further. In the war unto death that does and must rage between good and evil, this gentle grace constitutes itself the guard of truth. In meekness instructing those that oppose themselves; if God, peradventure, will give them repentance to the acknowledging of the truth.

"Temperance." Love applying its own power of self-sacrifice to the impulses of the natural life. The comprehensiveness of this term will be better understood by giving it the distinct attention which the Apostle does in these words:

"If ye, through the Spirit, do mortify the deeds of the body, ye shall live." The word "mortify" is not a strong figure of speech, which has no correspondence in the thing to be done. There is a very significant analogy between the crucifixion with death of every form of self-

indulgence, and the painful process of dissolution expressed in the term "mortify." It is most important to bear this in mind, because failure here is the fruitful source of backsliding. Christians frequently complain of the weakness of their faith, when the real fault lies in the weakness of their self-denial; and the declensions of love and purity that are again and again bemoaned, may, in more instances than are even suspected, be traced to some indulgence of natural inclination. It is no one's province to dogmatize on the limits of a strict scriptural temperance; they are probably more severe than most Christians are willing to imagine—but the letter of the law has not defined them, because love, true to its self-renouncing instinct, *will*. The chief point is, to see that it be symmetrical—not rigid on one subject and lax on another; not giving up the indulgences we do not greatly care for, and retaining those we do—this is, if possible, worse than no self-denial at all, because it blunts the conscience by an insidious principle of commutation;—but a systematic repression of the selfish element in our nature. Oh that the deep importance of such a practice were seriously considered in an age when the profession of godliness wants nothing so much as the thorough development of that condition of discipleship. "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross daily and follow me."

"'Religion in Italy,' says the unhappy Shelley, 'is interwoven with the whole fabric of life. It is adoration, faith, submission, penitence, blind admiration—not a rule for moral conduct. It has no necessary connection with any one virtue. It pervades intensely the whole frame of society, and is, according to the temper of the mind which it inhabits, a passion, a persuasion, an excuse, a refuge, *never a check*;' and O that such were not sometimes too much the character of religion in England! Do we not too often see at least some approximation to this awful

delusion? Do we not meet with sensitive natures, susceptible of deep impression from divine things, penetrated with the grandeur, the beauty, and the interest of religion, rapt into a reverie of adoration, and willing to dissolve themselves away in contemplative emotion, but when the call for practice comes, the demand for solid, sober, resolute, persevering struggling with difficulty, and schooling of the heart, and toiling up the steep of moral excellence, 'immediately they are offended?' Nay, they will not only shrink from practice, but will denounce in principle this moral energy. They canonize their sensations as the whole of piety. They undervalue painful duties as works of supererogation and self-righteousness;—and then come in a passive yielding to the stream of outward circumstances and the humors of the animal sensibility—an alternation of religious ague fits, and in the end a mere voluptuous selfishness."*

It must be evident that over such a state of inward experience as this, faith itself can exert no practical influence. It cannot, because the condition of salvation from sin is self-crucifixion. "The faith that can remove mountains" would be impotent to sustain the Son of God in the soul as its life, apart from the antecedent "I am crucified with Christ." "If ye through the Spirit do mortify the deeds of the body, ye shall live," but except this be done, you *cannot* live. You may know occasional flashes of spiritual consciousness—spasms of something like religious movement, but a regular, permanent vitality worthy the name of life, you cannot know on any other terms; and if you have indeed received the "quickening Spirit," you will so mortify them.

"We do hear them speak in our tongues the wonderful works of God." "They heard them speak with tongues and magnify God." Praise was the first employment of the "tongue of fire," as it lighted on Jew and Gentile. It will always be

*Griffith on "The Spiritual Life."

its most chosen and familiar one. The language of complaint is not uttered at the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, and it does not make much difference in the essence of the thing, whether the complaint be of God's dealings with us, or of the persons and events around us. The distinction between murmuring at Divine Providence and being irritated at human actions is not a very valid one, as both alike reflect on that Supreme Rule without whose permission nothing can happen. The result of the spirit of glory and of God, resting upon the early Christians, in connection with their being reproached for the name of Christ, was not that their persecutors were reviled, but that, "on their part, *He was glorified*;" and the same effect of constant, cheerful gratitude under all circumstances, will follow the effusion of the same spirit now. "In everything give thanks," recognizing that that particular event "is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you." "It seems to me," wrote a Christian friend, lately, on an occasion of personal affliction, "as if prayers must all merge in praise, and 'Bless the Lord, O my soul,' be the alpha and omega of my devotions." Thus does the Holy Unction consecrate its priesthood to offer by Christ the sacrifice of praise continually; that is, the fruit of their lips giving thanks unto His name.

Once more. "The anointing which ye have received of Him abideth in you." Religious constancy is one of the surest marks of having been made partakers of the "abiding spirit." Except cases must be admitted, arising from immaturity of knowledge, perplexity of temptation, and, most of all, from the force of former evil habits; but these belong principally to the earlier stages of the way, and after allowing for these, we may venture to say, as a general rule, that holiness is *abiding* or it is not at all. Nothing can be imagined much more at variance with the indwelling of the Holy Ghost, than a vacillating experience. The form of the question implies

stability. "Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed?" Received Him once and for aye. Never did the Apostles seem to conceive that this anointing would do aught else than *abide*. Statements of being *on*, or away from, the sanctifying altar are sometimes made, as if the being there were very much at our own discretion. O, entire devotion to God is something more than this—something that strikes deeper into the centre of the soul than this; a consecration embracing all a man has or is, or can acquire or can become; covering all time and all eternity, does not leave him the plaything of every blast of temptation. We would not dishearten the timid and comparatively inexperienced persons whose very tenderness of conscience in view of the exceeding broad command, makes it difficult at all times to pronounce with certainty on their religious state, or even who may be overtaken in a fault. It is the habit of life which decides in such cases; the *essence* of an unyielding consecration of *purpose*, which outlives *accidental failure of action*—nay, more, whose vital energy rises with renewed caution and vigor from such failure. And if the habit of life be that of gaining and losing, regaining and again losing, it is a style of religious experience to which the Pentecostal Baptism would say, "I know you not."

We have been regarding the internal operations of the Spirit on the individual character, because in the present day of external activity, these are most likely to escape observation, but the outward development of usefulness in some phase or other, will just as surely as inward purity follow in the train of this "gracious visitation;" and the extent to which the latter depends on the former, will be known only in the day when "secret things,"—secret usefulness among them—"will be made manifest." Here, as in other respects, the most important point is *steadiness*—uniform diligence—not a

feverish bustle of labor at one time and a fit of indolence at another; not courageous effort under prosperity, and languid supineness under depression, but "an even, strong desire, a calmly fervent zeal."

It is true that the sovereignty of God sometimes calls for unusual spiritual exertion, to be compensated, when He sees meet, by seasons of unwonted inactivity; but that belongs to the indications of His providence. So far as our purpose and disposition to labor are concerned, if we really share the devotion of the burning seraphs before the Throne, we shall have sympathy with their sublime rule of service—"they rest not day nor night."

"Oh that one could get on faster in likeness to Christ," said an eager young Christian to a ministerial friend. "The great thing is to be always at it," was the wise reply. This is the great thing, whether we are working out our own salvation or laboring for that of others.

Such are some of the marks whereby we may "prove ourselves." Their degree and distinctness will depend partly on the measure in which the gift has been communicated, partly on the quality of the earthen vessel in which the "heavenly treasure" is placed; but if any be wanting, we are "found wanting" when "weighed in the balance" of the sanctuary.

"He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire." "The promise is unto you and to your children." Do we severally inherit it? It would be difficult to assign any limit to the power of a Christian "filled with the spirit;" human weakness placed in alliance with Omnipotence; the purposes inspired, the actions controlled by an indwelling deity. Shall we in the new year's conflict with the principalities and powers of the kingdom of darkness, and the ignorance and defilement and sorrows of the world around us, be noted in its register as the "faint-hearted," whose "strength is small," or as

"warriors endued with power from on high."

"Come, Holy Ghost, for Thee I call,
Spirit of burning, come!"

Dec., 1858.

[Selected.]

"OVER THE RIVER."

OVER the river they beckon to me —
Loved ones who've crossed to the farther side;
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
But their voices are drowned by the rushing tide.

There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
And eyes, the reflection of heaven's own blue;
He crossed in the twilight gray and cold,
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.
We saw not the angels that met him there;
The gate of the city we could not see, —
Over the river, over the river,
My brother stands waiting to welcome me.

Over the river the boatman pale
Carried another — the household pet;
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale —
Darling Minnie! I see her yet!
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark;
We watched it glide from the silver sands,
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.
We know she is safe on the further side,
Where all the ransomed and angels be!
Over the river, the mystic river,
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.
For none return from those quiet shores
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale;
We hear the dip of the golden oars,
And catch a gleam of the snowy sail, —
And lo! they have passed from our yearning hearts;

They cross the stream and are gone for aye;
We may not sunder the veil apart,
That hides from our visions the gates of day.
We only know that their barks no more
May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea,
Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore,
They watch, and beckon, and wait for me!

And I sit and think, when the sunset's gold
Is flushing river and hill and shore,
I shall one day stand by the water cold,
And list for the sound of the boatman's oar;
And when perchance the well-known hail
Again shall echo along the straud,
I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale,
To the better shore of the spirit land.
I shall know the loved who have gone before,
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
When over the river, the peaceful river,
The angel of Death shall carry me!

[Springfield Republican.

[Original.]

LETTER FROM MRS. PALMER.

In our January number, we promised in the forthcoming issue, a letter from Mrs. Palmer to her sister, Mrs. Lankford, of New York, in which was brought to view a practical illustration of the principles of her new work. In the pressure of business it was overlooked, while making up matter for the February Guide.

BAY OF FUNDY, ON BOARD STEAMER }
ADMIRAL, Nov. 22, 1853. }

DEAREST SISTER: We have just left St. John, New Brunswick. Jesus gives us our friends. We have just taken our last leave of scores of tearful ones, and are now on board an American steamer, on our way to Boston, where, Providence favoring, we shall probably arrive to-morrow afternoon.

Through the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ we are what we are. Would that it were in my power to transcribe the wonderful dispensations of grace toward us since we saw you. Never have we had a deeper realization of the fact that it is "Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord," than during the entire of our recent journeyings; and never have we witnessed a more extraordinary demonstration of the fact that our God loves to take of the weak things of this world to confound the mighty. I think it would be a low computation should we say, that we have witnessed, in the aggregate, two thousand newly saved at the various places we have visited, beside hundreds of believers sanctified wholly.

At every point the work has commenced with the church. Both ministers and people have, with deep humiliation and tears, sought the full baptism of the Spirit; and then, as on the day of Pentecost, the convincing power has penetrated the hearts of sinners, and multitudes have been saved. I would have written to you often; not a week would have passed but you would have had a sheet largely filled; but I can scarcely begin to tell you how constantly my time has been occupied.

We have had three meetings a day during the past four weeks, and some of these meetings have been from three to four hours long, commencing at eight o'clock in the morning and continuing till toward noon. Afternoon meetings commencing at three o'clock, and continuing till dark. At these meetings it is not unusual to see from twenty to fifty forward for prayers. Of course it would be difficult to leave these earnest seekers, until driven by the shades of evening and our waiting repast.

At seven o'clock, we have again repaired to a still more crowded house, to be answerable to the evening service, when the Lord has generally wrought in still greater power, and we have seldom left the house till after ten o'clock. It is astonishing how the people come out from all the surrounding country, going and returning from ten to twelve miles daily, and others coming and remaining day after day, from a distance of fifty miles and over. Wherever we have been, the ministers from the surrounding districts have come in, and few have shared more largely in the falling showers of grace than these. At the last place we visited, the chairmen of three districts were present part of the time, with a number of other ministers. And not unlike this has it been at most places we have visited.

As you have not been with us in our campaigns, I suppose you would sometimes like to look in upon us, and see the orderings of grace. Well, it is, in short, about like this. Dr. P. and myself generally confer together, and we select such portions of scripture and hymns as contain such leading ideas as we wish to urge upon the attention of the people. The meetings are given in charge of Dr. P., and after the opening hymn is sung, some minister present generally prays. A portion of the scriptures is then read, and the peculiar gift which the Lord has given Dr. P. to read *impressively*, has, through the power of the Spirit, told most advantageously on the cause. After another

hymn is sung, your humble sister aims to talk as the Spirit gives utterance. It is my intention not to exceed half an hour, but if I should say that I am often drawn out beyond my anticipations, you will not be surprised.

And now let me assure you, dear sister, that the Lord is giving most confirming evidence to thousands that he has not forgotten his ancient promise, "I will pour out my Spirit on my sons and daughters," etc. Had Gabriel been commissioned to come and assure me, that the Lord would have me open my lips and speak of the power of his saving grace, and also of other things that appertain to his kingdom, I could not be more certain of a divine call. The hundreds whom we have yearly witnessed brought over to the ranks of the saved during the past twenty years, since we received that memorable baptism of the Spirit, in July 26, 1837, puts doubt to flight, and makes the opinions of men seem lighter than vanity, where these opinions would seem to contravene the order of God.

Were I called to pass through the vale of mortality this hour, I should love, before entering into the more immediate presence of my faithful covenant-keeping Lord, to say to the praise of his grace alone, that we have reason to believe thousands have been won over from the ranks of sin, whose feet we fear had been in the way to death, had we not gone beyond the precincts of our own home to talk to them of the way of life. I say we, because husband and myself are not only of one mind on this subject, but are also one in our labors. He always succeeds my little talk with a persuasive invitation to the lukewarm professor and the open sinner, when they often come with a rush to the altar of prayer; and it is thus that we frequently witness scores blessed daily. Allelujah! the Lord God omnipotent reigneth. Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

We would not have you infer that we

have been wholly saved from the trial of our faith; but so ceaseless and triumphant have been the conquests of grace, that victory has been our constant theme. Often do we have reason to exclaim, Surely the servant is above his Lord.

Wherever we go, the Lord provides a home for us among the princes of his people. And though in regard to leaving our own dear home, we seem literally called to test the principles of ancient discipleship, that is, that of forsaking all and following Christ, yet at every point of need every real want seems to have been met with singular appropriateness, so that we have most significantly exclaimed, many times, "Lacked ye any thing? And they said, Nothing, Lord."

We have in this, as in our many other and various journeyings, had much satisfaction in our work. Truly we have a goodly heritage. I have just been reviewing the past, and should love to portray, to the praise of God and for your satisfaction, these reviewings on paper. Wherever we go, the Lord gives us the hearts of the ministry and people to a degree that humbles and amazes us. We have made it a point, wherever we have been, to work with the ministry, not *independent* of them. This is agreeable to our own preferences. Of course the people expect us to fill up the time largely; but this the ministers also desire; and so long as the Lord works in power, all parties are satisfied, and praise redounds to God. The last place we wrote to you from was M——.

Here both minister and people were dissatisfied with each other. It is not for us to say which were in fault, but surely there was a fault somewhere. While we were at Prince Edward's Island, we had been earnestly invited to visit M——, but had so little idea of doing so, that we had actually forgotten all about the matter, until we met a number of the friends awaiting the arrival of the cars. We were on hasteful wing homeward, and Dr. P.

had already sent a telegram to our beloved friends in St. John, that they might see us as we passed homeward in the steamer, the next night. Added to the personal entreaties of these friends was a written petition, signed not only by persons of the Wesleyan Church, but by persons of standing in the place, not of our denomination.

But so imperative had we regarded our call homeward, that we would still have felt it our duty to hasten onward, had not the very low state of piety in the place enlisted our sympathies. In the Wesleyan church the evening meetings were well nigh totally neglected, sometimes less than half a dozen attending the lecture, and the prayer meeting an entire failure. Often no class meeting at all, and at most not more than three or four attending. To use their own expression, "it seemed as if religion was dying out in the place, and iniquity was abounding yet more and more." It is not surprising that the dear aged minister could have had no courage to minister to such congregations. He subsequently informed us by letter, that during about a half-century, he had never once been called to labor on such unfruitful soil.

How could we move homeward under such circumstances? We felt that the Head of the Church forbade it, and we concluded to pause three days in the place. This was about noon, and the news quickly spread abroad. We had a large congregation in the evening, perhaps about an equal division of Baptists, Presbyterians, and Wesleyans. We could not but feel the hardness of the soil, but while laboring in Spirit, felt that we had not only an Almighty helper, but a sympathizing Saviour. This was on Saturday evening. We had been informed that on Sabbath morning our friends of the Baptist church would omit their own services, in order to be present at the Wesleyan Church; but we were pleased that this purpose was not adhered to, as we preferred to have our people by them-

selves, and secure their undivided attention to the great work of present and personal holiness. We had a memorable time, both morning and afternoon, as we saw the fallow ground breaking up, and tearful eyes in every direction.

On Monday we began to gather fruit. O how good has the Lord of the harvest been to us. Scarcely has the seed been sown, ere it has sprung up, and produced abundant fruit. Meetings were from this time held three times a day for two weeks, increasing constantly in interest and power, until, up to the time of our leaving, about one hundred and fifty names had been taken as newly blest. These were not all from among our own people, nor from the immediate town, but some were from a distance, and others will attach themselves, perhaps, to other denominations, but I presume about one hundred have given in their names to join the Wesleyan church. Eight new classes have been formed. The converts are some of the strongest men in the community. We are informed that three or four of them have already been appointed class-leaders; but you would not be surprised at this, if you could only see what mature converts they are.

Here, as elsewhere, we have encouraged the newly received disciple to look for the full baptism of the Holy Ghost. And it has not been unusual to see them come forward again, a day or two after their conversion, seeking specifically for the fulfilment of the promise of the Father. And that the promised endowment of power from on high has been given, you would not doubt, if you could hear their lucid testimony, and witness the power of their lives. We have recently received a letter from the District Chairman at Charlottetown, informing us that the revival flame has burst forth at six different points on the district. The Sabbath before we left the island, we were told that four or five of the young converts went to hold a meeting at a place a few miles dis-

tant from Charlottetown, when eleven convicted sinners came forward for prayers, and several were converted. O, it is the baptism of the Holy Ghost that is the great want of the church. With this, how quickly would she "come up out of the wilderness, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners."

It is now Monday. Two weeks ago on Saturday we left M—— for Sackville, N. B. At this I suppose you will wonder more than at any of our former removes, in view of the lateness of the season, and our oft repeated resolve to hasten homeward. But we had been more importunately solicited to visit this place than perhaps any other since we left home; and we were now within thirty miles distance, and we feared we might resist the order of God should we refuse. At no place have we seen the hand of our Lord more signally displayed than at Sackville. The people gathered in from the surrounding country from ten to sixty miles, and a more general baptism of the church I do not think that we have ever witnessed. The number newly saved we do not know, as the names were noted but part of the time. The Secretary informed me that of the number of names taken he had over one hundred.

But with this triumph there was also a painful trial which has left a sadness on our minds. The first friend to welcome us at Sackville was Charles Allison, Esq., a lovely Christian gentleman, of extensive and well-earned reputation. He was in his usual health when he welcomed us to his pleasant mansion on Mount Allison, two weeks since. Now he is an inhabitant of the eternal city. We arrived on Saturday, and he was comfortable in health till Friday of the succeeding week. While we were dining on Friday, I saw he looked feeble. We spoke of this, and he said he was in a chill. I observed it was a convenient way to take cold when at church, from the vestry door being open

by passing in and out, when we were crowded in and around the altar. Mrs. A. observed, "Mr. A. did not take his cold thus; he was thrown into a perspiration this morning by assisting the sexton to sweep the church." Think of this—a man by whose means the church and the ministry were largely sustained, and whose influence and wealth were doing as much, I presume, if not more, towards supporting the institutions of piety and literature, than any man in these British Provinces! What a reproof to those who would not shut the doors of the Lord's house for naught. I was mentioning this to a minister who had been stationed in the place, and he said, "O, that was only like Mr. A.; he was continually doing such things. I have known him to plant with his own hands the potatoes on the parsonage grounds!"

He had been greatly blessed in his own experience during the progress of the meetings. He had long been seeking the witness of entire sanctification. One night, after returning from the church, we remained up praying and talking over this subject till near midnight. We left him holding on by faith; and I said to Dr. P., on retiring that night to our room, weary, "Well, if our coming to these Provinces may only result in such a man as Mr. A. being brought out as a clear witness of the power of Christ to save to the uttermost, I should feel myself repaid for coming all the way from New York." I then thought of what might be the weight of his testimony in that community; but how little did I think that he was so soon to take his place among the ranks of the blood-washed in heaven. But though he had endeavored to believe, his hold on the blessing was somewhat trembling, until the next afternoon, when, with over a score of others, among whom were ministers and people, who came forward to the altar, he sought and obtained such a baptism of the Spirit as shall ever be remembered. From this hallowed hour

he seemed to rest as under the shadow of the Almighty. So peaceful was his every look and act that I could only think of him as having entered

'The land of rest from inbred sin,
The land of perfect holiness.'

Angels had lingered over that place, and had borne the names of scores of newly repenting sinners to heaven. Over fifty of the students belonging to the male and female departments of the Mount Allison Seminary had within a few days been added to the saved, beside many from Sackville village and the surrounding community, and scores of his Christian brethren and sisters had received the more enlarged baptism of the Holy Ghost. And now as we were supping with a number of his friends for the last time, at his own generous table, as each one was in turn repeating a verse of scripture, our dear br. A. exclaimed, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." We marked the heavenly glow that illuminated his countenance as he said this, and felt that it was invested with a singular significance, but knew not that it was the last time we were to sup with him before sitting down with him in company with all the redeemed family at the marriage supper of the Lamb. How sweetly was he prepared to enter into the rest of the redeemed in heaven. His constitution was feeble, and he was able to endure but little: but while his heart and flesh were failing, he felt in a pre-eminent degree that God was the strength of his life and his portion forever. Just as the day was about breaking that he entered upon his eternal rest, Dr. P. read to him the 17th chapter of John. How sublime and inexpressibly precious this last prayer of our Saviour as he was about to leave his disciples. Both Dr. P. and myself then prayed. We could feel that his heart was with us in our approaches to the throne, but he was unable to speak.

He was already buffeting the billows of Jordan. As I repeated the words,

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, oh, my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last."

I could feel that the fast failing energies of his struggling spirit were with me in every line. As I pressed his hand and kissed the forehead now cold in death, for the last time, exclaiming, "Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ," he raised his beaming eye already radiant with immortality, and the utterances of that countenance spoke of light, peace and unshaken confidence. We were constrained to leave that day at ten o'clock, and at two he entered into the joy of his Lord. He seemed only to live to glorify God, and serve his generation according to the will of God. Though not, I presume, a man of immense wealth, yet he lived not to hoard up what he had, but as a steward to invest in a way which might most benefit the present and future generations.

We were informed, that in addition to his other outlays, by way of serving his age, his appropriations toward the erection and sustenance of the Mount Allison Sackville Seminary amounted to about forty thousand dollars. He was a man of fine literary taste, munificent, yet prudent. Many have done virtuously, but perhaps few have excelled our brother, as a man or a Christian. When offered the suffrages of the community which might have secured his election as a member of Parliament, he declined the honor, and chose a more retired way of usefulness, preferring rather as his divine Master, to be among his friends as one that serveth. "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord, for they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

[Original.]

A PILGRIM'S EXPERIENCE.

BY ELLEN A.

TO-DAY, while reviewing the amazing condescension of Jesus in saving me, the thought was forcibly suggested that God had given me an experience which I ought no longer to withhold from the world. Though timid nature shrinks from so much publicity, yet the love of Jesus constrains me to embrace this opportunity to declare to many, with whom I can never mingle in time,

"What a dear Saviour I have found;—
To point to his redeeming blood,
And say, Behold the way to God!"

When but twelve years of age I was called to follow the remains of a beloved mother, who had been my sole instructor in divine things, to the dark and silent grave. She had striven to instil into my mind the truth of future rewards and punishments, and the necessity of a change of heart, to fit me for the abodes of the blessed. Those impressive lessons were never forgotten. They followed me till I yielded to be saved by grace. An effort was made in subsequent life to imbibe false doctrines; but no effort proved available in erasing the truthful impressions of my early childhood.

The Spirit of God seemed intent on saving me, and the Enemy just as busy in laying plots to drag my soul to ruin. I often felt myself wretched, guilty, and undone; but no mother was there to encourage; and, as other surrounding friends were opposed to God, the way seemed hedged in with insurmountable obstacles to my becoming a Christian. In this state I lived nearly three years, oft realizing my exposure to eternal wrath, and again as destitute of feeling as though I had no soul to save—no heaven to gain. But, thank God, this state of things did not always last. In June, 1852, I attended a camp-meeting in Clarkson. My convictions of guilt were almost insupportable;

and, as soon as opportunity was given, I arose, broken-hearted and penitent, and presented myself at the altar of prayer, intent on finding mercy before I left the place. What passed around me I cannot distinctly remember; but the burden of guilt was removed from my heart, and great calmness of spirit ensued.

I returned home, but not the same desponding creature as before. My heart was now swelling with full hopes of a blissful immortality. Trials now began to throng my path, and temptations assailed me on every side. One day, when made the object of ridicule, I felt *pride* stirring in my heart. A sense of shame came over me, and I knew, in a moment, something must be wrong. The enemy now told me I had been deceived,—that I had never been converted, or I would not have such feelings. I did not understand the case in its relation to the doctrine of entire holiness. I had never heard this doctrine preached, and think I had never seen a living witness to its power; but I retired, determining to go no farther, until there was an understanding between me and my God. Taking the Bible, I asked and received light from above; and by that light I discovered that I had received complete pardon, but that a greater work yet remained to be wrought in my soul. The *seeds* of sin must be destroyed,—my carnal nature wholly crucified. I saw, also, the ability, willingness, and anxiety of Christ, to save to the uttermost. My gratitude for this light was inexpressible. I was now led to make specific consecrations of all my heart held dear. Throwing myself wholly into the arms of Jesus, I retired for the night, resting by naked faith in the promises of God. The next morning, before day-break, Jesus came very near,—

"Emptied my heart of earthly love,
And for himself prepared the place;"

and O! what unspeakable *joy*? what floods of *glory*, filled my soul

With a light heart did I trip my way to school, the next morning, as I was then but fifteen. Two of my school-mates enjoyed religion; and, as soon as I could get access to them, I told them how I had been blessed. As I had often heard that persons making rapid progress in the divine life, either died soon or went back into the world, I requested them to remain silent about it, thus yielding, though unintentionally, to an insinuation of the adversary, that others would think me going too far. Immediately the light began to grow dim. A dense gloom enshrouded my mind. My shield of faith was captured, and borne off by the enemy, amid the shouts of all the hosts of hell. I knew not what to do. I tried to pray, but in vain. I tried to search my heart, and see where I had failed, but I had no light, and could not see. One thing was certain: I was shorn of my strength. Hitherto I had triumphed over my enemies, but now I was the sadly defeated party. I seemed to have no power to withstand surrounding influences, or the fierce attacks of Satan. At this time a settled melancholy came over me, and I was harassed with fearful forebodings of the future. Hope had well nigh fled. Thoughts of brighter by-gone days proved as daggers to my aching heart. The happiness of others but made me the more sensible of my own misery. In silence I thus suffered on, being unwilling to acknowledge my true state to any one.

My solicitude for the salvation of my ungodly friends, together with the desolation of my own heart, proved more than this feeble frame could endure; and it began to sink, and show signs of speedy decline. Several times life seemed waning, and I was given up to die. O what views of eternal things then loomed up before me! The question would sometimes be forcibly suggested:—Will you take the cross, if again restored to health, and spend a life all devoted to God; or, will you die now, with a doubtful heirship

to eternal life, or, at best, with the prospect of wearing a starless crown? My heart revolted at the latter thought, and I said: Let the way to heaven be a rugged one, but let me be instrumental in doing something to honor Jesus, and bless the world, and it is enough. Soon my health began to recover, and I felt a degree of inward consolation. But, alas for the instability of my heart at that time! Once more I was foolish enough to heed the advice of those who understood not my deepest wants, but urged me to dismiss my serious thoughts, as my restoration to health depended on the quietness of my mind. Though my health was recovered, yet earth proved insufficient to satisfy my inward cravings. I had known enough of religion to embitter every worldly pleasure, and cause a sting to every joy. Again the Lord called me, and I felt it to be the *last* call of mercy. I felt that God would not longer endure such trifling, and the time had come when I must settle the question once for ever. I saw, also, that if I again repeated those long-neglected vows, alienation from my dearest friends on earth, whom Jesus knew that I loved, would be the consequence. Great as the undertaking then seemed, I decided to follow Christ if I *died*; and, glory to God! I *did* die just before I lived. After drinking deeply of the cup of repentance, I was enabled to cast my helpless soul on Christ, who spoke in tones of melting mercy, and assuaged my grief. Again I was freely justified. Now I saw more clearly than ever, the crosses before me, and the necessity of full redemption to prepare me fully to meet them. I knew it was my privilege to attain this grace immediately. I sought it speedily, and with all my heart. With light afforded to take a more sweeping view of the matter than ever before, the consecration was specifically and understandingly made. Item after item was presented and disposed of by the grace of God. Time, talent, reputation, friends, home, were

laid at the feet of Jesus. I must also consent to become an outcast—a pilgrim and a stranger here, enduring the reproach of the cross joyfully, and looking that all manner of evil should be said of me (falsely) for Christ's sake,—to become singular in the eyes of the world; to wear nothing but to the glory of God, do nothing without consulting His will, say nothing inconsistent with a holy heart, and live as a bar-bound creature, continually. I found it crucifying to the flesh, but, with a heart all mangled and bleeding, and a desperate act of faith in the blood of Jesus; I sank into his blessed arms, and felt his gory hand laid on my agonizing soul. He proved my Great Physician—my Mighty Conqueror. My heart sank beneath the weight of love. O, what unbounded rest—what complete repose was mine! How changed was I in all my feelings and relations to the work of God! The cross, which had hitherto seemed so heavy, now became my delight.

Nearly four years have now elapsed since that memorable hour; and as I then saw the way to heaven one of crosses, self-denials, and abandonments, so I see it still; but my heart gladly embraces every cross, and glories in this alone. Long was I in getting fully established, but at length my feet are pressing the solid rock—the *Rock* of endless ages, and in Jesus' name I have been enabled to triumph over every foe, and keep my face fixed in one direction. All is now *settled*—settled for life. Have I not made a blessed exchange?—an earthly home for one in heaven; worldly friends for the dear friends of Jesus; earthly joys for the joys and triumphs of the cross. Glory to Jesus! Every desire is satisfied in him.

"The thorn and the thistle around me may grow,—
I would not repose me on roses below;
I ask not a portion, I seek not my rest,
Thill, seated with Jesus, I lean on his breast."

Land of Beulah.

[Original.]

THE INTERCESSION.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

"FATHER! I bring a worthless child to thee,
To claim thy pardon. Once, yet once again
Receive him at my hands, for he is mine.
He is a worthless child—he owes his guilt;
Look not on him—he will not bear thy glance—
Look not on him—I'll hide his filthy garments;
He pleads not for himself,—he dares not plead;
His cause is mine—I am his Intercessor.

"By that unchanged, unchanging oath of mine—
By each pure drop of blood I lost for him—
By all the sorrows graven on my soul—
By every wound I bear—I claim it due.
Father divine! I would not have him lost!
He is a worthless child—but he is mine!
Sin hath destroyed him—sin hath died in me;
Satan hath bound him—Satan is my slave;
Death hath desired him—I have conquered
Death.

"I could not bear to see him cast away,
Vile as he is, the weakest of my flock,
The one who grieves me most, that loves me
least;
Yea, though his sins should dim each spark of
love—
I measure not my love by his returns.
And though the stripes I send to bring him
home
Should serve to drive him further from my arms,
Still he is mine. I lured him from the world;
He has no home, no right, but in my love;
Though earth and hell combined against him
rise,
I'm bound to rescue him, for we are one."

CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE.—"In fashion it censures all that is wasteful, all that trenches on immodesty, and all that feeds pride and starves alms-giving. In dress and in furniture, in the table and equipage, it prescribes simplicity without affected singularity, plenty without luxury, liberality without ostentation, and the spirit of those who eat to live, rather than the tastes of those who live to eat. It enjoins a chastened moderation in the day of prosperity, and a sustained meekness and trustfulness in the day of adversity—a holding of the world loosely, but a holding of our own inclinations and desires tightly and under vigilant control."—*Williams.*

[Original.]

POWER OF SELF JUDGMENT
LIMITED.

BY A STUDENT.

"I judge not mine own self."

BUT did not Paul know exactly when he did right, and when he did wrong? Did not the inward monitor, which approves or disapproves, according to the mind of God, did he not speak promptly to St. Paul always? That monitor does not presume to decide whether the judgment has attained a sufficient degree of clearness on any given subject; but only whether the action of the heart has been according to the light given to the understanding. The mind may sometimes be in doubt whether it sees the certain line of demarkation between right and wrong; and in such a case it would be in doubt whether its out-goings in action were exactly on the right line. But, says one, we can judge that we are doing right as long as we can feel the testimony of consciousness that we are following what light we have, even if we have an apprehension that the degree we have upon the case in hand is only as the twilight to what may be had upon the same subject. And so it is, in a certain sense; yet it is certain that we are responsible for the light we have had the privilege of obtaining, and have not obtained. It is replied, perhaps, that what we have done, or have not done, while not subjects of Christ's kingdom, we are absolved from the consequences of, when we become his subjects. And so it is in respect of guilt, but not in respect of disadvantages. And so, as relates to absolute right, there may be a discrepancy in our doings, on account of former faults, which have got the mind warped at some points. And even since we have become perfectly subject to the kingdom of Christ we may not have always used our intellects, and therefore our hearts, to the best advantage for getting a clear view of the scale by which human actions are to be regulated.

This we were bound to do from the first, and have tried to do; yet who but Omniscience can tell whether we have made the best of every circumstance for it? Have we not often looked up for the blood of sprinkling, fearing that some degree of condemnation might attach to us at this very point, if we were not absolved from it by a particular application to the blessed atonement? And in this very light have we not often exclaimed, "I judge not mine own self?" — I know not how much forgiveness I need. Again, after we have got what we believe to be clear views of right ourselves, we may be too much or too little restrained in our doings, for fear of hurting the feelings of others. Here is another phase of duty, — that of regarding the consciences of others, so as to turn none aside from what they consider right, by our example. "If meat cause my brother to offend, I will eat no more meat while the world standeth." So says the inspired penman. However well justified we may be in our own minds and hearts, in what we do, we must not do it if others over whom we have an influence cannot see the light of the subject on the same side that we see it, so as to be persuaded that we do right. And yet there is a limit to be given to our regard for the opinions of others, and even for their conscientious scruples; else there would never be an advance from the most childish scruple of a weak faith. Shall we never laugh freely because some new convert thinks it wrong to laugh freely at any time on any occasion? Shall we give children no exercises but sober ones, because some good person may think we ought to give them no other? And yet shall we go to an extent of liberty which would much wound the feelings of these conscientiously good people, though we believe we should go only by what would be the dictates of innocent nature, and the provisions of the all-wise God? And who shall tell us where the line of right, in the case, is to be found? Are we not

constrained to say, sometimes, "I judge not mine own self." I know not whether I have taken the best course or not. I know not whether I have restrained nature too much, out of regard to the views of others, and unjustifiably robbed my children of the rights given them in their compound constitution; or whether, on the other hand, I have forborne to deny them as much as I might have done without injury, and by this means have caused good to be evil spoken of, by offending biased consciences, and intruding upon stereotyped theories unnecessarily.

Again, there are times that we are left to say "I judge not mine own self," when the feelings and actions are not questionable in *kind*, but in *degree*. For example, when we are obliged to control the conduct of others in its general leadings. There are times when we are called to disapprove and reprove. To do this gives pain both to ourselves and to the recipient of reproof. We may not always measure the degree of pain, but we feel it, and the reprovèd one feels it, and it has some lingering sting for both. Now the least of this that will do, it is our duty to let suffice. On this point are we not often left to question whether less than we have used would not have done as well or better? Whether our feelings did not become too intense, under a sense of violation of right, and dereliction in duty, in the case of those who are called to answer to our tribunal, and whether our expressions were just as strong as they needed to be, and no stronger? We have only to say, here, I judge not mine own self; there is One greater than I that judgeth me. I know that the precise degree of intensity in the feelings, depends much upon the physical state; and in those delicate conditions of it, which are too obscure for our own observation. And this the God that made us sees, and makes allowance for it, sometimes, when we do not feel free to make allowance for it ourselves. But it must be remembered that the mental and

spiritual must always control the physical. This is the institution of our existence. I often think of an expression of a saint, now glorified, that he believed in grace sufficient to govern weak nerves. It requires much grace to bear quietly, and sweetly, the wrongs that others may practise upon us, if we have no responsibility about the particular regulation of their conduct, yet we can judge ourselves as having this grace, because we feel it; but where we have a solemn duty connected with the restraint and regulation of other self-determining beings like ourselves, — to discharge this duty with the right degree of earnestness, — this we can do only when baptized with the highest wisdom and deepest grace. Persons with less grace than St. Paul had, might say, I have no difficulty in judging myself or others.

January, 1859.

[Original.]

THE NEW JERUSALEM.

BY M. LOWRY.

Oh! who wouldn't wish to be there,
And travel the heavenly road
That leads to the city so fair —
The palace of angels and God;

To see in His beauty arrayed,
The *King*, whom we love to adore;
And gaze upon Him, undismayed,
With whom we shall dwell evermore?

Oh! this is ineffable bliss,
And joy without any compare;
Unfortunate those who would miss
A sight so exceedingly fair.

The patriarchs and prophets of old,
And martyrs and saints, gone before,
And a host of bright worthies untold,
Shall meet on that heavenly shore.

If faithful to life's latest end,
We'll share in the rapturous sight,
And a blissful eternity spend,
Where day is ne'er followed by night.

Owen Sound, Dec. 16th, 1858.

NAME IN HEAVEN. — "None have their names written in Heaven whose hearts are not there also."

[Original.]

MEETINGS FOR HOLINESS.

BY D. F. N.

BELOVED editor in the cause of salvation, there is evidently a waking up, a kindling of soul on the subject of "holiness to the Lord," an entire consecratedness to his service. Nor is this inquiring spirit confined to any one sect or denomination of evangelical Christians.

In addition to the meeting alluded to in a previous communication, there are several other weekly meetings held in this city and out of the city, exclusively for seeking higher attainments in the divine life. These social gatherings are marked with peculiar manifestations of God's presence. The very heavens seem opened, and blessings spiritual are literally poured down.

The inquiry is frequent by outsiders, "Why attend these meetings? What your motives? Your reasons for so doing?" This interrogation is one of moment, and should meet a serious, candid, respectful response.

1. We reply, these meetings tend to Christian union, unite God's people of every name. Indeed, they are truly and emphatically Christian union meetings. Love pervades every breast. Baptists, Presbyterians, Methodists, Congregationalists, Episcopalians, Quakers, &c., meet on common ground, assemble with one heart, one motive, one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, who is all and in all.

The Bible is the text-book. Nothing so completely annihilates a sectarian spirit, as holiness to the Lord — the baptismal fire pentecostal.

2. We attend these meetings set apart especially for holiness, or the inward life, as a duty, as a privilege, for the benefits received, the faith, the hope, the love.

We attend them because God is there in a very special manner to bless, to

enlighten, convict, convert, sanctify and purify.

3. We attend these meetings for mutual benefit, to receive good and impart good, to qualify for special extended usefulness. No meetings are so well, so *directly*, so speedily calculated to elevate, stimulate, strengthen, prepare for the duties, trials and conflicts of life, and enable us to endure hardness as good soldiers of the cross.

A brother in the ministry, who has been a regular attendant for fifteen years at the meetings for holiness held at Dr. Palmer's, corner of Rivington and Eldridge streets, every Tuesday, informs us that these blessed interviews have been his life, his safeguard, a *special* means of grace. They have enabled him not only to go on his way rejoicing, but have been instrumental also in preparing him for the battle-field, to fight the good fight of faith, to go forward in the most arduous and trying duties, conquering and to conquer. He goes forth from these hallowed interviews renewed in strength, girded for conquest, nerved afresh for holy warfare. He can preach better, pray better, write better, live better, glorify God better in all things.

We attend these meetings for holiness; not only for the reasons already specified to qualify for usefulness and conquest, to build up, strengthen and purify, but we attend them,

4. Because we delight to mingle with kindred spirits, those seeking the same high and holy calling, who can testify to the completeness of Christ, his redeeming, sanctifying grace, the efficacy of his blood to cleanse from all sin in this life.

Finally, we attend these meetings because they are different from all other meetings in point of interest, profit and delight. We have meetings for preaching, prayer, exhortation, temperance, Bibles, tracts, missions, soul saving, &c. These are very good, but what are they compared with meetings to sanctify the soul, bring it

directly into sweet, harmonious, heavenly union with Christ, elevate the affections, subdue the will entirely, and gain a complete conquest over sin in every form, "the world, the flesh and the devil?"

A soul sanctified, set apart wholly for God's service, consecrated entirely, body, mind, soul and spirit, *all* for time and eternity, is then, and not till then, fully prepared for the battle-field, to glorify God in all things.

New York.

[Selected.]

MY FRIEND'S FAMILY.

PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.

"EDWARD," said I to my much loved friend, who had been my class-mate, and only room-mate for many months, one day as we were about closing our scene of studious toil, "Edward, give me a sketch of some of the most important incidents of your past life; and, if desired, I will return the favor. We are now about to separate for distant sections of the country, and should the strong bond of friendship and Christian affection, which has so long and firmly cemented us together, continue unbroken, it will be pleasant, in after time, for each to refer to any interesting events connected with the other." For a few seconds, during which time Edward's mind probably scanned the whole history of his past life, he sat silent and motionless, with his eyes fast fixed upon our faithful, though rusty stove, which we had already commenced removing from our apartment. Then raising his head, said he, "My own history is quite unimportant. The incidents of but one period of my life are worth relating, and you have so frequently heard me refer to them, that I am sure the subject must have become to you an old tale. I refer," continued he, "to the period of my conversion, and the remarkable conversion of my father, mother, and only sister—incidents, the result of which, I trust, will be

the union of our domestic circle, unbroken, in the paradise of God."

"Such events," I replied, "may well assume a vast importance." They extend beyond the narrow bounds of visual objects; and, indeed, can only be measured by the countless revolving cycles of eternity. True, I have heard you refer to the conversion of yourself and parents, but have never heard you give the particulars; a relation of which would fully meet the object of my suggestion."

Edward, in compliance with my request, proceeded nearly as follows, (for I design to give his own language as near as memory will enable me.) "My father, you know, was a man of wealth, and high standing in his profession. My sister and myself were the only children; and on us, from infancy, was lavished every thing to gratify us that immense wealth and boundless parental affection could supply. We were, indeed, the idols of our parents. Great expense was incurred to qualify us early in life to act well our parts in the highest circles of society. Our education, however, was entirely of a light character; calculated only for show. My father was a bitter opponent to all experimental religion, and we were consequently taught, that to be the best dancer, painter, pianist, &c., should be the high bounds of our ambition. Through my sister, who was two years older than myself, I was introduced much earlier than I otherwise should have been to the gay and fashionable scenes of youthful vice. When a little more than sixteen years old, I was sent to school at H., some ten miles from home, my father having provided me with board in the family of Mr. M., an acquaintance of his, to whose charge he committed me, with the particular injunction that I must be kept from all religious meetings or influences. During my stay in this family, which was near four months, I was frequently brought into difficulty by being charged, by the children of Mr. M., with their own mis-

chievous acts, and was as often severely reprimanded by him. On stating my situation, and wish for a new boarding place, to a student by the name of Frederick A., with whom I had formed a pleasant acquaintance, he informed me that his parents, who resided in the village, had a spare room, and would take one or two boarders. I at once engaged the whole room to myself, together with board; of which I soon informed my parents, as also the reasons for leaving Mr. M.'s. Here commenced an entire new era in my life. In the family of Mr. A. all was entirely new and strange. The table was approached with invocation, and left with thanksgiving. Each day began and ended with prayer and praise. The entire family were living Christians, whose altar fires, like that of holy Israel, never waned. I was informed that the ringing of a small bell would give notice of the hours of family worship, and that I could attend or not, as best pleased me. From respect to the order of the house, the summons of the little bell was always strictly attended to. Observation soon convinced me that this family had some source of bliss to which I was a stranger. What was it? Was it their religion? Perhaps it was. Observing Paley's Evidences of Christianity in the breakfast room, one morning, I carried it to my room, supposing I should ascertain, from its perusal, what religion was. In this, however, I was disappointed, though its argument satisfied me of its truth. An increasing anxiety to know what religion was, induced me to get a Bible to gratify my curiosity. To this hour, I believe, I was as ignorant of what Christianity was, as the darkest heathen. Paley had convinced me of its truth as a system, but upon what it was based, or what its object and of what its importance, I was entirely ignorant. I had probably never read a verse in the Old or New Testament in my life. I commenced reading, and the commandment emphatically came home. I saw what religion was; that

it was based upon the relations which man sustains to his Maker and his entire universe; that all its commands and requirements being based upon these relations, were just and right; and in the consequences of obedience and disobedience, I saw, in some measure, its great importance. I believe, too, I had tolerably just conceptions of man's lost condition as a transgressor, and his remedy in the death and mediation of the Saviour. I do not mean to convey the idea that this amount of light burst upon my moral vision all at once. On the contrary, it was the result of investigating the subject for several weeks. Here, however, I made a complete stand. I saw that in order for me to be saved by the atonement, and become an heir of eternal bliss, an entire new course of life was requisite — that I must wholly abandon all that I had been accustomed to prize. This I could not consent to. I concluded, therefore, to think no more of the subject; and, indeed, made every exertion for three weeks to banish it from my mind. But my efforts were worse than useless. The more I labored to keep my thoughts from it, the more complete seemed its influence over them. Every passing day awakened and convinced me more fully of the importance and value of religion.

"At this time, a vacation of two weeks spent at home diminished greatly my religious anxiety. On being interrogated on the subject by my father, I told him that the folks where I boarded, *I believed*, were religious; but that I had a room to myself, and they said nothing to me about it, (which by the way was false;) for as I was highly pleased with my boarding place, I wished to give such an account of it as would induce him to allow me to continue there — to which he assented. On my return to school, the subject of my own salvation forced itself upon my mind more powerfully than before I left. So strong was its influence, that in three weeks I was entirely incapacitated for my studies,

and made up my mind to return home and get my father to help me out of the trouble. Having packed my books and clothes, with the view of returning home the following day, as I was sitting in my lonely room, the two following questions forced themselves powerfully upon my mind. What is religion? and what is its price? To the first of which I almost inadvertently replied, Religion is that, upon the rejection or attainment of which is suspended man's eternal interests — interests high as heaven, deep as hell, and vast as eternity. It is an institution of a God of infinite goodness and wisdom; and must, therefore, be conducive to man's highest interests in time, as well as eternity. But what is the price? It is the renunciation of sin. It requires the giving up of myself, and all my earthly interests. But as religion makes provisions for our highest interests, even in time, it of course cannot require the renunciation or giving up of any thing but what really conflicts with those interests. The price is certainly reasonable, and I will have religion. A little reflection, however, convinced me that I must sacrifice much more than I had for the moment realized. I felt that I should have to incur the sneers of my sister, and the scoffs of my associates; but this was trifling in comparison to the displeasure and violent opposition of my father, who would doubtless entirely disinheret and turn me from his door penniless, if he could not induce me to renounce my religion. On the other hand, I saw that to reject religion now was in all probability an eternal rejection — one that would involve, beyond hope, the ruin of the soul. I saw, too, that the wealth of my parents, two-thirds of which I had expected to inherit, might soon be scattered by adverse winds; or should I be permitted to possess it, very possibly it would be to me a curse rather than a blessing. Added to this, who could assure me that I should live to mature years to receive, even should my father be pleased to bestow? Instead of living

to see my parents, to receive from them the opposition I had supposed, the morrow's rising sun might behold me dead, and damned, or (as hope for the moment lighted up the dark scene) some strange influence, like that which had operated on me, might awaken my parents and sister, and all of them, instead of opposing, might possibly accompany me home to heaven. Again, I felt that I would pay the price; I would have religion. For the first time in my life I fell on my knees, and asked God to help me make the sacrifice — to dispel my darkness, and enable me that night so to repent of my sins, and believe on his Son, as to be saved. On rising, I felt strengthened to go forward. I immediately called Mr. A. to my room, and told him my feelings. After giving me suitable instruction, and telling me that it was my duty and privilege to experience saving grace and the evidence of it that hour, he proposed to have the whole family come to my room, and have a family prayer meeting for me, to which I readily assented.

"The exercises commenced by singing a few verses, which was followed with successive prayer by all present. While in prayer, I believe I gave up myself, and all my interests, in solemn covenant to God. I asked the forgiveness of my sins, and acceptance through the atonement and mediation of Jesus Christ, which I doubt not was granted. The winds were hushed, and the tempest calmed. I felt a peace that had in it all the sweetness of heaven itself. I then, too, saw the depth of the pit from which I had been taken — from the total ignorance of having lived more than sixteen years without so much as reading one verse in the blessed Bible — from the strongest irreligious influences which could possibly be thrown around me — from my own temple of worldly ambition — from all this I had been rescued by the mercy of God, by means, it seemed to me, of special interpositions of Providence; and was now placed as a lamb in

the very bosom of my Saviour. My flowing tears, for hours, could only give expression to the gratitude of my soul. I still saw before me the same opposition that I had before contemplated: but O, to meet it all, or a hundred-fold more, for my blessed Jesus, who had done so much for me, I thought would afford me the highest pleasure.

"The following morning I wrote to my parents, informing them of my conversion as simply and frankly as possible; also detailing, minutely, all the circumstances which led to such a result. I expressed my fears, that the step which I had taken would not meet their approbation, and solicited a candid investigation of the whole subject before passing upon me a final sentence of condemnation.

"When my father received the letter, he was deeply indignant. The following day he came with his carriage and took me and all my baggage home with him. He expressed much surprise and sorrow, that I had been so foolish, and told me that I must give it up at once; if I did not, it would ruin all my prospects for life — that he could not think of assisting me in a course so directly opposed to his wishes. Soon after our return home, a ball was proposed, (for the purpose of overcoming my religious feelings,) and the following Tuesday evening appointed for it. I expressed my unwillingness to be present on such an occasion, and asked permission to spend the evening at meeting. In return I received, from both parents and sister, nothing but scoffs, sneers, and reproaches. When the evening, however, arrived, I utterly declined being present, and did, in fact, go to meeting. This exasperated my father to the highest pitch, and he positively declared that if I attended another religious meeting of any kind, he would disinherit me — that his roof should no longer be my shelter. Though my grief was inexpressible, I still felt determined to serve God, whatever might be the sacrifice.

"The meetings of the village were held on Tuesday evenings; accordingly on the afternoon of the next Tuesday, my father came to me with a large whalebone horse-whip. 'There,' said he, 'Ned, I think that will cure your religion, and keep you from meeting. Should you conclude to go to-night, as you did a week since, against my wishes, you may rely upon having it worn up, on your naked back in the morning.' I had here a most severe trial, not in reference to the whipping, but as to what extent I ought to obey my parents in matters of religion. Should I obey them, I must disobey God. But could I not give up all my meetings and religious privileges, in obedience to my parents, and still enjoy religion? After much prayer, I concluded my only way was to claim the enjoyment of all the helps which God had provided me. Should I stay from meeting that night, it would be considered a victory of the whip, and I should be required at once to recommence my old course at the same peril. I came to the conclusion that it was not my duty to obey my parents, when their requirements conflicted with those of God; and so with a heavy heart I again went to meeting. On my way I determined that I would not receive the threatened whipping without saying something more in justification of my course than I had yet done. I determined, too, to say something to my father of his responsibilities as a parent. But what should I say, a boy seventeen years old, to one accustomed to sit in judgment, and listen to arguments from the finest talents? Of myself I could say nothing; but the promise of wisdom from on high led me to a grove just without the village, where the whole night was spent in prayer for a preparation for the event. Thank God, as day dawned, light and peace, like a flood, broke into my soul. I was strong as a giant. I knew not a word that I should say, though I felt a blessed assurance that God would give me words and wisdom; and I would as soon

have made my defence before the assembled universe as any way. On my arrival at the house, I found my father up and walking his room. He had, in fact, fastened the doors and remained awake all night, so as to meet me at the door. 'Well,' said he, 'this is the fruit of your religion, is it? Where have you been all night, you disobedient rascal?' 'I have been up in the grove, praying, since meeting,' said I, very frankly. 'Praying, ha! a pretty story that! I'll see if it can't be cured after breakfast.' So saying he left me, and I did not see him again till at the breakfast table. Breakfast over, taking the whip, he bade me follow him, and led the way to the stable, where I was ordered to take off my coat and vest, preparatory to the whipping.

"Father," said I, 'is it customary for you to condemn without giving a chance of defence? Of what have I been guilty that I deserve the severe punishment you propose to inflict?' 'Defence!' said he; 'what defence can you make for wilful disobedience? You deserve to be punished for trampling on my authority, and I will show you that authority shall be maintained.' 'I expected opposition,' continued I, 'when I embraced religion; but I embraced it in view of both worlds. I am prepared for any suffering that may be inflicted in this, but must save my soul in the other. Nothing can induce me to forsake it. Is it not possible that in the exercise of a father's authority, you have transcended the proper bounds of parental control? And have you, dear father, fulfilled all the duties growing out of your relation to me as a son? Our duties grow out of our relations to our Maker and each other. It is my duty, as your offspring, to honor and love you, to study your highest interests, and obey you in all things, when your commands do not conflict with the requirements of a higher authority — with those of my Maker. On the other hand, it is your duty, as a parent, to study my highest interests. You have been the

instrument of bringing me into being — of giving me an existence co-extensive with that of the Deity — eternal. That eternity of existence, after the passage of the few short years of this life, must be in woe or bliss; and is it not your duty, dear father, the author of that eternity of being, to aid me in all your power to escape the one and gain the other? O let me ask you, (said I, clasping his hands to my bosom,) has this been the course you have pursued with me; rather has not your whole life, and the administration of your government, tended to lead both myself and dear sister directly to ruin — with wealth to sink us down to hell? O, father! father!'

"Here my feelings overcame me, and I burst into tears. I recovered myself as soon as possible, and raised my eyes to proceed, but observed that the whip had fallen from my father's hand, who stood before me motionless and white as a marble block. I picked up the whip, and placed it in his hand. 'No,' said he; 'I shall defer using the whip, but you must leave my house.' I told him that I preferred the performance of every duty as a faithful son, but must abide his decision; at the same time reminding him that nothing could relieve him of his high responsibilities as a parent. He dropped the whip, and left the stable, evidently in great agitation. I knelt down by the side of it, and thanked God for his goodness, and prayed that what I had said might result in the greatest good both to myself and father. In the course of the day but little was said by myself, mother, or sister. They supposed that I had received the whipping which had been threatened; and as I was silent, they did not feel like broaching that or any other subject. During the whole forenoon, and also from the dinner table, my father was absent.

"Our residence was in the outskirts of the village, not more than fifty rods from the grove which I have already referred to, to which I again resorted after dinner

for another season of prayer. Soon after entering it, to my surprise, I discovered my father some distance from me, walking back and forward, apparently in deep study. Seeing that I was not observed, I withdrew, and repaired to my chamber, where the afternoon was spent in prayer that God would be with my father in the grove; for I was certain that he was under the awakening influences of the Holy Spirit. At the usual supper hour he had not returned, and after waiting for him till dark, my mother, fearing some accident had befallen him, (as such an absence had never before occurred,) requested me to go and see if I could find him. I proceeded directly to the spot where I had seen him a few hours previous. When I first came in sight of him, he was sitting with his head leaning against a tree; but on observing me, he rose up and met me. I extended my hand to him, saying, "I am glad to see you, father. Mother feared some evil had happened to you, and sent me to see if I could find you." He made me no reply, but taking my hand in his, walked slowly towards the house. His heaving sighs bespoke the deep emotions of his soul. Perceiving that he had not yet settled the great question of life or death, I offered up my silent prayers that God would not leave him in this important hour, upon the decisions of which were suspended heaven and hell. We had not reached the outer edge of the grove when my father, stopping short, clasped me to his bosom, and exclaimed in tears, "O, Edward! Edward! forgive me; O forgive me, my dear son; O forgive me." He never seemed so precious to me before. I clasped my arms around his neck, and pressed my lips to his cheek, as my only method of giving expression to my feelings, or a pledge of the forgiveness he sought. On arriving at the house, we met my mother in the dining-room. My father, bathed in tears, clasped her to his breast. "Will you go with me?" said he. "I have determined to have religion, and

accompany our dear Edward; and will you go with us, daughter?" (addressing himself to my sister, who was just entering the room.) "Yes, I am sure you will both join me; and here is dear Edward, who has forgiven me, he will pray for us." So saying, he drew myself and sister as near into his arms as he could, with our mother; and as though he had obtained the assent of all, immediately fell upon his knees. "O, Edward," said he, the big tears still flowing down his cheeks, "O, Edward, do pray for a wicked father; pray for us all: God has heard your prayers, and he will still hear them." We all bowed with him, but the deep emotions of my soul forbade me utterance, and nearly overcame my physical strength. In fact I did not know when I commenced vocal prayer. I only know I found myself (how long after I cannot tell) in the arms of my father, our voices both mingling in mighty prayer for his salvation. Our prayers, through the mediation of our great High Priest, were heard on high, and salvation's tide soon rolled over his soul. He sprang upon his feet, with shouts of praise for God's redeeming grace. My thoughts then became wholly absorbed in the case of my mother, the dear mother that bore me, on whose bosom I had been cherished, and who had constantly watched over me with all the affection of a mother's heart. My whole soul was drawn out in prayer for her immediate conversion. The chariot wheels, for a time, seemed stayed, but our supplications were incessant. My father, who had again knelt by her side, tried to encourage by conversing with her, or rather he prayed and talked together; praying a part of a sentence, and talking the balance. My mother and sister were both weeping in bitter accents; part of the time praying for themselves, having taken courage from the speedy deliverance of my father. Their prayers and groans, and the prayers, exhortations, and shouts with which my father seemed overburdened, together with my own prayers, all

commingling together, produced what would generally be termed wild confusion. How long I continued in prayer for my mother I do not know, but catching the eye of my weeping sister, it occurred to me that I had entirely forgotten her—that I had not even prayed for her at all. Bitterly reproaching myself, and still upon my knees, I clasped her to my bosom, and bathed her with tears of sorrow that I had been so thoughtless. I besought God with all my soul for that dear, that only sister, that he would enable her to renounce the world, and all its allurements, and cast her naked soul on Jesus for salvation. My parents also prayed with me; and while we wrestled, the symbol of the divine presence was manifest. ‘Ellen,’ said I, ‘God has blessed you.’ ‘Yes,’ said she, (as we bathed each other’s cheeks in tears,) ‘I know I love the Saviour.’ On rising from our knees, we found, to our surprise, that the morning had dawned. The following Sabbath we all received the solemn seal of our consecration; and for months our bliss seemed complete. But the destroyer came, and they have been carried, one after another, to the silent and lonely habitation of the dead. Over those countenances, once so fresh and lovely, have gathered the cold damps of death, and the unfeeling worm now feeds upon those I so fondly loved.

“But two short years had passed ere they had all left me; but they left in joyous hope—they rest in peace. Consumption first poised its fatal dart at my lovely sister, and like the early rose, nipped by the untimely blast, she soon fell its withered victim. While the rose faded from her cheek, and her sparkling eye grew dim in death, joy and hope cheered her soul, and lighted up her passage through the dark and dreary waves of death’s cold flood. A few moments before she left us, printing upon my cheek the last pledge of a sister’s love, ‘Dear brother,’ said she, ‘a few months since, your influence snatched me from the giddy paths that led to death,

and is now about to introduce me to the home of the blessed. A few minutes, and I shall strike my golden harp, and swell my voice to the anthems of the blood-washed, with my Saviour in glory. A few years, and I trust I shall be permitted to greet you and our parents all home in triumph.’ With her head pillowed in my bosom, her happy spirit took its flight to fairer climes and brighter scenes. In less than twelve months my dear parents both followed her.

“I need not detail the incidents of their happy exit. They bore a similar testimony; and, like her, crossed the raging flood in rapturous triumph. Thus I have been left like the lonely oak that bends to the sweeping tempest of the mountain’s top. The unbidden tear of lonely grief sometimes escapes my eye, but the cheering prospect of meeting all my ‘kindred dear,’

‘When a few more griefs I’ve tasted,
When a few more springs are o’er,’

dispels my gloom, and makes my sorrows light.”

My friend Edward is now on Zion’s walls, a faithful and successful minister of the gospel. Not only his own kindred, but hundreds more of his spiritual children will doubtless greet him home to rest.—*Religious and Literary Gem.*

PECTORAL THEOLOGY.—“Theology is never safe from the perversions of heretics and the scoffs of infidels, till safely anchored in the heart of the people. Evangelism escapes the subtlest logic, the keenest metaphysics, but is held safely by the devout heart.”—ANON.

VANITY.—“We are so presumptuous as to wish to be known by all the living, and even by posterity; and we are so vain as to be amused and satisfied by the esteem of five or six persons about us.”—*Pascal.*

[Original.]

THE PATH OF CHRISTIAN OBEDIENCE.

BY M. V.

WHEN the newly-born child of God first attempts to walk in His ways, how tottering are his steps, how feeble his best endeavors; yet, although he is every moment dependent upon the grace of God, his own energies must be put forth to take step after step. Through his whole Christian course, he must be as a child in leading strings, but he must not become dwarfed and enfeebled by inaction. It is true that he must be in the hands of God, as clay in the hands of the potter, but he must pray for the energizings of the Holy Spirit within him, that all his activities may be controlled and directed by that Divine and Glorious Sanctifier. If God the Holy Ghost move upon us, surely we shall be willing and obedient, — surely He will direct our goings out and our comings in, our downittings and our uprisings.

May He now direct us while we commune together, for a brief space, in regard to the path along which He would speed our otherwise reluctant feet. Have we a cross to take up? Do we avoid it? Ah! if we who profess to be saved from sin would dwell in the land flowing with milk and honey, and feed upon the grapes of Eshcol, we must never shun the cross. Oh! let the blessed truth, that except our Master had suffered and died, we could have been neither pardoned nor accepted in Him, sink deeper into our hearts, cast its blessed radiance over our daily life, and dwell much in our thoughts, and our crosses will be greatly lightened — indeed, they will cease to be crosses. Can we not live for Him who has died for us? Can we not share His reproach, and be willing to be considered as the offscouring of all things, — to count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus, our Lord? Do we wish to lead souls to Christ? The Holy Spirit

will open the way for us to do so. Do we give offence to the carnal mind, which we are told is enmity against God, when we strive to do our duty, by warning worldlings to flee from the wrath to come? It is well, even then. We have cast our bread upon the waters, and who can tell which shall prosper, this or that? Do we seek to lead the restless church of God, dissatisfied with her present lukewarm condition, and groaning in her bondage, to the Canaan that we rejoice in, and find her recoiling from us, as from "dangerous error," preferring to go on trying the fatal experiment of serving both God and mammon, when God will accept nothing less than a whole heart offering? Let us, seeking to have all the mind that was in Christ, exercise the love of compassion towards her. Let us bear her much upon our hearts to the mercy seat, and long for her deliverance.

In order that we may run in the way of God's commandments, we must be emptied of self. What a new aspect would the church of God take on, if she were altogether delivered from selfishness; if she prayed that all her desires might be crushed, except her desire for the glory of God. Emptied of self, and guided in every thought, and word, and action, by God, the Holy Ghost, surely this would be heaven in the soul. Let not one of us stop short of this! Then shall the church arise and shine, her light being come, and the glory of the Lord having risen upon her, looking forth as the morning, "fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners."

Ejaculatory prayer we shall find helpful to us as we wend our way along the heavenly path. Even those few words, "Lord deliver me from temptation," may drive away the enemy, and our gracious Master may, in answer, turn our thoughts into another channel. It must be our longing desire and earnest prayer, that our thoughts may be brought into captivity to the obedience of Christ. Oh, if He

will bridle our tongues, and keep the avenue to our thoughts, we will hie along joyfully on our heavenward way. Let us ask and receive, that our joy may be full. Let not a doubt oppress our spirits, whether we have lively emotions or not. If we are "*willing and obedient*," we shall eat of the good of the land.

Let us remember that all that would win us to perfect trust is of God; and that every shadow of doubt is injected into our minds by our adversary, and as such must be repelled. "He that is born of God keepeth himself, and that wicked one toucheth him not." "Keep thine heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life." Let us adhere closely and strictly to the Gospel, as our only and infallible rule of obedience. The moment we depart an iota from Scripture, that moment we are like a mariner without his chart upon the trackless deep. Let us never be wise above what is written, or depart a hair's breadth from the law and the testimony.

THE ADVOCATE.

BY DORA.

I HAD sinned. God's holy law was broken, and guilt weighed my spirit down to earth. My heart was filled with sorrow. I thought of the Comforter, grieved and absent. I thought of peace once mine, now gone. Darkness had taken the place of light. How could I be delivered? Then I bethought me of the *sinner's Advocate*. My soul gathered hope and strength to itself as it thought of that all-prevailing Intercessor.

Supposing I had violated an earthly law? Justice had marked me out, and, a trembling criminal, I was summoned to trial. "How can I escape the penalty of that broken law?" is the anxious inquiry of my heart. I hear of an advocate who has devised a plan by which all criminals, who will commit their cause into his hands, may be delivered. Circulars setting forth

his eminent wisdom, skill, and success, are scattered far and wide. One falls into my hands. I read it with interest. It declares that he was *never known to lose a case!* My heart thrills with hopeful expectation for a moment, but suddenly the thought of my utter destitution flashes across my mind, and again I sink in sad despair. It may be all true respecting his wonderful abilities and success, but I have no means by which to secure his valuable services. The rich may avail themselves of them, but to the poor they must be denied. While thus pondering in grief over my hapless condition, a friend approaches me, and kindly inquires respecting the cause of my tears. I at once proceed to tell him, but, almost impatiently, he interrupts me, and assures me that I have quite overlooked one very important part of the information in those circulars, and that which was precisely adapted to my condition. He takes it in his hand, and points to a paragraph at the close, in which this able advocate offers his services to the *poor*, without *any remuneration whatever*, and most cordially invites them to come to him freely; promising to turn none away, however guilty they may be, or however destitute their condition.

And now the glad news falls upon my burdened heart, and as my faith takes hold upon the testimony before me, how lightened does it already become of its load! how quickly vanishes the dark clouds of despair! for I know that *to me* that invitation extends,—*to me* that word of promise is given! No longer looking at my rags, (for I am as welcome as the rich) I hasten with rapid steps to the generous advocate, and casting myself at his feet, concealing not my guilt, but confessing my crime, and pointing to his invitation and his promise, I claim their fulfilment; and committing my case fully into his hands, I receive, to my unspeakable joy, the entire accomplishment of all that he has pledged himself to perform. His plea in

my behalf is entirely successful, the judge grants a pardon, and I return joyfully acquitted!

But it is not an earthly, but a higher, a holy, a *divine* law that I have now violated! No earthly intercessor can here avail. But I have heard of a divine intercessor—the *God-man*, combining the attributes of divinity with the sympathies of humanity, in order thereby to be qualified to stand between God and man, and “lay his hand upon both.” The guilty could not be pardoned without an expiatory offering—a sacrifice must be made that could “take away sin.” The God-man offers himself as that atoning sacrifice. Upon him are laid the sins of the guilty, and for their expiation his blood is poured out. God, the judge, looks upon that agonizing death,—he sees the travail of soul that his Son endures, and is satisfied. The atonement is sufficient,—the offering is acceptable,—and Christ may now ascend to the right hand of the Father, and there become the all-prevailing Advocate for sinful man.

And now messengers are commissioned, and anointed with the unction of the Holy Spirit, to go forth into all the world, to announce the glad tidings, that for the guilty an advocate was provided,—one who was “able to save to the uttermost,” the most vile—the most sinful of earth’s sons! He had power not only to grant a pardon for past transgressions, but also to cleanse the heart from all impurity, and make the sinner fit for an abode with God and angels. The invitation extended unto all! It was,—“*Ho, every one! he that hath no money, come!*” “*Whosoever will, may come!*” “*He that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out!*” In confirmation of the truth of this new, this strange announcement, the messengers are endued with power to raise the dead to life,—to open blind eyes, and unstop deaf ears, and cause the lame to leap as a hart! Thousands, who were sentenced to die, were led to apply to this wonderful

Advocate, and, to their joy, found themselves delivered from the condemnation of the law; they “passed from death unto life;” a pardon, signed and sealed in heaven, was given unto them, and, with a joyous and grateful heart, they spread abroad the good news,—they witnessed to the truth of the message given by God’s ministers; wider, and wider still the tidings sped, until from east to west, from north to south, multitudes, as the stars of heaven innumerable, had been redeemed from sin and its penalty!

The glad tidings thus confirmed by gifts, signs and miracles, and the testimony of thousands of redeemed souls, fell upon mine ear. How could I doubt such evidence as this? It was sufficient! For me there was hope! Light had arisen in the darkness! With a confession of my guilt,—with humiliation and submission, I committed my cause to Him who thus could save,—my Advocate prevailed, and enrolled my unworthy name among the witnesses!

TRUTH.—“Truth regards not who is the speaker, nor in what manner it is spoken, but that the thing be true; and she does not despise the jewel which she has rescued from the mud, but she adds it to her former treasures.”—*Nennius*.

CATHOLIC SPIRIT.—“I love Christians, true Christians of all parties; I do love them, I will love them, and none shall make me do otherwise.”—*Grimshaw*.

EARLY RISING.—“Rising early is equally good for soul and body. It helps the nerves better than a thousand medicines; and in particular preserves the sight and prevents lowness of spirits more than can well be imagined.”—*Wesley*.

PRAYER UNANSWERED.—“We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good; so find we profit,
By losing of our prayers.”—*Shakespeare*.

[Original.]

"BE NOT DECEIVED."

BY REV. S. L. LEONARD.

FEW things are more common than self-deception. Many who think themselves Christians are blinded to their true state by the love of sin. If it be not so, how comes it that so many live as if they supposed themselves in the favor of God, while they are less earnest in His service than in the pursuit of the things of the world? While these persons profess to love God, they will undergo greater privations in the pursuit of worldly objects than they can be persuaded to endure in laboring for the promotion of His glory. Difficulties that are not sufficient to interfere with their chase after wealth, or to keep them from a pleasure party, answer to prevent their attendance upon the week evening prayer meeting. Such characters are often heard making loud professions, and it will not do to conclude that all of them are dishonest in these professions. Neither will it do to class them among Christians, for Christ has said, "If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him." They are led astray by their own hearts.

Not less gross is the deception of the formalist. He thinks that a strict regard to the ceremonies of Christianity will make amends for the want of her spirit. Have not men been known to pray for the success of schemes that set at defiance the plainest principles of justice and honesty? And even where things are not carried to this length, men often place their dependence upon the shadow, while they are destitute of the substance. But are such persons in the favor of God? Can Pharisaism save a man? Let Christ answer: "If your righteousness exceed not the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven." All dreams of gaining eternal life by a heartless round of ceremonies are delusive. It is as true

now as it was when the sentence was first written, "If any man have not the Spirit of Christ he is none of His;" and we may be rigid in our attention to the ceremonial parts of religion, while we are utterly destitute of the spirit of the Saviour.

Are not those professors deceived who take it for granted, that they are the children of God, because they find pleasure in attending upon the means of grace, although they do not allow his precepts to govern their lives? Who has not met with persons that had much to say of their enjoyments, while their conduct was in direct opposition to the law of God? The whole of their religion appeared to consist in enjoyment; and the saying of Christ, "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me," formed no part of their creed. How sadly do such persons impose upon themselves. While religion is the source of the purest bliss, it cannot be questioned that Satan often bestows upon professed Christians a feeling that they mistake for religious joy. The joy that the Holy Ghost begets can dwell in the heart only so long as we strive to keep all of our Creator's commands.

If men are so apt to deceive themselves, how earnestly ought we to examine our hearts. Error upon this point will be fatal. "He that trusteth to his own heart is a fool," and will surely be led astray; for "the heart is deceitful above all things." The only safety is found in the guidance of the Holy Ghost. No one was ever yet led astray, who yielded to the influence of the Spirit.

KNOWLEDGE OF MEN.—"Men's weaknesses and faults are best known from their enemies; their virtues and abilities from their friends; their customs and lives from their servants."—*Lord Bacon*.

RICHES.—"Riches are the baggage of virtue; they cannot be spared nor left behind, but they hinder the march."—*Bacon*.

[Original.]

THE SIMPLICITY OF FAITH.

BY E. E. ROGERS.

THE exercise of genuine gospel faith is the simplest effort of the human soul. Grave Doctors of Divinity have discoursed learnedly upon it, have given to the world eminent treatises in its explanation, but oftentimes those very efforts, that were intended to simplify it, have made it, at least to the common mind, still more incomprehensible.

The highest style of faith is the *child's faith* — the simple confidence that children have in their parents. Ye who are fathers and mothers, learn how to exercise faith of your children. Some little Charlie or Mary comes to you, asking a trifling favor! See the bright eye raised wistfully — hear the artless, confiding tones of the little pleader! Does the little one *doubt* that you will grant his request? Doubt it! He *knows* that he shall not be denied. It is his own *dear parent* whom he asks. And can you not come to *your dear Father* in heaven, with the same simple trust, with the same *undoubting* confidence?

"Faith is taking God at his word" — simply believing that He will keep his promise. The promises of God rest upon conditions. When we meet those conditions, then faith is ready to grasp the fulfilment of the promise. A want of faith at such a moment dishonors God; it is, in fact, entertaining doubts of his veracity.

It would seem as if nothing could be simpler than the faith that brings justification to the soul, and precisely the same faith is needed in seeking a "full salvation." In the first case, God promises that if we "confess and forsake our sins" we shall "find mercy." Here the promise rests upon a simple condition, — the confession and forsaking of sin. Conscious of having met with the condition, to believe that God "*does* his part," regardful of Christ's meritorious sacrifice, secures forgiveness and justification.

In regard to sanctification, the condition is "entire consecration." Undoubtedly the reason why so many, in seeking a "clean heart," are unable to exercise faith, is because they are not *ready* to exercise it. They have not complied with the conditions of sanctification as set forth by Paul: — "I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice." Till they do this, it is impossible to exercise faith; when they have done it, they may "take God at his word," and "believe unto full salvation."

O beloved! let us consent to be taught by the children, in the exercise of faith; let us seek their simple trust and confidence, and go to our kind Heavenly Father, believing that he will keep each gracious promise, and answer us when we ask aright.

[Original.]

ACROSTIC.

BY E. E.

Go bear the precious news to man, devoted messenger;
Unfurl to him thy beauteous rays, angelic harbinger, —
Immutable thy principles, thy footing solid rock.
Defended by Omnipotence, fear no impending shock;
Endowed with Heaven's own panoply, naught can impede thy work.

'Tis sweet to read thy pages o'er, and feel our sins forgiven,
Our darkness fled, our day begun, our prospects bright for heaven.

Hold up, in glowing emblems, the precious Bible truths,
O'er every land and nation its holy light diffuse;
Lift higher still thy standard of peace and happiness,
Inscribing on its banner, thy motto, "HOLINESS."

Nerve up thy choice contributors, their mental powers to employ;
Enlighten every darkened mind, and fill the world with joy.
Speed, speed thee on to every land, thou precious little Guide;
Scatter, and reap, and gather sheaves, and bear them home to God.

Girard, Feb. 9, 1859.

The Guide to Holiness.

MARCH, 1859.

EDITORIAL PAPERS.

THE GRACE OF SILENCE.

"He opened not his mouth,"—Isa liii. 7.

WE were much impressed, some years since, by the following maxim with which we met in the course of our reading.

"It is a great art, in the Christian life, to LEARN TO BE SILENT. Under opposition, rebukes, injuries, STILL BE SILENT. It is better to say nothing than to say it in an excited or angry manner, even if the occasion should seem to justify a degree of anger. By remaining silent, the mind is enabled to collect itself, and to call upon God in secret aspirations of prayer. And thus you will speak to the honor of your holy profession, as well as to the good of those who have injured you, *when you speak from God.*"—*Upham's Religious Maxims.*

That there is a great truth embodied in these words, no one, acquainted with human nature and its relations to the divine law, will for a moment question. Who has not felt, with the wise man, that "in the multitude of words there wanteth not sin," and "he that refraineth his lips is wise?" The recollection of hasty expressions, words that have not been weighed, has furnished no unfruitful source of painful retrospection. But, while this general truth is admitted, there are many conscientious minds who scruple whether silence under injury is of universal obligation. Is self-defence, say they, interdicted under every circumstance? Is the poisonous influence of slander never to be arrested? Must the malignant continue to suffer, when a few words would refute the slander, and remove the obloquy? We state the scruple in its strongest form, that we may be the better able to meet it. In reply then, we remark that the danger to be apprehended from a hasty answer, arises from the dominion of *selfishness*. Self blinds the mind, and stirs the passions of the soul. Divested of this, and animated by the sole desire to glorify God, it is both our privilege and duty to rectify false and slanderous reports, but, in doing it, let us be sure, in the words of Dr. Upham, *that we speak from God.* The arch Deceiver is too apt to beguile us into the belief that we are doing that for the glory of God, and defence of truth, which in reality we are doing from a sense of injured self-love. Hence the wisdom of the injunction,—"**LEARN TO BE SILENT;**" at least till a sufficient time has elapsed for the mind to collect itself, and by

servent prayer secure those helps which Infinite Wisdom and Love have pledged. Under such guidance we shall be led to speak much less than our natural desires would prompt, or that our imperfect judgments would deem sufficient for self-extenuation, but enough, no doubt, to vindicate truth, and glorify God.

Many reasons might be given why this grace should be cultivated. We content ourselves with two.

1. The very trials for which its exercise is required are permitted of God, because needed by us. That Being who can make the wrath of man to praise him, who can so control human passions as to make them subserve the best good of his creatures, will not allow his children to suffer from the strife of tongues, only so far as is for their ultimate good. He is not an arbitrary Tyrant, but a loving Father. As such, he must permit *pain* where nothing less will save from *ruin*. Every self-denying and patient endurance of opposition, is the sundering of a ligament that binds us to the natural life. It is the crucifixion of nature, in whose death alone we find the germ of endless life. It is the crucible where are separated from us every element of dross; by which means the soul becomes a mirror to reflect the Divine image. It was a true saying of Fenelon,—"*Sensitiveness under reproof is the surest sign we needed it.*" "The interior rebellion, far from hindering the profit of the correction, convinces us of its absolute necessity; in truth, the reproof would not have been felt, if it had not cut into some living part; had death been there, we should not have perceived it; and thus the more acutely we feel, the more certainly we know that the correction was necessary."

But, in permitting such trials, God would not have us suppose that he is unmindful of the wrong inflicted. So far from this, he assureth us that "he that toucheth us, toucheth the apple of his eye." But he would have us confide our whole cause into his hands. "Vengeance is mine, I will repay," saith the Lord. He claims the exclusive executive right to deal with every man according to his deserts. It is not only wrong then that we retaliate, but that we even have a *desire to do it*. Instead of "avenging yourselves," "pray for them that despitefully use you, and persecute you; so shall ye be the children of your Father which is in heaven."

On the subject of maintaining an untarnished reputation, a point on which, perhaps, the Christian feels more tenderness than any other, the author first quoted has the following excellent remarks.

"As Christians, who aim at the highest results of Christian experience, attach a suitable value to your reputation; to that honorable acceptance and name which God may see fit to give to you with your fellow-men; but do not

seek it in the first instance, nor seek to maintain it afterwards, by any other means than those which God approves. As no other name is desirable, except what he in his providence gives, so no other name is desirable except what he is able and willing to keep for us. In other words, trust your reputation with God in the same way and on the same principles that you trust every thing else with him."

2. Another reason for the exercise of this grace is found in the contrast it affords to the unhallowed spirit of the world. Quiet submission to injury speaks more for the vital principles of God's truth than the most eloquent words that could be spoken in its advocacy. "He opened not his mouth." What volumes do these few words express! How powerfully such a course must have wrought upon the consciences of men. Amid the insults of the rabble, and the pains of crucifixion, not a word was spoken but prayer for his murderers. We wonder not that Pilate, who considered himself so clothed with authority and power that he could have delivered his prisoner, should have marvelled that when that prisoner arraigned at his tribunal had tendered to him an opportunity for self-defence, he should have "answered him to never a word;"—yet nothing could have so powerfully told, on the Roman governor's conscience, of that higher tribunal at which he himself would be required to answer for his doings. There is an eloquence in holy silence. Beloved, let us pray that in this regard, as in all others, we may so walk in the footsteps of our Exemplar, that others, "seeing our good works, may glorify our Father which is in heaven."

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

A SANCTIFIED HUSBAND.—A long and tried friend of the cause of holiness, thus describes the happy effects of this grace on her companion, who has recently entered into its enjoyment.

Dear Brother:—I feel constrained to write a brief account of the great goodness of God in bringing my dear companion into the rest of perfect love. I never saw so clearly the beauty and appropriateness of the term "rest," as expressive of this blessed state, as I have seen and felt it since he has entered into it. His spirit was so restless before,—and now it is so quiet, so calm, so peaceful. O, what a transformation! It is a new life emphatically! O, what a great salvation,—a complete deliverance from doubts and fears,—from all anxious care in reference to temporal things,—a perfect trust in God at all times, and under all circumstances! I will give you a brief extract from a letter which he wrote to a friend yesterday, that you may have his own testimony for the Guide, if you should desire to publish it. He is a business man,—having much care, many perplexing and trying things, daily to contend with; but "the peace of God keeps his heart and mind, though Christ Jesus." In writing of what God has done for him, he says:—"He has done great things for me. I had such a load of care upon me, and I went to the Lord,

believing he was able and willing to help me in a time of great need, and I was enabled then to cast all my care upon Him. From that time, which is more than four months, I have been enabled to feel an abiding love, and such a perfect resting, trusting, loving state of soul, as I never could have believed I could retain, only by giving up all worldly business, going about doing good, and devoting my whole time, talents, and all, to the work of the Lord. I now try to do so in my business, and he accepts my humble offering, and helps me in a manner that astonishes me. What shall I render unto Him for all his benefits?"

I have heard many Christians say:—"If I had not so much care, and so much business to attend to, I might enjoy the blessing of perfect love; but I never could retain it, if I were to receive it, situated as I am, &c. But here is a demonstration of the possibility of enjoying it,—and exhibiting it in all its beauty and power, in the case of a man of business,—and having as many cares, perhaps, as any other business man that can be found. What an exemplification of the sufficiency of grace for all circumstances! On several occasions, when he had peculiar trials, and very great difficulties in business matters, he came to me smiling, and said:—"Such and such things occurred to-day, and had I been in the state I was in some time ago, I should have been overwhelmed with trouble, but I was enabled to look right up to the source whence my help cometh, and instantly received power to rise above it, and then I was so happy that I could scarcely refrain from shouting glory to God in the store, with people all around me. Thus he is enabled, whenever a wave of trouble comes, to mount up above it, by simply looking to Jesus! O, this is the secret of this hallowed enjoyment,—this being endued with power from on high,—this living above the world!—It is looking unto Jesus. How simple it is! Why cannot every one see it, and learn at once the secret of perfect happiness,—perfect love,—and I had almost said perfect heaven! Well, it is "heaven on earth begun." This sweet and constant communion with Jesus,—this resting in his arms,—this abiding assurance that his love, and wisdom, and power, and every attribute of the Godhead, are engaged for our interest,—for our present and eternal happiness. O, may the whole church of Christ come up to this glorious experience, is the fervent prayer of your sister in Christ.

M. D. J.

Trenton, N. J., Feb. 18, 1880.

A CORRECTION.—We are sorry to have a correction to make like the following, though perhaps the cause of truth demands it. The misrepresentations alluded to by our correspondent were doubtless unintentional, but they show us the importance of being guarded in our language.

Dear Brother Degen:—In the last number of the Guide, is a letter from Rev. D. F. Newton, in which special reference is made to this place. The writer is laboring under too exalted impressions as to the character of our precious revival of the work of God, or has been strangely misinformed: else surely he would not have used the extravagant language he has in reference to us.

The report is true in fact, but greatly exaggerated. We have had a glorious work of grace progressing for many months past, and many have been converted to God, and many believers entered into "the rest of faith," but "scores and hundreds" is too indefinite,—too extravagant. Then we cannot claim the political and moral effects upon the community, such as he states to be the effect of our "preaching a full gospel."

Brother Newton would do well to heed the injunction,—
"Be sober." Yours truly,

F. BOTTOM.

Birmingham, Ct., Feb. 11, 1880.

THE AMERICAN AGRICULTURALIST. — We feel constrained to call the attention of our numerous country readers to this excellent monthly. Its leading Editor and proprietor, a Christian gentleman of rare scientific attainments, we once had the honor of numbering among our parishioners; and, from our personal acquaintance with both him and his paper, we are prepared to assure our friends that they will find the *AGRICULTURALIST* to be the paper of the country, on the subject of which it treats. It is amply illustrated with fine wood engravings, printed on excellent paper, enriched by the contributions of an able corps of contributors and Sub-Editors, who are all practical, **WORKING MEN**, and affords a variety of reading matter that renders it an exceedingly entertaining family paper. The Editor has an eye to the improvement of the heart as well as the soil, and studies, in all that he writes, the happiness as well as the instruction and entertainment of his readers.

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REV. B. W. GORHAM. — The public will be pained to learn that our worthy collaborer has been suffering for some time past with a severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism. During the past winter he has been actively engaged in the revival work, preaching with much success in the cities of Newark and New York. In the midst of his labors in the latter city, he was arrested by the painful disease above mentioned, and confined for weeks at the hospitable home of Mrs. B. F. Clark. He has been able since then, by slow stages, to return to his home at Scranton, Pa. In a letter recently received, he says: —

"I am slowly recovering from my late attack of inflammatory rheumatism. I returned home from New York yesterday. Shall not be able to resume my labors in several weeks."

TO CONTRIBUTORS. — Several valuable articles are waiting their turn. Delay does not necessarily imply rejection.

PROMISE OF THE FATHER. — This last work of Mrs. Palmer received a flattering reception by the religious and secular press. The *Christian Advocate and Journal*, after stating the object of the work, says: — "And most admirably has it been accomplished." The *Western Christian Advocate* speaks of it as "the best book which Mrs. Palmer has written." And the *Boston Recorder* even, the organ of a denomination (Cong't) opposed to the author's views, as here advocated, says: — "The spirit of the book, so far as we have examined it, is excellent, and though we are not able to agree with the writer in all her particular views, we yet give her our best wishes, as she has our high respect, and we hope her work will do much good."

BOOK NOTICES.

LETTERS ON CHRISTIAN HOLINESS. BY JANE A. SCOTT. WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY REV. WESLEY KENNEY. PHILADELPHIA: TRACT DEPOSITORY, 119 NORTH SIXTH STREET.

This is a small work of 173 pages, embracing those points which an earnest seeker of the blessing of holiness would most desire to know. Its clear and simple style, together with the earnest spirit in which it evidently was written, renders it as attractive and useful a volume as could be put into the hand of those who, leaving "the principles," are going "on unto perfection." It is dedicated to the "Youth of the M. E. Church, and those of all other branches of the Christian church, who desire to be Bible Christians;" among whom we sincerely hope it may be extensively circulated. As we desire to make our Store the depository for all useful works relating to a higher life, we shall embrace this in our list.

THE MOTHER'S MISSION. SKETCHES FROM REAL LIFE. BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "OBJECT OF LIFE." BOSTON: HENRY HOYT, 9 CORNHILL.

A capital book on an important subject. The world is waking up, though not yet fully aroused, to the responsibilities connected with home education. A mother's influence! who can estimate it? The design of the book before us is to make the mother feel *her mission*. In a story of unabated interest, the influence of right and wrong training is strikingly set forth, and many valuable hints are given to aid the conscientious Christian mother in the performance of her duty. We love to commend such books, and rejoice in their extended circulation.

CONSECRATION.

MUSIC BY B. F. C.

Moderato.

1. Come, Saviour, Jesus, from a - bove, As-sist me with thy heavenly grace;
 2. O let thy sacred presence fill, And set my longing spir - it free;
 3. While in this region here be - low, No oth - er good will I pur - sue:
 4. That path with humble speed I'll seek, In which my Saviour's footsteps shine,
 5. Henceforth may no profane delight, Divide this con - se - crat - ed soul;
 6. Nothing on earth do I de - sire, But thy pure love within my breast;

Emp - ty my heart of earth - ly love, And for thy -
 Which pants to have no oth - er will, But night and
 I'll bid this world of love and show, With all its
 Nor will I hear, nor will I speak, Of a - ny
 Pos - sess it thou, who has the right, As Lord and
 This, on - ly this, will I re - quire, And free - ly

self pre - pare the place, And for thy - self pre - pare the place.
 day to feast on thee, But night and day to feast on thee.
 glitt'ring snares, a - dieu, With all its glitt'ring snares, a - - dieu.
 oth - er love but thine, Of a - ny oth - er love but thine.
 Mas - ter of the whole, As Lord and Mas - ter of the whole.
 give up all the rest, And free - ly give up all the rest.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by H. V. DEGEN, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the District of Massachusetts.

Sold by H. V. DEGEN, 22 Cornhill.

[Original.]

THE TRIAL OF FAITH BY FIRE.

BY A. F. J.

"As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten." Rev. iii. 19.*"Take my brethern, the Prophets, who have spoken in the name of the Lord, for an example of suffering affliction and patience."**"Behold we count them happy which endure."* James v. 10, 11.*"That the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto the praise and honor and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ."* 1st Peter i. 7.

If the church in the days of the Apostles needed this "example of suffering affliction" to be set before them, for their imitation, do they not need to be reminded of it at the present day, when the way of the cross seems to be evaded by many in practice, though professed by all in theory? Is there a promise that the pathway of the Christian shall be a way of pleasure in this world? and if not promised, we make our disappointments by looking for it here. Consider then that you are manufacturing your disappointments, when your expectations are beyond the word which is your bounds. Do not all the Evangelists and Apostles teach the principle "that through much tribulation we must enter heaven?" True it is to be a "way of pleasantness and peace," within, but nevertheless "in the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." And in this we have a surety, that we, as members of one body of which He is the head, will also be enabled to overcome. "For he gave himself for our sins, that he might deliver us from this present evil world." "And to redeem us from all iniquity, that he might purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works," Gal. i. 4; Titus ii. 14. "And this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." And this is the reason that the trial of our faith is more precious than gold; for the world being the enemy of God, and all who are in friendship with it being included in this enmity, it is necessary that we gain the

victory over this enemy, to be in friendship with God. "Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you," 1st John v. 4; James iv. 4, and John xv. 14. If this is the condition of friendship with God, who does not see that this victory over the world, which is accomplished by the trial of faith, is necessary? "Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you." "Love not the world, neither the things that are in it:" this is one of these commands; 1 John ii. 15, 16, 17. It was when Abraham had obeyed to the utmost extent, that he was called the friend of God. "Was not our Father Abraham justified by works, when he had offered up Isaac his son upon the altar? seest thou how faith wrought with his works, and by works was faith made perfect." "And this scripture was fulfilled which saith, Abraham believed God, and it was imputed to him for righteousness." "Ye see then how that by works a man is justified, and not by faith only." James ii. 21, 22, 23, 24. Abraham's faith was truly tried by fire. For his willingness to see his dearest hope consumed upon the altar was perfectly tested. He was not called upon to resign his son unto death, with willing obedience alone, but to slay him with his own hand. Human nature would have had much to urge against the act; but Abraham's obedience was unquestioning, therefore he was called the friend of God. Then this scripture is fulfilled which saith, "Abraham believed, and it was counted unto him for righteousness." "And it will be imputed to us also, if we walk in the steps of that faith of our father Abraham." Rom. iv. 11, 12. We see here it was not passive, but practical faith, which was counted as righteousness unto Abraham. "The walk of faith," and not a system of doctrines stored away in the mind, like dried fruit in a bag, but the living, and not the living only, but the fruit-bearing fig-tree. It is by obedience in things unpleasant to human nature, and crucifying to the desires of the flesh, that our faith, in part, is tried by

the fire; and we cannot better illustrate it, than by choosing some one or two great and practical examples of this principle; and as Abraham's obedience was implicit from the beginning, and, in almost every instance recorded, against the preferences of the natural man, we cannot find a more appropriate exemplification of this principle, except that of the Saviour's example alone. It was not the "faith, by which he offered up Isaac alone, in which was fulfilled this scripture, that saith Abraham believed and it was counted to him for righteousness." His faith was tried by fire from the commencement of God's dealings with him — the fire that purges all merely selfish purposes, interests, and desires. "For by faith, when he was called to go out into a place which he should after receive for an inheritance, he obeyed and went out not knowing whither he went." There was no earthly interest to be subserved by this: to the contrary, "For he gave him none inheritance in it (the promised land), no, not so much as to set his foot on." (Acts vii. 5.) So that so far as this life was concerned, he was not a gainer by obedience in this thing. He had all the motives of family attachments, and such as may arise from home associations to detain him in the land he was commanded to leave, "to go out whither he knew not." (Gen. xii. 1; Heb. xi. 8.) He might have been restrained by motives of fear, for the perils of travelling through a strange country when all the world was sunk in heathen darkness, — can scarcely be computed. Yet Abraham obeyed and went out, "not knowing whither he went." This was no inconsiderable part of the fire of purgation, which was completed when he laid his son upon the altar; for the very uncertainty that attended his every step, "not knowing whither he went," was not the least part of his trial. Nor was his way a smooth one, after he had arrived; for we find him afterwards driven by famine into Egypt, where he was brought into fear for his life. (Gen. xii.

10-12.) Abraham was the most unworldly of men. He truly had that "faith which overcometh the world." "For by faith he sojourned even in the land of promise, as in a strange country, dwelling in tabernacles." "For he looked for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God." He realized in the fullest sense of the term, "that we have no continuing city here, but seek one to come." (Heb. xiii. 17.) After Christians walked in the same faith, "not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off, were persuaded of them, and embraced them, and confessed they were strangers, and pilgrims on the earth." "For they that say such things declare plainly that they seek a country;" and truly if they had been mindful of that country from whence they came out, they might have had opportunity to have returned. "But now they desire a better country, that is a heavenly; wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God, for he hath prepared for them a city." (Heb. xi. 8, 9, 10, 13, 14, 15.) If these Christians saw the promises afar off, and embraced them; and consequently acknowledged their pilgrim state in the temporary term of existence allotted here, though centuries must elapse before these promises could be realized; how much more obligatory on us is this weanedness from worldliness who have drawn nearer their fulfilment by many centuries. "For the pride of life is not of the Father." (1 John ii. 16.) This is not realized by the unconverted, and worldly professor. But if the gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost, whose minds are blinded by the God of this world." (2 Cor. iv. 3, 4.) "For he that findeth his life in this world, shall lose it in life eternal." "For to be carnally minded is death, but to be spiritually minded is life and peace." Here a worldly life and the carnal mind amount to the same thing, — loss of spiritual life and consequent death. Worldly Christians may make many ingenious excuses for

their worldly desires and indulgences, but their very desire to have them, proves them to be without spiritual life, and consequently in a state that is unacceptable to God. "Be not deceived, God is not mocked, for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." "For if he soweth to the flesh, (sensual indulgence) he shall of the flesh reap corruption." God knows whether we are sowing to the spirit, and maintaining an inward conflict against the ascendancy of the flesh. "Thou understandest my thought afar off, and art acquainted with all my ways; for there is not a word in my tongue, but, lo, O Lord, thou knowest it altogether." "Whither shall I go from thy spirit, or whither shall I flee from thy presence?" "If I say surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light about me; Yea the darkness hideth not from thee; for the darkness and the light are both alike to thee." (Psalm cxxxix. 2, 3, 4, 7, 11, 12.) This is the state of unpurged professors. Often when in the fire of purgation, they feel that God's controversy is with their thoughts; here is a conflict: they wish to indulge their own thoughts, and yet they know, according to the Saviour's declarations, that a thought in the sight of God, is the same as an act before men. They know they cannot get from under the eye of God, but they try to get from under his hand, by inventing and attempting many ways to turn their trials aside; but in vain, for when one is removed, another will be given, for God loves them too well to leave them unpurged. Their very peace depends on this. "First pure, then peaceable." (James iii. 17.) "They may have prayed for the peace that they have seen other Christians enjoy; but they know not that the old leaven must first be purged out, that they may be made a new lump." (1 Cor. 5—7.) They want it in their own way, and think hard of the way of suffering through which they pass to it. But even this self-will in wanting it in some easier way needs to be chastised before

they are fitted to receive it. "If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as sons." (Heb. xii; 7.) To remain passive therefore under the hand of the Lord, is the surest and quickest way to have our trials sanctified to us, and then all will be peace. "Thou hast proved us, O God, and hast tried us as silver is tried, as silver tried in a furnace of earth purified seven times." "Thou hast laid affliction upon us." (Psalm lxi. 10, 11, and Psalm xii. 6.) It is well when we can say, "it is good for me that I have been afflicted; that I might learn thy statutes." "The law of thy mouth is better to me than thousands of gold and silver." (Psalm cxix. 71, 72.) The infant Christian receives the promises by faith; the tried Christian feeds on them by experience. There is this difference between them: one has a hungry, the other an appeased appetite. "He that hungereth and thirsteth after righteousness shall be filled." One feels the hunger, but does not hunger sufficiently to obtain the only food that can appease his hunger; because he does not yet quite understand the kind of food he needs. He vainly thinks that if things went better with him here, that he could be satisfied. The tried Christian knows it is his privilege to have a satisfying portion inwardly, if outward things do not go smoothly; therefore he feeds on the word alone. "Great peace have they that love thy law; and nothing shall offend them." (Psalm cxix. 165.) The purged Christian loves the law of God perfectly; whilst unpurged of the elements of nature, he loved the law of God only in part, and the love of his old nature in part; and as far as the old leaven prevails he will desire things that are not necessary for the journey of the Christian pilgrim, and consequently cannot have "the great peace" of those who love the law of God above their own wills; for as there is no peace for the wicked, there is only peace in proportion as we are delivered from sin; therefore as the purification proceeds, the spiritual

mind which is peace gains ascendancy, and thus by a law of necessity we must "first be pure," before we can have uninterrupted peace. It is then both for our peace here, and our promotion hereafter, "that the trial of our faith by fire is precious in his sight," and it is a proof of the love of God to bring us to this great peace, which nothing shall be able to offend or disturb. And in this view, we can understand why "he chasteneth whom he loveth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth." The purged Christian does not wish to escape from under the eye of God, any more than an affectionate and obedient child does from a kind father. He knows that his father will correct him when he is disobedient; but he no longer dreads this, for he enjoys the smiles of his countenance so much, that he is constantly assiduous not to offend, and even watchful to anticipate his wishes. He does not say, "whither shall I flee from thy presence," but how shall I dwell forever there, "for in thy presence is fulness of joy." He realizes that "his presence is salvation." And his constant prayer is, "Cast me not away from thy presence, take not thy Holy Spirit from me." He believes the word that declares, that "the upright only shall dwell in his presence;" and understands that this is spiritual uprightness, which reaches the motives and thoughts of the heart; therefore he is more grieved at an unholy thought before God, than other men are by being detected in a disgraceful act before men; and strives continually to "bring every thought into captivity to the obedience of Christ." (2 Cor. x : 5.) It is because of the mixed state of the new-born child of grace, that the purging out of the old leaven, "that he may become wholly a new lump," is necessary. It was a very happy simile of faith, that of "gold tried by the fire." There is a similarity in several processes in the manufacture of gold, but only the last, that of fire, completes it. It is first dug out of the mine and brought to the

light. We may compare this to conviction. Then it is washed; but it is not entirely clean, for though the dross is washed from the outside, yet there is a fine ingrained dross, which cannot be extracted until it is put in the crucible and melted; there is then a chemical substance poured in it that separates it from its dross, when it comes out a lump of pure gold. There are many things that the new-born child of grace must be purged from. Even lawful and proper affections, when much indulged, become idolatrous. It is dangerous to set our affections upon temporal things. "Set your affections on things above, and not on things of the earth." (Coloss. iii. 2.) The gospel everywhere teaches this principle. If we are to "walk in the faith of our father Abraham," we must realize our pilgrim state, and love nothing well enough to cause a murmur at its loss, when God chooses to remove it. We may be enabled "to rejoice in tribulation," with Paul, and to say with Payson, "if we are really on our way to heaven, what matters, what happens by the way?" Submission is not acquiescence: submit we must, but if we prefer it some other way, we do not assent. Assent is a difficult grace, but it is attainable. We cannot say "Thy will be done," truly, while we prefer some other way. For if we have any preference, or make any reserve, it is as much as to say, "Lord, let thy will be done if it please me, that is if it does not touch my preference for this thing that I have reserved in mind; but if it does, forego thy will, and let mine be done." Who cannot see that this is not praying that his will may be done, but only strife to establish our own wills. Depend upon it, that the will of the flesh would have things very differently, in manner, matter, and measure, even while praying "Thy will be done." We cannot be tested in prosperity, for while things go on in a manner to please us, our wills make no opposition. But a Christian who has the very least degree of grace would rejoice to have his

worldly hopes blighted, if he could realize that they were leading him away from spiritual life, and building up "the carnal mind, which is death." Trials and disappointments even in small things, have their office. "For patience must have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing." "Therefore count it all joy, when ye fall into divers temptations, knowing that the trying of your faith worketh patience." (James i. 2, 3.) * This daily trial of faith in apparently trivial things is a part of the process of purgation, which is by no means unimportant. A man has a sinful love of approbation; he is very sensitive to any disapproval. He knows that "offences must needs come:" but he is by no means reconciled to bear this part of his Master's reproach. He knows that a Christian must bear reproach, but he would prefer some other kind, — something that would not wound his self-love so much. But this was the very thing he needed, therefore this very thing will come upon him. He is consequently submitted to a process of disapprobation: even his good is permitted for a time to be evil spoken of. And this was not without reason, for his love of approbation caused him at some time to make concessions, and do things that were at variance with the scriptural standard of Christianity, however they might have accorded with that of worldly professors. We sometimes hear professors who love their worldly lusts better than the self-denying way of the cross, say, "We are not required to live as the primitive Christians did." But where is their authority for this assertion? is there any thing in the gospel of Jesus, that puts a difference between us? To the contrary, are we not informed that the record of their self-denying acts was written for our instruction and pattern? Truly "the time has come, when they will not hear sound doctrine, having the form of godliness, but denying the power thereof." (2 Tim. iii. 5, and 2 Tim. iv. 3.)

There never was a time when assent to the doctrines of grace was so general, and yet never a time of so much practical evasion of the duties they enjoin. If the church does not see and judge her own delinquencies according to "the word, by which she will be judged at the last day," there will be a season of purgation such as she has not known. Never forget "That if we would judge ourselves, we should not be judged; but when we are judged of the Lord, we are chastened that we should not be condemned with the world." Instead of this constant work of judging ourselves by the word, and giving soul, body, and spirit to obedience, according to its requirements, many seem to be engaged in manufacturing apologies for evading it; and are as much attached to earthly things, and human comforts, as "those who have their portion in this life," instead, like David, of praying to be delivered from such ungodly prosperity, and being satisfied with the Christian's portion, that of awaking in the glory of Christ, and looking away from the possession of present things to the blessedness of "the place that he has gone to prepare for us," and the hope of our reception there. (Psalm xvii. 14, 15; John xiv. 12, 3.) Are the following scriptures less applicable to us than to the first Christians? "This I say, brethren, the time is short: it remaineth, that both they that have wives be as though they had none." "And they that weep, as though they wept not: and they that rejoiced, as though they rejoiced not; and they that buy, as though they possessed not. And they that use this world as not abusing it: for the fashion of this world passeth away. But I would have you without carefulness." (1 Cor. vii. 29-31.) The same principle is enjoined in reference to the loss of earthly friends, rather to fix our hopes upon re-union with them, in a better state, than to sorrow for the separation for the short season of our lives here. "That ye sorrow not even as others do

which have no hope." "For if we believe that Jesus died, and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him." (1 Thess. iv. 13, 14.) Abraham was a perfect example of resignation in this kind of trial; the willing and cheerful acquiescence with which he delivered up the son of promise, in which all the nations of the earth should be blessed, "was written for our instruction and pattern." Not a murmur, nor remonstrance, nor even a sign of reluctance. (Gen. xxii. 1-13.) When his perfect obedience was tested there was no longer necessity for the sacrifice of the child, and a sacrifice was provided in its place. It is when we have laid all things upon the altar, in principle, that we may retain them without the danger of idolatrous attachments. And if we have laid them on the altar, why do we yet grieve when they are taken? For what purpose do we lay things upon the altar, but to be consumed? It is not a sacrifice if our attachments still make it our own. If we are sacrificed in principle, and not in words only, it would not be so. "Surely I have behaved, and quitted myself as a child that is weaned of its mother; my soul is even as a weaned child." (Psalm cxxxi. 2.) O for this weanedness from earthly things; that our souls may be even as a weaned child,—that we may be satisfied with the food of grace; the manna of the word, and no more fret or pine after the milk of nature. O, that all merely human attachments, and fleshly comforts, and pleasures of the natural man could be as easily laid down, as a child resigns its mother's breast; and that we could find equal satisfaction and growth in other, that is, heavenly food. Instead of this we see Christians practically loathing "this manna," and turning again to the "flesh pots of Egypt." Will they not also fall by the way, before they arrive at the promised land? If it were not so, the baptism of the spirit would be sufficient, but it is because of the opposition of the flesh to the spirit, that the

baptism of fire must be added. "While in the crucible, the will is easily moulded to the image of him who created it." (Col. iii. 10; Ephes. iv. 24.) I do believe there are some, who by a single act of faith, do make an unreserved surrender: if it were not so, "all things would not be possible to him that believeth." But the instances are rare; yet they need not be so. The history of the past is the history of the present, in the struggle of nature and grace. "Lord, when thy hand is lifted up, they will not see; but they shall see: for when thy judgements are in the earth, the inhabitants of the world will learn righteousness." "Lord, in trouble have they visited thee; they poured out a prayer when thy chastening was upon them." (Isaiah xxvi. 9, 11, 16.) "Come, let us join ourselves to the Lord in a perpetual covenant, that shall not be broken." (Jer. l. 5.) "Since if we would judge ourselves we should not be judged."

CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE. — "In fashion it censures all that is wasteful, all that trouches on immodesty, and all that feeds pride and starves almsgiving. In dress and in furniture, in the table and equipage it prescribes simplicity without affected singularity, plenty without luxury, liberality without ostentation, and the spirit of those who eat to live, rather than the tastes of those who live to eat. It enjoins a chastened moderation in the day of prosperity and a sustained meekness and trustfulness in the day of adversity—a holding of the world loosely, but a holding of our own inclinations and desires tightly and under vigilant control."—*Williams.*

BELIEVE IN CHRIST. — "This was the direction of Paul and Silas to the Philippian jailor. Stay not questioning his willingness, for "every one that asketh receiveth"—doubt not his power, for "he is able to save to the uttermost"—plead not your unfitness, for "though you are not worthy, you are welcome."

[Original.]

AUNT MARGARET'S FAILING.

BY E. L. E.

"WHAT are you thinking of, Anna?" asked a Christian mother of her daughter, as the two were sitting quite alone and busy with a useful employment. The needle had dropped from the young girl's fingers, and she was gazing vacantly into the fire, apparently absorbed in some subject of intense interest. "I was thinking," was the slow and meditative reply, "of what we have been talking so much about lately — this higher life of God in the soul — this giving up *all* to him. It seems like such a great work, so impossible to live without offence to God or man."

"Of yourself you could never do it, of course," said Mrs. A.; "but have you forgotten the all-sufficing grace so abundantly promised, so lovingly given?" "Not forgotten mother," said Anna, "but I was thinking of my own weak self, how difficult it is for an impulsive, passionate thing like me to be always sober, watchful, and good. I do love Christ, oh, more than all the world besides, and I do desire to honor him in everything: but you know, Ma, what a naughty temper I have that flashes out in some way at every trifling provocation. Only yesterday something went wrong, and before I had thought to command myself, a hasty, petulant word had irritated Sarah to a like reply; and then I felt so humbled and ashamed I wanted to hide my face from God, and you, and her." "Yes, my child," said the mother, "I know well your fault, and grieve to think how often it leads you into wrong. You have great need of peculiar watchfulness lest you do dishonor the Christian profession by that weakness of your character. Nothing but praying always, and thus keeping your spirit in a tender, loving frame towards all, will ever conquer for you, the tendency to hasty words, which you deplore." "I have sometimes great fear of professing Christ publicly on

that account," said Anna. "I feel discouraged and weak, when I have yielded to temptation, and just as if I needed to be converted over again, and begin all anew. I was thinking, when you spoke to me, how I did not wish to be such a woman or Christian as one or two I could mention are, from this very fault. I do not wish to speak of the failings of others, especially of one whom I trust is redeemed and forgiven by the blood of Christ: but with you, Ma, I want to talk kindly about Aunt Margaret. I suppose she is a real Christian, and does much good in her way. I know she has an excellent influence over very many people; she has the welfare of all at heart, as any body may see; she goes to the praying circle often, and feels the kindest interest in her Sabbath pupils; but yet, her complaining, fault-finding way at home, often makes everybody uncomfortable that lives there. Don't you think, mother, Aunt Margaret can in some way help all this?"

"My dear," said Mrs. A., "when God tells the Christian to put away anger, discontent, evil speaking, and all idle words, he does not enjoin a duty we have no ability to fulfil. Aunt Margaret is somewhat unfortunate in her natural temper, and her circumstances are also unfavorable to uniformity of moods and feelings. It is not for us to excuse her fault, believing as we do in the efficacy of Christ's indwelling spirit to remove all such besetting infirmities; but we may do as Christ does for her and us — forgive. There is not one spark of malice in Aunt Margaret's heart, though the impatient rejoinder or censorious remark does often slip from her forgetful tongue. We who know so well her faithful, generous spirit, should not judge too harshly, but, with the holy charity that beareth all things, and thinketh no evil, forgive even as we hope, ourselves, to be forgiven."

"Yes, mother," said the young disciple, "but it does grieve and disturb me so to hear her speak so tartly to poor Mary. I

know she is weak and disagreeable, and often unreasonable, but she suffers so much with illness, it seems to me enough to bear without so many nervous ways from her only friend. Cousin Frank observed it the other day when he was there, and afterwards braced himself against the need of piety, by referring to such an example of Christian temper in one of its professors. He said he thought religion was intended to make people happy, contented, and lovely; 'and yet,' said he, 'here is a person acknowledged to be one of the best of Christians, who frets her whole household into discomfort one half the time.' I did not know a word of excuse for her, mother, my mouth was completely shut."

"O," said Mrs. A., "cousin Frank has no idea what it is to live as aunt Margaret does, — often in pain, and never at rest from the pressure of severe and trying duties. He cannot understand how much of her fretfulness comes from weary and and overtaxed nerves, and from her too clear perception, and ready sympathy with wrongs and sufferings, which all her energy and goodness fail to remove. But I do not speak of this as an excuse; nor because the invalid is often unreasonable, should she be ever betrayed into an ungentle expression; but I would say to those who have yet known only health, and fortune, and pleasure, to judge with all charity, those who have little of either, as far as this world is concerned. No doubt aunt Margaret makes many efforts to conquer this propensity to hasty speaking, weeping and praying in secret places before her God. And here is an important difference between the true Christian and the wholly selfish man. The first repents when he has sinned and fallen; the other may be shamed, but experiences no genuine contrition for the sin. The world that looks on and judges so harshly when, under a great temptation, a Christian falls into wrong, knows not with what bitter sorrow that wrong is repented,

or how sharp may be the conflict with evil in the believer's soul. These things the unbeliever can never realize, and so he puts down the individual weakness to the account of hypocrisy, or charges all to its discredit upon religion.

My daughter, I have had many fears that the same natural tendency in your disposition would develop yet into the same faultiness that pains you in aunt Margaret; and I have resolved with all the faithfulness of a parent and a Christian, to warn you of the danger, and point you to the remedy."

Anna, we trust, was one of the Lord's chosen ones; she had been deeply convicted of the necessity of a purer life, and this her particular failing, lay like a burden upon her conscience and her heart. She was really humbled, and ready with tears and prayer to inquire how she might put off forever this infirmity of an otherwise generous and noble spirit. She had long striven, though in her own unaided strength, against the habit of hasty and petulant speaking; but she had been as often discouraged in the effort, by some sudden outburst at an unlooked-for provocation. But when God's Spirit touched her heart and made her long for an entire consecration, that should, by her own spotless example, result in winning souls to the love of Christ, she felt more deeply this hindrance to her Christian usefulness.

"What shall I do?" at length burst from her lips, with humble earnest weeping. "I know but a single cure for any sin," was Mrs. A.'s reply, — the blood of Jesus: pray much, with constant watchfulness and prayer; pray constantly that God would for his honor's sake keep you from dishonoring him, and make you in all your daily deportment and conversation to glorify his name. There is nothing like prayer to conquer any sin, and you have the assurance of your heavenly Father, that such asking shall not be vain.

"But remember, my child, to avoid the occasions of such a wrong. When we

pray 'keep us from temptation,' we must not run into temptation and then expect to be delivered from evil; we must keep as clear as possible of liabilities to fall, and then when the temptation comes to us, we may expect to find escape by his abiding and helping Spirit."

Are there not other aunt Margarets, upon whom the toils and burdens of life seem to fall too heavily, and into whose spirit its fretting cares are eating like a corroding disease, marring the beauty, and destroying the symmetry of noble characters? Even among those who are reaching after a better state than Christians usually attain, does not this besetting sin often repel those who might otherwise be won to piety and peace? We have much sympathy with such—their trials and repentances, and yearn to lead them where we need ourselves to go for comfort, pardon, strength, and rest. Perhaps these overburdened ones do not see how all this discipline is administered of God, who permits them to be thus "cumbered about much serving" as the best method to develop a richer and purer life. Would that this one failing did not so frequently appear, to spoil the uses of God's special and personal dealings with his children.

A blessed thought it is, in all these infirmities of heart and spirit, that our High Priest can be touched with the feeling of our trials and weaknesses, always more considerate and loving, even in the sternness of his law, than we have the charity to be to each other. Merciful and faithful is he in all the relations he bears to his people. Who that loves him—who that he regards with his especial love, would not guard most carefully against everything that grieves his tenderness, or hurts his cause? O, how sad, that the Christian character should be so imperfect, as to bring reproach upon the Christian name.

As Anna's mother said, there is but one remedy,—prayer, prayer—with constant watchfulness and care. Are we sick, or sad, or tempted, there is just one place of

relief, assistance, or consolation, and nothing but continual prayer will avail to keep the purest heart from falling.

Reader, if the impatient word comes up for utterance to your lips, will you not command it back into silence by an immediate and earnest petition? Will you not thus ask the Keeper of your spirit to preserve your secret heart from fault, your influence from driving sinners away from God, and your soul from the bitterness of knowing that its own weak failings have prevented any good that might otherwise have been?

[Original.]

WE WERE GENTLE AMONG YOU.

BY L. L.

"We were gentle among you, even as a nurse cherisheth her children. Ye are our witnesses, and God also, how holily, and justly, and unblameably we behaved ourselves among you that believe."—*St. Paul's letter to the Thessalonians.*

Thus did the early heralds of the cross
Sweetly allure those whom they sought to guide
In ways of holiness. As gentlest nurse,
With kind and loving and persuasive arts,
Her children cherisheth. She goes before,
And plants her footsteps *firmly* in the path
Where she would safely lead their tottering steps.
So gentle were those holy men, who prayed
"That God, the very God of peace, would bless
And wholly sanctify" those whom they sought
To lead in paths of holiness and peace.
"This is the way," beloved, "walk therein!"
God is our witness—we appeal to him,
By whom our tottering steps have been upheld,
That we, though weak, "in Christ have been
made strong."

To Him be all the glory, who hath "kept
Our feet from falling, and our eyes from tears!"
Loved ones! "ye are our hope, and joy, and
crown."

And we shall meet rejoicing in that world
Where all is purity and holy joy.
Till then, may "perfect love" dispel all fear!
"In full assurance of your faith," press on—
Our God will "make you to abound still more,
And to increase in faith, and love, and joy,"
Press on! till faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full fruition—

Oh! may those
Who now are called to watch for souls, thus lead
With gentleness the wanderer to the fold
Of Jesus' love! And may they guide the flock
To those rich pastures, where they oft have met
The tender Shepherd, and have fed themselves
On "*hidden manna*." Be it theirs to say,
God is our witness! We have led the flock
In paths of holiness.

[Original.]

"THE PROMISE OF THE FATHER."

A NOTED French divine, in his beautiful sermons upon the lofty character and calling of women, has bid us remember, that she is honored with the first name and announcement of the Saviour of sinners, "the seed of the woman." Therefore, she is peculiarly in her place, in making him known to her fellow mortals, whether in the retired walks of common life, or in more public duties.

We like to follow God's order in the arrangement and management of his church; then we know our theories and practice will stand upon truth, which is immutable, and whatever may fail, that which is in accordance with the divine plan must succeed and triumph, however obscured by the enemy of souls for a time.

We have admired in the volume, the name of which is our caption, the arguments of the eminently useful authoress, and think she has with her past success and ability, laid the foundation of her labor in this work upon the divinity of God's own word—*there* she takes her position to arouse her sisters in the Lord, of every name and clime, to the fulfilment of their place in the church of Christ, as well as to claim for them their divine right of special baptisms of the Holy Spirit.

The Christian church has for her basis the ancient Jewish church, without which she could not stand,—a fabric built with great care, glory and beauty, adorned with seers and prophets, who stand upon the enduring pinnacles of the past, our teachers and instructors. And when we gaze upon the pattern of things which were shown to Moses on the mount, we can only wonder at the symbols in their appropriateness, and say, How great and glorious a being is Jehovah.

If woman is the appointed channel through whom God brings into being his

messengers to his church, then is it unreasonable that she should partake of the glory and honor in being a co-worker with them in the holiest of all earthly employments, the salvation of souls?

When the angles assured Abraham of the speedy fulfilment of his long promised son, they asked for Sarah. The mother of Moses had all the care and responsibility of saving her child, for the future redemption of Israel, and providing law for the world. His father, although of the tribe of Levi, the future ordained priesthood of the Jewish covenant, had nothing of importance to do in the matter.

Mrs. Palmer has summed up scriptural evidence sufficiently to show that in God's ancient church, which was under special manifestations of his guidance, he was a co-worker with woman, and adapted her to the position and calling in which he was pleased to use her. There we tie the knot of our evidence, and believe he ever has, and ever will use the same instrumentality for his glory, to the end of time.

We confess we have often been cautious, and chary of woman's public activity, lest she should swerve a little, or very much, out of her own orbit—perhaps a worldly prescribed track, and trespass where God had not appointed her duty—we forgot that God is always with his ark, to take care of his own glory.

But the focus light of this volume has dazzled away, with the clear brightness of truth, all our doubts, and we bid "God speed" to its important mission in the church of Christ.

Mrs. Palmer has not only hedged about and established her position with the examples of the Hebrew church, but concentrated the testimonies of the days of Christ and his apostles, to prove the great usefulness of woman spiritually in the church.

Then to prove that God's ways are equal, and that in all ages of the church he qualifies woman for his special service, to which he gives the indubitable seal, large extracts

are given from journals, letters, &c., from eminently laborious women in Wesley's day, with corroborative testimony from co-laborers of their successful call and work. This kind of testimony is continued down to our own day, while God is *now* using woman whenever she is willing to yield obedience to his light and grace.

We acknowledge the peculiar gift of public usefulness in those who we think are signally called, but withhold our kind encouragement from others, and keep back many a useful, timid female, whose zeal secretly fills her soul, and would be useful and increase in the gift of imparting to others, if suitably countenanced. We have been too prone to take a one-sided view of the prophecy of Joel, as commenced on the day of Pentecost, and willing to be continued through the remaining history of the church on the part of God. The subject has been preached upon over and over, and in such a way that we have thought that the primitive church contained only male members — women were unnamed, or thought of as only silent recipients of the power, *if* they received it — but how could they be silent, acknowledged as they were by the disciples as fellow helpers, and followers of the crucified Jesus?

The "Promise of the Father," is not only an eye-salve for those who guide and govern in Zion, but counsel, instruction and exhortation to her own sex, that they may arise and shine in the spirit of Christ, and no longer excuse themselves from active duty, in the salvation of souls.

Every sincere, godly woman will here find argument and appeal to stir her soul with holy fervor, for more abundant zeal and activity in the cause of her adorable Lord, who so sweetly after his resurrection said, "Mary!"

Good women cannot get away from the responsibility of this light upon their path in this day. While the simply sincere hail this light upon some darkness, the pleasure-loving female professors of religion

will meet a powerful rebuke, and no more be inclined to despise and think lightly of those who dare not deny their Master by silence and sloth. This work meets the present demand of the day in which we live; as some think the early dawn of the millennial morning is upon us, when the fulness of the Spirit is looked for, without any distinction of sex.

Certainly we could not desire a similar volume from one better adapted to instruct Christian females in the work of God, than the authoress, who has so fully acted out her teachings, in her own womanly earnestness and zeal — instant in season and out of season.

Mrs. Palmer has frequently been solicited by pastors to instruct and lead out the female membership to greater usefulness and activity in the church. Therefore we are convinced she has now cleared her conscience with respect to her sisters in Zion; and for this work of faith, and labor of love, many will rise up and call her blessed.

A LOVER OF JESUS.

HEATHEN VIEW OF MAN. — "Enveloped by the gloom of ignorance and internally bewildered, man knows not whence he is, who he is, whither he is, whither he goeth, nor what is his nature; what is to be done, nor what is to be left undone; what is righteousness, and what is iniquity, what is right and what is wrong, what is vice, and what is virtue. Thus man like a brute beast, addicted only to animal gratification, suffers the pain of his ignorance." — *Vishnu Purâna*.

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY. — Men often tremble lest the "shiftings and changes of philosophy end in attacking religion. But natural philosophy is, next to the divine word, the most certain remedy of superstition and the most wholesome food of faith; and is therefore, rightly considered the truest and loveliest handmaid of religion, the one displaying the will of God, the other his power." — *Ld. Bacon*.

[Original.]

ENLIGHTENED AND REDEEMED.

BY A. A. P.

At the age of fifteen I went from home. Soon after, the influence of Universalism was thrown around me by those in whom I placed confidence in other matters, and I soon began to think it would be much easier to go to heaven without any effort, than to bear the Saviour's yoke with all its crosses and trials. I therefore became a professed Universalist, and continued one for many years. I shudder to think how near I came to the vortex of ruin; but the God who heard my pious mother's earnest pleadings, graciously spared my life, until the scales of error fell from my darkened eyes.

In 1851, a change in circumstances and not in belief, led my husband and myself to commence attending Methodist, instead of Universalist meetings, as we had been wont to do. This was the means which God used to convince us of our error, while those used by kind and pious friends had failed. But it was a great cross for us to renounce our favorite doctrine publicly, and we did not do it without solemn reflection, nor until every stone was taken from under our feet and we were left without foundation. We were both sincere seekers after the truth for many months, but were wholly unacquainted with each other's feelings. On Sabbath evening, Oct. 5th, 1851, the Lord converted my soul, and my companion found peace within a few days of the same time. I felt as if I was in a new world, and the uppermost desire of my heart was to know and to do the will of God.

The next winter an elderly sister kindly lent me the *Life of Mrs. Rogers*, which I read with much interest. This was the first intimation I ever had of the doctrine of sanctification. When I returned the book I asked the sister if she supposed any one ever attained such a state of piety as was there described. She answered

affirmatively, and said she supposed it was the privilege of all. But Mrs. R. possessed such a high order of talent, that in my mind, talent and eminent piety seemed inseparably connected; nevertheless I had a longing desire to enjoy what she did.

The next winter another book fell in my way, which gave an account of the convictions of a young man who was preparing for the ministry for inward purity, and the manner of his seeking and obtaining the blessing of perfect love. He said the blessing was within the reach of every humble believer; and as this included me, I resolved not to rest short of its attainment. I now commenced pleading in earnest for it, and for several days I was absorbed in one almost continuous prayer, though attending to my domestic duties as usual. I mentioned my feelings to no one, yet I felt willing to do anything the Lord required. From day to day I was being led on step by step, and the eyes of my understanding began to open more fully to discern the mysteries of the way. At first I thought it was perfect peace and joy for which I should seek, but I soon learned that it was holiness of heart and life, or *freedom from inbred sin*, that God required. I finally obtained "*Mahan's Christian Perfection*," where I found my duty plainly marked out. My great hindrance was soon found to be an undue anxiety about the future, which Mahan ranked under the sin of unbelief. I now learned that I was to live but a moment at a time, trusting implicitly in Jesus as a present Saviour, both to keep me from sin and to provide for my temporal wants, though I was yet to use the means as before. As soon as I saw I believed, and felt that the blood of Jesus Christ cleansed from all sin. This was in the afternoon; and though not favored with any overwhelming manifestations of the Divine Spirit, yet I clung firmly to what I had received, my feelings remaining much the same until I retired. Immediately after, my soul was filled with the glory of the

Father, Son and Holy Ghost, as I never experienced it before; and it continued for hours until it seemed as if my physical frame could bear it no longer.

I thought I had now got beyond the reach of temptation, but the next day revealed my mistake. The enemy assailed me most violently with the insinuation that because my excessive joy had departed I had lost the blessing. In the evening I told in class-meeting of the victory I had gained, saying nothing of my conflict during the day, which I think greatly strengthened me. As soon as it was thoroughly impressed on my mind that it was *freedom from sin*, and not joyous emotion, that constituted the inner experience for which I panted, the adversary departed, my peace was like a river, and my unspeakable joy like the waves of the sea. Nearly all the time since then my religion has been a source of real, solid enjoyment to me.

Christianity was instituted by God for feeble, erring man, surrounded by temptation, oppressed by labor, harrassed by perplexity and bowed down by the infirmities of the body. The design of this religion is to fit us to our condition, and our condition to us; and I am glad to testify that it has had this effect on me. How much to be pitied are those who are trying to live for themselves and by themselves, who go groping their way along in the dark, stumbling at every step, and wondering why it is so! How blessed it is to commit ourselves, our duties, our anxieties, our all to God, and feel that we are living for him alone, by striving to please Him in every act, in every thought! Then, and only then, we enjoy a present salvation. Before I consecrated myself entirely to the Lord, the thought often passed through my mind, and sometimes escaped my lips, that everything went wrong; but immediately afterwards, there was such a change in this respect as filled me with astonishment. Now "all things

work together for good." God is seen in all, adored in all, praised in all.
Waltham.

[Original.]

VICTORY OVER INSULTS AND INJURIES.

BY REV. W. S. T.

TO BEAR UNDESERVED INSULTS AND INJURIES WITHOUT RETALIATING REQUIRES PERFECT LOVE.

"For this is thankworthy, — if a man for conscience toward God endure grief, suffering wrongfully. For what glory is it if, when ye be buffeted for your faults, ye shall take it patiently? but if, when ye do well and suffer for it, ye take it patiently, this is acceptable with God." 1 Peter ii. 19, 20.

"For it is better, if the will of God be so, that ye suffer for well-doing, than for evil-doing." 1 Peter iii. 17.

*OURS is a world without doubt where moral evils prevail largely. Among these evils, and by no means the least tolerable, are a disregard for the natural rights of one another; a spirit of lording it over others; pride of *caste*; and pride of *purse*; and a perverted will that does not admit of defeat in its equally perverted and unholy aims; — from these arise a thousand trials that are almost intolerable, except to the sanctified heart. It has been said that, "self-preservation is the first law of nature." This is true. The unregenerate mind naturally repels an insult, or an undeserved injury. This is its first impulse. Whatever may be the opinion of men respecting the propriety of exercising this natural law of the human mind, yet Christ has taught his disciples a higher morality; a better rule for the regulation of their internal and external life; — the law of non-retaliation; the law of suffering "wrongfully;" the law of blessing for cursing; of doing good to those who despitefully use us and persecute us; of heaping coals of fire on the heads of our enemies; — in a word, it is the law of *Christian love*. There must be a radical internal change, before the natural heart will submit to the claims of this law; nay, there must be thorough heart sanctification, or cleansing,

before it can meet fully the claims of the higher Christian life. The grace of non-resistance does not flourish in the soil of the natural heart. It is a plant of heavenly production and growth. It would be superfluous to attempt to show that the Christian religion requires such a *passiveness* under insults and injuries from its disciples. To claim less than this, would be to degrade it to the low standard of the corrupted religion of heathenism. Our theme, and the Scriptures standing at the head of this article, suggest the following thoughts.

1. *This power of non-resistance is highly desirable.* But few, if any Christians, living in a justified state, however great, are free from the bondage that the fore-mentioned evils entail upon them. "It must be an unsatisfactory state, in proportion as their inclination is to revenge themselves upon their persecutors, slanderers, and injurers, at every occasion of them. These are some of "the roots of bitterness" that spring up and destroy the Christian's peace; these are some of the little foxes that spoil the tender vine. How often is the sincere child of God made to cry out, "Who shall deliver me from these disturbers of my peace? Is there deliverance from this inveterate tendency of my nature? Can I gain the high moral vantage-ground where I can pray for my persecutors, and bless them that curse and evil entreat me? And all this without my latent desire to avenge myself?" Yes, all this is not only desirable, but to be expected.

2. *It is possible.* God never awakens desires in the hearts of his children, that he does not intend to gratify. Such desires must be created by God: they cannot be from Satan. *The servant may be as his lord* in this respect. Christ was holy in this regard, and we are commanded to be like him. "Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example, that we should follow in his steps. Who, when he was reviled, reviled not again, when

he suffered he threatened not; but committed himself to him that judgeth righteously."

But God has required this of us most positively and explicitly. Hear what He says on this point; "But I say unto you, That ye resist not evil; but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also." (Mat. v. 39.) "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you, that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven." (Mat. v. 44, 45.) "Recompense to no man evil for evil." (Rom. xii. 17. "Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath: for it is written, Vengeance is mine; I will repay saith the Lord. Therefore if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink: for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head. Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good." (Rom. xii. 19, 21.) This same sentiment is inculcated in Christ's teachings to his disciples on the question of forgiveness. "Then came Peter to him and said, Lord, how oft shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him? till seven times? Jesus saith unto him, I say not unto thee, until seven times; but until seventy times seven." To this the apostles said, "Lord, increase our faith." They needed an increase of faith for the exercise of such a temper as that! Does not this prayer imply that it requires a high state in grace to comply? Yes; but it is *possible* God does not require impossibilities of his children. He is not a hard master; he is not an austere man. If he commands it, it is *possible*, it is *attainable*, it is *practicable*.

3. *It has been attained.* Yes, says one, by Christ. Nay, not only by Christ, but by his disciples. Stephen attained it; Paul and Silas; Barnabas and Peter; and a host of the early Christians, and many in modern times are living epistles *read*

and *known* for their ability herein. If they have attained it, we may. God is no respecter of persons. "He is able to save to the uttermost all that come unto him through Christ." "The blood cleanseth from all sin." In this respect, Paul's prayer may be answered; "I pray God, your whole spirit, and soul, and body, be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." And if this is attainable, by what means?

4. *By faith in Christ's complete atonement.* Faith is fundamental in sanctification, as in regeneration. Without it we cannot please God. Self is to be renounced; all goodness of our own; all confidence in our prayers, and penitence, as rendering us worthy in God's sight: we are to come with simple, hearty faith, trusting alone in the mercy of God, through Christ. We are to renounce that fallacious and unscriptural sentiment, that our sins are so aggravated and numerous, that *some time* is requisite in order to our being sanctified; i. e. that it must be a gradual process. This is not seeking it by *faith*, but by *works*. If by faith, then *now* is the time; there is no other time ever spoken of, or held out to us in God's Word. The matter is greatly simplified in Holy Writ. It is thus; *it is desirable, it is possible; it has been attained; it is attained by faith; and it is attainable now.*

Some inferences will conclude what we have to say on this subject.

1. *It is inferable from the above Scriptures, that entire sanctification is necessary, and attainable in this life.* To deny this inference, is to nullify every expressed and implied command on this subject of non-resistance in the Bible. It is to deny that the power to "overcome evil with good," to return blessing for cursing, and prayer for persecution, is *desirable*. If a high state in grace is requisite to the exercise of this lovely and holy temper towards our enemies, then to deny its attainability, is in effect to deny that either holiness, or this grace of non-

resistance, are *desirable*. This unworthy view of the Scripture requirements would represent God in an unenviable light. It fastens upon him the stigma of *injustice*, by requiring of his creatures what is impossible; it brands him with *cruelty* for creating desire, that may not be gratified, and holding out hopes simply to mock us. There seems to us then no alternative, but to admit the *necessity* and *attainability* of entire sanctification in this life, or bring this charge of injustice and cruelty against God. But—

2. *It is implied also that infirmities are not incompatible with this high attainment.* The very existence of moral evil in our world presupposes infirmities, as well as sin. Such are defective *judgment, memory, imagination, &c.* These may co-exist with a "single eye," purity of motive, or intention. There is not, properly speaking, the property of sin attaching to them. Is not this idea hinted at in this remarkable passage? "For it is better, if the will of God be so, that ye suffer for well-doing, than for evil-doing." Are we not sometimes made to suffer for our infirmities, of judgment, memory, and imagination? There can be no doubt of this; but nevertheless it is better to "suffer for well-doing," "than for evil-doing," or misjudgments, &c. Thanks to God, we can flee to the blood of atonement for our infirmities; for the deficiencies of our best performances.

3. *There is no license given, or favor shown to that unchristian sentiment, that Christian ministers and laymen may sometimes resist evil.* Because a minister of Jesus is supplied with a good amount of muscle and strength, he is not therefore justified in pelting an offender, or threatening every man that may insult or injure him, with a threshing. The gospel is not thus to be forced unto men's hearts. It's best results are to be found where its apostles and ministers have "suffered wrongfully;" where they have received buffetings and insults "patiently." What

a figure Christ and his apostles would have made, had they, as some ministers in modern times have done occasionally, used their fists and muscles on their adversaries. Nothing, in our humble judgment, is more detrimental to the true spirit of Christianity than half expressed, or at least a tacit approbation of this thing, by the religious press. Some such are almost canonized as Christian heroes on this account, as worthy of imitation. While we may see much in those mistaken, but good men, worthy of praise and imitation, yet we know well that this retaliating spirit is not one of the things they are to be commended for;—this, certainly, is not the spirit of Christ. It will not do for any to say, that the result in some of these instances has been good. If so, those who exhibited this pugnacious temper do not deserve any credit for whatever of good God has brought out of them. God overruled the sharp contention between Paul and Barnabas, but did by no means approbate it; so he may have overruled some of the unfortunate quarrels of ministers, on account of their general usefulness, without sanctioning them. These are some of the acts of a Christian minister's life that he will not look back upon, in a dying hour, with any pleasure or satisfaction. Let all true Christians, then, discountenance and rebuke this *morbid* sentiment, that ministers and Christ's disciples are to be commended rather than otherwise, for "refusing to be *imposed upon*," as they style it, when they repel an insult or an injury. Remember it is only "acceptable to God," when we suffer "patiently" the wrongs and insults of men. Be it remembered also; there is no rich blessing to that soul who avenges himself. His only reward is the unsatisfactory consciousness that he has given curse for curse, and blow for blow. The result is most unhappy on the finer feelings of the heart. It is only fuel for the unholy passions. How unlike the consciousness of having fed, and given drink

to a hungry and thirsty enemy! how unlike the feeling that blesses the spirit of Him who has blessed, when cursed, and prayed for his persecutors, "Lord, forgive them, they know not what they do!" The "love," that "suffereth long and is kind;" "that is not easily provoked;" that "rejoiceth not in iniquity," but "beareth all things," has been well styled the chief grace of the Christian. We may have other graces, but they are "little worth," without this. Dear readers of the Guide, let us all seek for that "perfect love," that will enable us to bear insults and injuries, without the least internal emotion of retaliation. This is our privilege, no less than our duty.

Downierville, Cal., Feb. 10, 1859.

SIMPLICITY OF NATURE.—"As the words in all languages in all their prodigious variety, are compounded of a few simple characters, so in like manner are the agencies and powers of the universe composed of a few primary properties or original springs of motion."—*Bacon*.

LOVE OF CHRIST AND THE CHURCH.—"If Christ be precious unto us, his gospel will be so, and all its truths and promises; his church will be so and all that belongs to it."—*Henry*.

INVENTION.—"The glory of inventions is that they raise human nature without hurting any one (as civil affairs commonly do,) and do not press or sting a man's conscience, but bestow on all rewards and blessings, without sacrifice or injury or sorrow of one. For the nature of light is pure and harmless. It may be perverted in its use, but not polluted in itself."—*Ld. Bacon*.

KNOWLEDGE.—"The empire of man consists in knowledge, for his power is what he knows. Nature is only to be conquered by obeying."—*Bacon*.

[Original.]

THE SON OF MAN GLORIFIED.

BY A. STUDENT.

"Now is the Son of Man glorified, and God is glorified in him."

How strange an hour in which to speak of being glorified, when being troubled in spirit, one should testify that a professed friend was about to betray him, foreseeing that he is about to be brought before rulers, and the highest religious authorities, upon false accusations, even up to that of blasphemy; and that he is soon to be put to a shameful death. If this same personage had spoken of being about to be glorified just upon his entry into Jerusalem, when the multitudes cried "hosanna," and threw their garments in the way for him to ride over,—if he had said, when on the eve of all this, "Now is the Son of Man glorified," we could more naturally understand it than we now do. To think of being glorified when about to be condemned; not by a few, but by all except a few;—this is unaccountable to us. Certainly he was not about to be glorified in the eyes of man, for even the glory of his resurrection was obscured by the artifice of those who got up a current report that his disciples had stolen him away. It must have been in the eyes of the heavenly hosts that he was about to be seen as triumphing, if his words referred at all to the opinion of witnesses of what was about to take place. We are safe in saying at least, that it was there he would look for his plaudit, and not below the heavens. Or if it had any reference to the glory which he would have in the sight of his redeemed ones on earth, it must have been away in the future that he saw it, which to his eye is as the present, and should be so to ours, so far as we can contemplate it. But the God-Man had an idea of what being glorified means, very different from that which earthly men have. Now he was about accomplish a great work; to secure the

highest results which could be secured to the race in whose nature he had taken a part. This he called being glorified. But it was not then to be *shown* what he had accomplished. Dim outlines only of the great good about being secured had entered the minds of even the most devoted believers. So that it was not the *exhibition* of what he was about to do, that he called being glorified. No, not to the peering angels, who were looking over the battlements of heaven to behold the scene, could this apply, for they do not reckon glory in heaven in this way. The spontaneous acclamations of praise which "the multitude that no man can number," are represented to be giving to God, and his Son, the Lamb slain for them, are not represented as being their glory. It is the great good they are doing in creating upright beings, and redeeming fallen ones—the vast amount of happiness they are giving, in producing intelligent and harmonious existences, which is their glory. To spread a knowledge of this, is to spread a knowledge of the glory of God; and in this sense, we speak of ourselves as trying to glorify God, when we are trying to spread the knowledge of the plans he has laid, by which the highest happiness of his creatures is secured.

I shrink from hearing persons speak of God as desiring praise, for the sake of praise. His glory is in himself, and he depends upon no being for it. Christ's glory was in himself, when he hung upon the cross, a sacrifice for sinners. He was doing then, the utmost that he could do for the race whose interests he had undertaken. Suppose he had then exclaimed, when upon the cross, or in Pilate's hall,—I am now being glorified! how must it have sounded in mortal ears, which convey sounds of glory only when laudations are reverberating through the air. But it may be said that this expression is understood that these sufferings were giving him a passage back to the bosom of his Father, where he should receive the honor

due him for the sacrifice he had made. But the remainder of his expression could not be so construed; "and God is glorified in me"—that is, Christ, speaking of himself in the third person. It must be a tame meaning of the glory of God in the death of Jesus Christ, consisting only in bringing him back to his inherited glory through the sufferings of death, and giving his human nature an exaltation according to the price it had paid. God is glorified in his saints. Is it merely, or mostly, in taking them to the regions of light, called glory, that he is glorified in them? Or is it more by the sufferings which he enables them to endure, having for their object, the highest ultimate good of themselves and others? True, many of these sufferings have their origin in, or their necessary connection with, either the wilful or unavoidable misunderstanding of others. And so did the Saviour's sufferings. We should not think our sufferings to have come from a lower origin than his came from, unless by imprudence, or sinfulness, we bring them upon ourselves; and therefore while we are trying to do that which we believe to be for the highest good of the greatest number, if we suffer misrepresentation, reproach, and neglect, "the Spirit of glory and of God resteth upon us," according to the Scriptures. We suffer poverty and deprivation. Are we glorified in such sufferings, and is God glorified in us, by them? We are, and He is, if this poverty and this deprivation on account of it are unavoidable by us, and it prepares us for greater reception of grace, and to do more good to our fellow sufferers, and to others. And we suffer bereavement; the loss of the companionship we loved better than all that is left. Christ suffered the loss of the companionship which he loved best, for a space of time. Did he not love the society of the angels, and the "just made perfect," better than he could love the society of narrow-minded earth-born people? His human

soul, which was united to his earthly body, was a native of the skies, and must have been ever panting for the communion most congenial to it. Our bereavements are but for a space only, no more than were his; our friends are called away from us for awhile, and He—the Son of God, came away from his friends for awhile. Our souls, though natives of the skies, have almost lost their line of descent by intermixtures, so that we do not aspire so much to go thither, as to bring those to whom we are allied, down to us. May we view our sufferings in the light in which Jesus viewed his, so far as they are like his.

March, 1859.

CONGREGATIONAL SINGING.—"I exceedingly regret that our church (the Episcopal,) pays so little attention to congregational singing. In that particular part of public worship, in which more than in all the rest, the common people might, and ought to join—which by its association with music is meant to give a fitting vent and expression to the emotions—in that part we all sing as Jews; or at least as mere men, in the abstract without a Saviour.

"Upon this deficiency in our service, Wesley and Whitefield siezed; and you know it is the hearty, congregational singing of Christian hymns, which keeps the humbler Methodists together. Luther did as much for the reformation by his hymns, as by his translation of the Bible."—*Coleridge*.

BOOK OF JOB.—"The book of Job is an Arab poem antecedent to the Mosaic dispensation. It represents the mind of a good man, not enlightened by an actual revelation, but seeking about for one. In no other book is the desire and necessity of a Mediator so intensely expressed. The personality of God, the I AM of the Hebrews is most vividly impressed on the book in opposition to pantheism."—*Coleridge*.

[Original.]
FAITH AND WORKS.

FROM OUR NEW YORK CORRESPONDENT.

By permission, we send you the following very interesting letter from England:

The unction attending Mrs. Palmer's works. — The effects of Holiness upon the Ministry. — A revival commenced in a peculiar way. — The descent of the Holy Spirit in power during a sermon. — The gift taken from the altar by refusing duty. — Ardent desire to welcome Dr. and Mrs. Palmer. — The need of the revival of holiness in England. — The double cure. — Dr. Bunting's last text.

OATLAND VILLA, Brixton Hill, }
November 4, 1858. }

MY DEAR SISTER

IN OUR PRECIOUS SAVIOUR: —

I OWE you a just debt of gratitude; more than I can ever pay, for the gracious encouragement my faith has received, by the perusal of your very valuable works. I had long been desiring of my Heavenly Father, a friend whose Christian experience would strengthen and increase my own through the power of the Holy Ghost — the answer to my soul's prayer, I found in your precious writings. I have esteemed it both a duty and privilege to recommend them in every possible way; *by giving them for lending* — by inducing others to purchase them, and by letters to ministers, leaders, and private friends. I believe I shall praise God throughout eternity, for the help thus given, at a time when my faith needed such an encourager.

My heart has been ready to leap for joy, when I have heard them recommended from the pulpit.

I wrote to a candidate for the Christian ministry to read them. He came up to London for examination. All the senior ministers were deeply moved under the good man's testimony for Jesus. The candidates requested him to address them, — a goodly company; he did so, and I rejoiced to hear he recommended them all to read Mrs. Palmer's works. I received a letter from him while he was laboring

with my brother-in-law, Mr. T——, who is now in one of the Manchester circuits.

Our good brother M——, is at the Wesleyan Theological Institution. He writes, about seven of the Students at Didsbury Institution have professed the blessing of perfect love. "You named Mrs. Palmer's works; they are reading them, and the day of judgment alone will reveal how much good they have done, and are doing; they go to their appointments full of the love of God; and the Lord is spreading the flame of love far and wide. One of the students called this morning. He had been to a country appointment, where the Lord was working in power; thirteen were seeking mercy. Where Mr. T—— preached, ten came forward, and as many more were awakened in the body of the Chapel."

I sent a copy of "The way of Holiness," to a local preacher, whom I called upon on our way to the English Lakes. I had a letter thanking me for the book, adding, "I began to read it; when I got so far," naming the page, "I fell upon my knees and prayed until I got a fresh baptism of the Holy Ghost.

"We have a glorious revival; many young men are saved. It commenced through an old man; he has been a Wesleyan forty years. He thought he heard some one call him by name, to go to his work; he rose, and after dressing, looked at his watch; — it was only a little past two o'clock, A. M.; he knelt to pray; while thus engaged, he received the blessing of perfect love — his soul was filled unutterably full of the love of God; he shouted the praises of his redeeming Lord, so loud as to arouse and alarm his family. Up to this time he was a very quiet, timid, retiring Christian. While thus surrounded by his family he began to tell them what a glorious salvation the Lord had brought him into. Some thought his reason was giving way, but they soon began to feel it was the power of the Holy Ghost resting upon him. Some in

his own family were soon awakened for their own soul's salvation, and obtained mercy of the Lord. His neighbors are nearly all saved, and the revival is spreading."

The brother who thus wrote, further adds: "While I was preaching last Sabbath afternoon, there were times when my voice could not be heard for the cries of penitents seeking mercy." He gave up preaching to pray with them,—four found pardon; many left weeping, and others crying aloud for mercy on their way to their homes. The chapel has been filled every night.

Three or four members in my classes have received the blessing of perfect love; one has taken her offering from the altar, by shrinking from the office of class-leader.

When will Dr. Palmer, and you, dear Mrs. P——, visit England? Many hearts and homes will be ready waiting to receive you, none will more gladly welcome the Saviour's servants to the churches, than the unworthy writer of this letter: "If ye have judged me to be faithful to the Lord, come into my house and abide there," and may the Lord give you many seals for your hire.

My nearest influential Wesleyan neighbor lately said to me; "I hear Mrs. Palmer is coming to England, and I have thought I would be sure to see her at your house." I replied; when she comes, I think it is very likely you may see her with us. We are surrounded by friends whom God hath greatly prospered,—all are either spiritual or secular office bearers in the church. Yesterday a dear minister said to me, one who has recommended your books from the pulpit: "When I look around and see the state of the church, I am ready to run away." He has once before expressed the same thing to me.

Come over, friends honored by Jesus, and help us, and let our spirits be refreshed by your ministry in this great salvation, in which you stand by the power of God.

The work of holiness is low among us. Our love-feasts testimonies are few. I feel quite sure the churches or circuits throughout England will hail you welcome. You may safely leave your way to your Saviour; he will prepare, open, and lead you in the path in which you should go. His presence will go before you, and be with you; and he will give you rest.

The mother of a distinguished physician, an old Wesleyan, wrote to me, to say she desired to visit me. My Saviour enabled me to help her, and another old member, over the bar of unbelief, into the pure ocean of redeeming love,—the former, only a few days ago—the other holds up the hands she once caused to hang down; and the heart she was wont to sadden, she now gladdens.

Last Sabbath evening, after family devotion, a female domestic found rest to her soul in Jesus. On Monday last, as I was leaving home to meet my eleven o'clock class, a young lady called, enquiring after Christ. The next morning she came and obtained "a double cure"—we founded our petitions and faith on the glorious promise, "If we confess our sins, God is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and cleanse us from all unrighteousness." It was a time long to be remembered from the presence of the Lord. I am just reminded, this was the last text the deeply lamented and highly venerated friend, Dr. Bunting, preached from; and it was in our Chapel, while he and Mrs. Bunting, and Mr. and Mrs. Jobson were on a visit to us. How many hearts and eyes overflowed that morning—it was a season befitting the closing labors of one of God's laborious and faithful servants.

The Rev. R. Young, with many of my relatives, will hail you welcome in Newcastle, and throughout that district. My husband writes most cordially in presenting affectionate respects to Dr. Palmer and yourself.

Yours very affectionately.

J. M. K.

[Selected.]

"HOLY MATRIMONY."

No. 1.

BY REV. ROBERT YOUNG.

MARRIAGE is not a mere human arrangement, but a divine institution, and is one of the most important events in the life of man. It creates new relations in society, imposes numerous and weighty obligations, and exerts a powerful influence upon the temporal, spiritual, and eternal interests of the parties concerned.

When God formed man, out of the dust of the earth, and placed him amid scenes of innocence and beauty, he saw that, even then, it was not good for man to be alone; he required a companion to complete his earthly joys, and when the Lord provided one for him, she was recognized as bone of his bone, and flesh of his flesh. Marriage is manifestly designed to conduce to the comfort of Adam's race, and we have no sympathy with those who advocate a life of celibacy, and invest the altar with a gloominess more appalling than that of the sepulchre. God says, "It is not good that man should be alone," and who art thou that repliest against thy Maker? It is obviously the will of the Creator that, as a general rule, every man and woman should be united in marriage. The numerical proportion of the sexes indicates this. Not only were one man and one woman created at first, but the same numerical proportion has been maintained, substantially, ever since. No science has ever traced the laws by which this result is attained. We can only perceive that untold myriads of particular incidents must have been placed and sustained in requisite adjustment, in order to produce it. The appointment of nature thus coincides with the laws of social happiness and morality, and pleads powerfully against celibacy, as well as against polygamy.

"Marriage," says the Apostle, "is honorable in all," and with the exception of the

Romish clergy and a few others, it has been invariably so esteemed among all people. But, if Christians would make it that honorable estate which God designs it to be, it should "not be taken in hand unadvisedly, lightly, or wantonly; but reverently, discreetly, advisedly, soberly, and in the fear of the Lord." If they would have their marriage blessed and cheered by the presence and sanction of Jesus, and thus realize "HOLY MATRIMONY," they must not only love one another, but act upon the Apostle's advice, and "be not unequally yoked together with unbelievers," but marry "only in the Lord."

There are **PROFESSED UNBELIEVERS**. It cannot but be deeply deplored that, in this age of light, and in this land of Gospel privilege, there should be found persons questioning the truth of Revelation, denying the Lord that bought them, counting the blood of the covenant as an unholy thing, and profanely trampling upon its numerous benefits—nor do they attempt to conceal their scepticism, but even glory in their shame, and with an ardor becoming a better cause, exert themselves in various ways to upheave the foundations of the righteous, and to take away the anchor of the soul. Although some sceptics may not entirely deny revelation, but those parts of it only, which sustain the soul of the believer; or so explain them away as to leave the soul without a vicarious Sacrifice on which to rest for salvation; they are of the same class, with but few shades of difference. Now, union with such unbelievers as these, is most positively forbidden, and no Christian can enter upon it, but in opposition to the sternest dictates of his own conscience.

There are **PRACTICAL UNBELIEVERS**. They believe the Bible and speak with so much doctrinal propriety, as to raise their orthodoxy above all suspicion, and yet they act as if they believed not. Their faith is in theory, not in practice. It is the assent of the mind, not the yielding of the

spirit—the work of the intellect, not the trust of the heart; and is therefore inoperative, leaving the soul unconverted, and the life under the control of sin. It is without vitality, “for as the body without the soul is dead, so faith without works is dead also.” It is doubtless important to have correct views of religious truth, but that alone does not constitute a Christian believer. The devil thus believes and trembles, but still remains the inveterate enemy of God and man; and many thus believe, but in works deny God, and live as if they believed not. Such are practical unbelievers with whom no Christian can form a matrimonial alliance, but at the fearful risk of losing his soul.

There are PHARISAIC UNBELIEVERS. They not only believe the word of truth, but abstain from the outward violation of its precepts, and conduct themselves with circumspection in their different spheres of life, but are as utterly devoid of saving faith as were their prototypes who made clean the outside of the cup and the platter, whilst all manner of corruption remained within; and although they may disclaim the principle of the Pharisees, and profess their faith and hope in Jesus, they have no scriptural reliance on the atonement, no peace with God, no joy in the Holy Ghost. They do not solemnly give up the soul to Christ, nor have they any fixed purpose to serve him fully. If they do not found their hopes of heaven upon the mere externals of religion, they probably find that their success in temporal things depends much upon their correct deportment; or that the favor of those whom they wish to conciliate can be obtained and preserved, only by a strict moral conduct, and they walk accordingly. With such persons believers are most in danger of uniting in marriage, as their fair speeches and apparently meek demeanor, are calculated to deceive the very elect. Christians must therefore be on their guard, lest they be entangled in the evil net which this class of unbelievers,

with much semblance of piety, will spread before them.

When the Apostle says, “Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers,” he means that believers are to be yoked with believers only. They are at liberty to marry to whom they will, on condition that it be “only in the Lord.”

There are, however, different degrees of faith, and if some persons have not the faith that justifies, but as sincere penitents are earnestly seeking for it, and are fully determined never to rest until they obtain it, they should not be classed with unbelievers. If they have not the faith of sons, they must assuredly have that of servants, seeing they fear God, and are quite distinct from each class of unbelievers already noticed. With such persons believers in the fullest sense, may marry. Characters of this description were found in the primitive church, and there was no law forbidding their union with more mature Christians. In this respect the Wesleyan Church follows the primitive pattern. It receives into its communion penitents, as well as those fully saved by grace; and it has no rule prohibiting the marriage union between any of its own members. Great care, however, should be taken that these professed penitents be genuine; and that they have not assumed the penitent's garb with no other view than that of accomplishing the object of marriage, as such hypocrisy has been occasionally, and successfully acted, by persons of both sexes—we give one very painful and admonitory example. A Minister was called one afternoon to visit a sick man, whom he found greatly afflicted, and in a state of intense mental anguish. After a few inquiries, the Minister gave him such advice as he thought suitable, when the unhappy individual said, “Stop, sir! you know not my history, or you would not so speak to me. In early life I became ardently attached to a young woman, but as she was very religious and had resolved never to marry what she called a carnal

man, I found it in vain to attempt to obtain her hand as I then was; I therefore broke off my outward sins, attended regularly her place of worship, professed to be a genuine penitent, and was in due time admitted a member of the church. I now sought her company, gained her affections, and subsequently she became my wife. For some time I wore the assumed garb, but at length cast it off and appeared in my real character. The effect upon my wife was dreadful, and, as a just reward for my deeds, I am about to be plunged into the depths of hell. Speak no words of comfort to me, and pray not for a wicked wretch already doomed to eternal death." He now uttered a shriek, and fell back through exhaustion, to the dismay of all present. The Minister committed his case to God and left him. From this melancholy fact, and others that might be mentioned, we conceive it would be more prudent, and certainly more safe, if believers would marry with those only who furnish clear and legitimate evidence of their conversion to God.

As the Christian Church had not divided into different sects when the Apostle gave his advice on the subject of marriage, he could not of course, forbid the union of believers of one Christian community with those of another. He does not, therefore, prohibit such union; but we think that in most cases prudence does. The union of a Calvinist with an Arminian; a Baptist with a Pedo-Baptist; a Churchman with a Dissenter, must be a barrier to that success of effort in the cause of God, and to that unreserved conversation on spiritual subjects which a Christian marriage is intended to promote. Such an unequal yoking is likely to engender polemic strife, produce estrangement of affection, and exert upon the children a most baneful influence. It is more than unseemly to observe husband and wife, who, in the language of Scripture, are no more twain but one flesh, instead of going together to the house of the Lord, to present their

united sacrifice, separate on a Sabbath morning for different places of worship, each taking a part of the family, and perhaps not without contentions and feelings which entirely disqualify them for waiting upon God with acceptance. A few samples of such marriages may here be given. We give the following from the manuscript notes of a Minister. A Wesleyan, some years ago, married a Baptist, and for a few months the marriage seemed to be a happy one. God blessed them with a lovely boy, and in due time the father desired to have the child taken to the Chapel to be dedicated to God in baptism, but the mother objected, saying that the child was not a proper subject for baptism, and she could not, therefore, with a good conscience, accede to her husband's request. He expostulated and entreated, but without effect. The waters of baptism thus became the "waters of strife," and ultimately occasioned, not only the wreck of domestic comfort, but issued, it is believed, in the decided apostacy of the unhappy party concerned. A gentleman of Arminian principles gave his hand in marriage to a lady of the Calvinistic creed. As they had solemnly engaged not to interfere with each other's opinions on religion, they for some time lived very cordially together, but without "speaking to each other for edification and comfort." At length an event occurred which the husband greatly deplored, and his wife endeavored to console him by intimating that the event could not have been prevented, it having doubtless been decreed. He rebuked her for thus violating the compact into which they had entered, by obtruding her Calvinistic sentiments upon him. She warmly replied, which elicited harsh censure. Much unholy emotion was felt, and many uncourteous words were uttered. From that period their home became an arena of controversy, and their domestic enjoyment impaled upon the "FIVE POINTS" withered and expired. Their children did not rise up to call them

blesed ; but disgusted with those unseemly contentions, they lost all respect for religion, and by a course of dissipation, pierced the hearts of their parents through with many sorrows, and ultimately brought down their grey hairs with sorrow to the grave.

A Dissenter, in opposition to the advice of his friend, married a lady of the established church. According to a previous arrangement, they attended worship in the church in the morning, and at the chapel in the evening. The clergyman was "High Church," of the Tractarian school, and concealed not his views in reference to Apostolic succession, the efficacy of the sacraments, and other dogmas of that party. These things became intolerable to the Dissenter, and one Sabbath, on returning from church, he animadverted upon them with much disapprobation. His wife, sympathizing with her pastor's views, warmly defended them, and concluded by saying that she could no longer countenance dissent by attending a conventicle. The gauntlet was now thrown down, and a painful scene was witnessed. The gentleman waited upon the clergyman, and informed him of his wife's refusal to attend a dissenting place of worship, in opposition to a promise most solemnly made. The clergyman replied that he highly approved of the lady's conduct; that her promise to attend a dissenting chapel was a grievous sin, committed in a moment of weakness; and that she could not more fully show her penitence for what she had done than by breaking that wicked promise. Since that period the parties have attended their respective places of worship, and formed entirely different friendships. They are seldom seen together in public, and if the voice of contention be not heard in their dwelling, neither are the accents of love, but ceasing to feel interest in each other, they seldom enter upon anything like free conversation; and it is generally believed that if either of them were to be removed by death, the laws of etiquette would not

be sufficiently stringent to prevent the ebullition of joyous feeling on the part of the survivor. These examples are not given with any uncharitable feeling; or with the view of exalting one religious community at the expense of another, but simply to furnish instructive illustrations of the desirableness of parties, entering into the marriage state, being of the same religious sentiments, that they may in their new and important relation, exhibit "**THE BEAUTY OF HOLINESS.**"

Beauty.

[Original.]

WHITE AS SNOW.

BY REV. F. BROWN.

Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow. — Isa l. 18.

WHAT a beautiful promise! With what admiration have we looked out on a clear, winter morning upon the mantle of dazzling whiteness, that, during the hours of slumber, had been laid about the fair form of nature. It was woven by the hand of Infinite Holiness, and placed in graceful folds over hill and dale. Was it not a visible type of the spotless purity of "Him that sits upon the throne?" In the absence of the many-voiced choir of summer songsters, it seemed to speak to the soul, — "The earth is the Lord's." Was it not the stamp of proprietorship made by the holy God? and did it not remind us of those blood-washed garments that envelope the forms of the redeemed, that move

*In solemn troops and sweet societies,
Across the unpolluted plains of paradise?*

Is it within the limits of possibility that a human can soul become spotless as the unstained snow? It is gloriously possible. "The things which are impossible with men, are possible with God." He has said, — "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow." The fastest stain of guilt will yield to the all-cleansing blood. It is an unfailing deter-

gent. Its efficacy is secured by the infallible word of Him who is "faithful and true."

How great is the reflective power of the newly fallen snow! In the light of the sun it dazzles the beholder. Myriad crystals glisten upon its surface, making dim the brightest pearls that ever adorned the diadem of an earthly monarch. Yet it is but a ray of that light that fills heaven with a perfect blaze of glory. Brother, sister, if the least stain of sin pollute your soul, can you look upon that dazzling scene without fear and shame? When the beams of Infinite Holiness are turned upon you, can that sin, which you think a little one, escape detection? Were there no provision for its removal, you would be comparatively innocent; but, with the existence of the above promise, it becomes a crime of hideous magnitude.

Besides, what a moral power it would give you, in the position you assume as a believer in a holy religion. Your religion, like the undimmed signal of the lighthouse, should throw its bright rays across the dark waters of time; on which thousands are running fearful risk of destruction.

When their death-wail shall be heard in the judgment, will no blame attach to you if your light had gone out, or was flickering in the socket? "Ye are the light of the world." Not *ignis fatui*, luring souls into the swamps and quagmires of infidelity; but lamps hung up in the valley of mortality, to guide the feeble feet of the pilgrim to the temple of God in the heavens. Like the virgin snow, catch the bright rays of purity that fall from the great central Sun, and irradiated by them, go forth in the power of a perfect example, to scatter the surrounding darkness.

But how easily is the whiteness of the snow destroyed! When our sins are washed "as white as snow," we need the abiding virtue of the atonement to keep us. It would be a hard task to preserve the snow from the darkening and polluting

influences that exist in nature. Nor is it so easy to retain the abiding witness of our sanctification, as to allow of a moment of unwatchfulness. Hallowed meditation, constant prayer, unshaken faith, and an undeviating integrity of conduct, are essential to the retention of that blessing. Had it entered into the arrangements of the all-wise Creator, that, under certain conditions, the snow should be invulnerable to polluting influences, nothing could have sullied its purity while those conditions existed. It does enter into his gracious plan of salvation, not only that we should be made "as white as snow," but that we should be preserved from every contamination, and be presented spotless, at our introduction to the society of heaven.

Haddam, Conn.

Original.

TO LIVE IS CHRIST—TO DIE, GAIN.

BY M. A. B.

"For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."

Earth, with its harvest fields all white,
Invites the soul to stay,
And labor still, with all its might,
'While it is call'd to-day.'

While Heaven, and all the holy throng,
Would lure it now above,
To join them in their endless song;
Chanting redeeming love.

O! while 'tis Christ to linger here,
And toil, and suffer, too;
And tread our sorrowing Saviour's steps,
E'en all our journey through;

The heart will swell with rapture high,
When the glad summons come,
To cease from all our toils and griefs,
And dwell and rest at home.

Where sickness, sorrow, pain and death,
Can never enter in,
Where Jesus owns the white-robed throng
Who here were saved from sin.

Cleveland.

Our prayers and God's mercy are like two buckets in a well, while one ascends, the other descends. — *Bishop Hopkins.*

[Original.]

WITHOUT HOLINESS.

BY REV. JOHN H. LEARD.

WITHOUT holiness, I cannot attain that rational happiness which God designs for me, and which my nature requires.

Without holiness, I cannot have complete control over my passions and propensities, which, "like bitter roots, spring up to trouble me."

Without holiness, I am not "rooted and grounded in love."

Without holiness to fill my heart, I am not "filled with faith and the Holy Ghost."

Without holiness, I cannot fully grasp the promises of God at all times, so as to make them channels of his grace. My reliance will be wavering. Distrust will steal away my enjoyments.

Without holiness, I find a disposition to worship myself instead of God; to seek the good opinion of others, and take the glory to myself, when it properly belongs to God.

Without holiness, I cannot attain my highest usefulness. God graduates the influence of Christians by their purity. Holiness is power, and he who has it is invincible. God loves us, in proportion as we are holy: so do good men.

Without holiness, my communion with God is broken and intermittent. The pure in heart have constant fellowship with the Father and his Son Jesus Christ.

Without holiness, I am not at ease with myself; I still have some of the "fear that bath torment." Holiness makes human nature *steady*; the word of Jesus says, "Be still."

Without holiness, my knowledge of salvation is superficial; because I do not *know really* that "He saves his people from all their sins." The holy only are conscious of this.

Without holiness, I cannot do all that God commands me; especially his great command, to love him with all my heart.

Holiness would give me more power in the hour of temptation; when Satan, my foe, would come in like a flood, he would find already a standard raised up against him.

Without holiness, I am not bold enough to talk and act for God.

Without holiness, no man shall see the Lord.

[Original.]

"YE CANNOT SERVE GOD AND MAMMON."

BY M. A. B.

AND yet how many who have vowed allegiance to the "King of kings," seek to serve him with divided affections, rendering a share, perchance a larger share of service and homage, to the God of this world, notwithstanding the positive declaration of the "Holy One," "No man can serve two masters."

From such, is often heard the dolorous lamentation, "My leanness, my leanness."

From such, we never expect to hear the highest notes of "redeeming love;" or the gushing effusions of a "heart from sin set free."

All their journey through, they grope their way beneath a cloud, afraid to say, "I have passed from death unto life;" "I know my sins forgiven." Little do such professors realize the extent of their present or eternal loss. They "labor for the meat which perisheth," and pass unrefreshed by the soul's satisfying portion, nor slake their thirst at the "Fountain of living waters."

Again, would we behold a dying bed, where the surgings of Jordan are divested of their terrors, and prove music to the ravished soul, where "death is swallowed up in victory," we would hardly expect to find the joyful victor among the number who have all their life long sought to "serve God and Mammon."

Cleveland.

[Original.]

THE PURE IN HEART.

BY REV. J. MACLAY.

THE etymological meaning of the word *pure*, according to Webster, is entire separation from heterogeneous or extraneous matter, clear, free from mixture; as, pure water, pure air, pure wine, pure silver or gold. Its theological meaning, according to the same author, is freedom from moral defilement, without spot, unmixed, separate from every other subject, free from everything that is foreign or impure. From this definition of the term *pure*, we may legitimately infer that in its use, by our Lord, to represent the moral state of the heart, it means nothing less, nor is its use here any more ambiguous, or in any way more likely to mislead. We may, therefore, safely conclude, I think, that a pure heart implies an unmixed state. Not that there are two opposit states, or radically different natures existing in the soul at the same time; although the renewed one is the stronger, and holds the other in subjection; this we understand to be the privilege and state of a justified or regenerated soul. But that there is light without darkness, every chamber of the soul is lighted up and luminous with the glory of God, "that we walk in the light as he is in the light," that the kingdom of Christ is fully established in the heart, and that the undisturbed and peaceful reign of the Messiah has commenced. Previously this reign was broken and disturbed, the passions revolting from his authority, and the will but reluctantly and murmuringly submitting to the conditions of this spiritual reign; now, in a justified state Christ reigns. His enemies submit themselves unto him; but they are still there, instigating to rebellion, and ready at any moment to dethrone him. In a sanctified state they are cast out. The temple is cleansed. The ark of the new covenant is then the altar, the mercy seat, the holy of holies,

the shekinah, the high priest, the holy fire, the burning incense. A pure heart implies faith without unbelief, love without enmity, humility without pride, benevolence without selfishness, patience without murmuring or fretfulness, hope without despondency, zeal without fairness, courage and fortitude without fear, "for perfect love casteth out fear;" strength without weakness. The fountain and springs of his moral being, being pure, the streams that issue therefrom present no mixture of clear and turbid waters; there is a fullness and completeness of Christian character, a well balanced and nicely regulated constitution. There is a beautiful symmetry in this character; neither the mental nor physical constitutions of men present such a uniformity of properly adjusted parts. There is often in the mind, a splendid imagination, but a weak judgment; a strong memory, but a feeble understanding. In the physical system there may be great power of endurance, while at the same time there may be little energy or activity; but in the spiritual or moral constitution, every part is strong and properly matured. The robe is spotless and complete—complete not in degree, but in kind, for the soul in a sanctified state just starts upon a course of prosperity and progress which it before was a stranger to.

Honolulu, S. I., Feb. 1, 1859.

PARTICULAR CONFESSION. — "Luther would have us feel and groan under our sinfulness and utter incapability of redeeming ourselves from the bondage, rather than hazard the pollution of our imaginations by a recapitulation, and reviewing of the images of sins in detail. Do not stand picking the flaws out one by one, but plunge into the river and drown them." — Coleridge.

"The true measure of loving God, is to love him without measure." — Countess of Warwick.

[Selected.]

ONE OF THE SONS OF THE PROPHETS AT ONE OF THE SCHOOLS OF THE PROPHETS.

FROM THE HIGHER CHRISTIAN LIFE.

J. WAS doubly one of the sons of the prophets. His father was a distinguished minister, and a professor in one of our so-called universities, while he himself was a student in one of our Theological Seminaries in this favored land. He was about to leave the halls of sacred science and go out to try his armor and his arms on the great western missionary battle-field. His conversion was clear and decided, years before, while in college. His consecration to the ministry of Jesus was unwavering. His course as a young Christian and student had commended him to universal respect. The distinguished men who were training the sons of the prophets for their great work, esteemed J., even above most of the noble young men around them. To all others his prospects were bright and fair, but J. had his own misgivings. When he thought of the great work of the ambassador for Christ, his heart chilled with fear lest he should come short. Then he turned himself to see what could be done. Resolutions—the first grand resort always—were formed, and alas, broken too, almost before they were cold. A covenant was written out, and signed and sealed, and blotted with tears. But alas, again it proved worth not so much as the foolscap on which it was drawn up. Then it was nailed up in plain view of himself and his visitors in his own study, right over the desk where he dug out his Hebrew, and wrote out his sermons. But the case was no better at last. Finally he vowed—a rash vow—to give his most splendid books, the treasure of his study, to the flames, if he should fail to keep covenant again with the Lord and his own soul. But he failed again. Now what? Now he did not know what. He was at his wit's end. He was a strong

man of iron will. Unbending as the oak in his uprightness, and rooted deeply in all Biblical science—but his heart! Ah, his wayward heart was too much for him! He was associated with a fellow student in a Mission Sabbath School, and various other works of love for the cause of the Master. His fellow student, like Rieu with D'Aubigne, though far behind J. in many things, was far ahead of him in the knowledge of Jesus. In one of their conversations, his associate mentioned the fact of a second conversion, in the case of one mutually esteemed by them, and seeing a look of surprise in the face of J., said, "You know there is such an experience, do you not?" "No," answered J., "I do not. I never heard of such a thing." "Well then, be assured there is." Explanation followed, and they separated. Next time they met, the matter was called up again, and as they parted again, J. said, in tones of deepest emotion, "Come to my room as soon as you can. I shall die if I do not find relief from my agony of soul."

Next day, seated in J.'s room, a scene occurred between the two, never to be forgotten by either. J.'s anxiety seemed to have reached the highest point of endurance. The heart-strings were evidently ready to break. He wanted, he *must have* the fulness of the blessings of the gospel. He could live no longer without, so he said, and so he felt.

His friend pointed him to Jesus, saying "Look to Jesus! accept of Jesus! He offers himself to you to be yours. Take him at his word. Trust in him, and he will be all in all to you."

"Ah, yes, but that does not help me at all. I am not changed at all by that. I want to be changed, made all new. I am so vile! so fickle! so foolish! O, for transforming power!"

"No, but if you take Jesus to yourself as yours, and give yourself to him to be his, that is all you need. He will take you as you are, and keep you by his own

mighty power through faith unto salvation."

"Ah! But, my heart! my heart! O, that is the same as ever! Tell me how my heart can be made anew!"

"Trust in Jesus. His covenant is, 'I will write my law in your heart. I will put my truth in your mind, and ye shall be my people, and I will be your God.' Trust in Jesus."

"Ah, yes, but that does not change me!"

"But is not Jesus able to do for you all he promises — all you ask or think? Think of his works of mercy, and wonders of love in the days of his flesh. He is with you now, as he was with his disciples then, only now in spirit, then in body; but yet, to do all you need, or can desire in the way of salvation. *If you have him*, you have all he can do for you, and will ever have. He will be with you, and be yours — your own — your Almighty Saviour, — always everywhere. O, think what a treasure you have in Jesus!"

The Lord opened his eyes to see that Jesus was his, and that Jesus was all in all to him, more than he had ever dared to hope for. And hiding his face in his handkerchief, to prevent the convulsions of his features being seen, he sobbed out, "Oh! is that it? Is that it? Glorious! Glorious!"

Then after a moment, dropping on his knees, "Let us pray," he said. And slowly, yet as fast as he could control his utterance, he thanked God over, and over, and over, and over again for the unspeakable gift of such a Saviour to be the sinner's own, and all his own, and always his own, and all he ever could want in life and in death, to atone for his sins, and take away his sins, to justify him, and sanctify him, and glorify him. He could do nothing but praise, only just to exclaim, "O, that all might see him, and know him, and glorify him too!" This to him was a new and glorious era. He went forth to

battle, but not alone; and he lives to fight, but not alone. The invisible but Almighty Saviour is ever with him, and he knows it. Jesus is now all-sufficient, he wants no more, for in him, and with him "all things are his, whether life or death, or things present, or things to come," all are his, and he is Christ's, and Christ is God's.

CHILDREN TO BE TOLD OF CHRIST.—

"Little children can be interested in the story of His redeeming love. The amazing love of Christ can be painted out to them, as it was exhibited in the disciple that leaned on Jesus' bosom; as it shone in the countenance of the rapt and dying Stephen; as it poured itself out in the conversion of Paul and in his unparalleled labors, or as it has manifested itself in the living example of persons whom they well know, or in the full and sweet consolations the departing Saint."—*Prof. Edwards*.

ELOQUENCE. — "The highest platform of eloquence is the moral sentiment. It is what is called affirmative truth, and has the property of invigorating the hearer; and it conveys a hint of our eternity, when he feels himself addressed on grounds that will remain when everything else is taken, and which have no trace of time, or place, or party. Everything hostile is stricken down in the presence of the sentiments; their majesty is felt by the most obdurate."—*Lowell*.

PERFECTION. — "In John Wesley's views of Christian perfection are combined, in substance, all the sublime morality of the Greek fathers, the spirituality of the Mystics, and the divine philosophy of our favorite Platonists. Macarius, Fenelon, Lucas, and all of their respective classes have been consulted and digested by him, and his ideas are essentially theirs."—*Knox*.

The Guide to Holiness.

APRIL, 1859.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

EDMUND AND HIS MOTHER.

"I REMEMBER, mother, what you told me about the Pharisees and Sadducees; but father and Mr. Ayres were talking together about the Jews, and they named another sect I never heard of before."

"Can you remember the name?"

"Not quite, I think it was Es—es, something."

"Oh, I know; the Essenes."

"Yes, mother, that is the very name—will you please tell me what they believed and how they lived?—for by what father said, he didn't think them a very good people; he said they were like Cain; they refused to offer a bloody sacrifice, and without that, all other sacrifices were not acceptable."

"Yes, it is so; they were a kind of Jewish monks, who lived by themselves, without family relations, yet some of them married; they spoke very rarely, so that it is said the silence which reigned about them was really awful. No one was received to become a member of their community without a time of trial; then when found worthy, they bound themselves by terrible oaths, to be faithful to all the rules of their sect, and if any one, through bad behavior, left them or was cast off, he dragged out a miserable life, for his habits and vows forbade him to eat food cooked in the ordinary way. They would take in such a one when near death. They lived much in the contemplation of God and his law. They revered the name of Moses so, that if any spoke it lightly, they were reprimanded as if they had profaned the name of God. There were secrets in their faith which they were bound by oath to reveal to no one, but such as would become one of themselves. They were industrious; cultivated the soil, attended to their own wants and such deeds of benevolence as they found in their way; they took care of destitute children and trained them in their own habits. They did not follow the common traditions of the Jews."

"They could not find much to do, I should think, living as they did by themselves in such a way."

"Well, I suppose they entertained travellers, and defended those who were wronged. They had all things in common—none were rich and none poor—and were at liberty, wherever they met, to use each others things as if they were their own; yet could not bestow anything upon any of their kindred who was not of the same

sect. They never changed their clothes till worn out."

"But, mother, they surely went to the three yearly feasts at Jerusalem, where all the Jewish males were commanded by the law to go."

"No, that is just what your father noticed about them, as different from the ordinary Jew; they offered or sent to the Temple, the fruits of the earth for an offering to the Lord; that is called an unbloody sacrifice."

"Oh, then, they did not mind the Passover which all the children of Israel were to keep till the coming of Christ."

"In this they showed their disobedience, and although they tried to live harmless lives, yet they were in constant rebellion against the law of God, and could not look for the Messiah, for they had no sacrifice to point to Him."

"Well, then, all their good deeds went for nothing, because they neither looked for the Saviour to come nor felt their need of Him."

"Just so, as I told you last Sabbath evening; that in all the sacrifices in the Temple, especially the Passover, the devout Jews looked forward in their faith to the Messiah, as we look back upon Him already come."

"But, mother, do you think many were saved in that way?"

"Most assuredly I do, and I like to think of those pious Jews who stood, and reverently prayed in the Temple, with their hands folded behind them, while the sacrifice and incense were offered to God; their prayers ascended with their offerings. They worshipped in God's own appointed way, and of course while their hearts were sincere and obedient, they were accepted—the great matter is to be found walking in the commandments of the Lord."

"But look how they rejected the Messiah!"

"Yes, they crucified him, yet a great number of the Jews believed on Jesus of Nazareth; there was Simeon, who expected his coming and called him, 'The consolation of Israel.' He was a noted man in Jerusalem, and it is likely this is what made him so well known, because he often spoke of the speedy coming of the Messiah—God had put upon him the holy spirit of prophecy—and beside, it was revealed to him that he should not see death until he had seen 'the Lord's Christ.' Simeon rejoiced to know the Gentiles were to be enlightened, as well as that glory was to come upon Israel."

"Then Anna, who departed not from the Temple for many years, came in and gave thanks to God and spoke of Jesus to all that looked for redemption in Jerusalem. Although the Jews, as a nation, did not receive Jesus, their own Messiah, yet he was received by many of His own. Those who studied the law and the prophets the most carefully, looking to God for the light of his Holy Spirit, were ready to acknowledge Him. We will never know until the last day how large a number of those in Jerusalem

and the land of Israel believed on Him at that time."

"Mother, how the city must have been crowded at the time of the Passover."

"And, what was so beautiful at that time, no man called his house his own; strangers were at liberty to occupy, go out and in at pleasure, while the feast lasted. So when Jesus sent his disciples into the city to prepare for the last passover he would eat with them, he said the good man of the house would show them 'the guest-chamber,' which was all ready for them to make their preparation. Many a devout Jew, from distant lands, Europe, Africa and beyond Syria, pondered in their hearts what they heard of Jesus, when they went to the Passover, and returned to their homes believing he was the true Messiah."

"Then these Essenes had nothing to do with Jerusalem, the Temple or the sacrifices, and did not mind anything about Jesus."

"No, they were strange people, in great errors, and I suppose when any family had a friend who joined them, they mourned him as dead; for he cut himself off from all the joyous feasts of the nation. In their solitude, news of the miracles of Christ no doubt reached them, but they did not regard him, for their hearts had not been prepared, by obedience to the law and sacrifices, to receive him; as I have said, the way of the Lord must be prepared. People may do a great many right things, yet if they persist in direct denial of important truth, all their good goes for naught."

"Then those poor Essenes lost all their labor, and had neither a Passover lamb, nor a Saviour. But, mother, you did not tell me where they lived."

"I did indeed forget to say that they dwelt sometimes in retired parts of cities, and had a sort of general place of abode, on the shore of the Dead Sea." Y.

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

BISHOP ANDREW'S ADDRESS.

Many of our readers may not be aware that Candidates for Deacons' orders in the M. E. Church are required to undergo an examination before the Annual Conference authorizing their ordination, in matters pertaining to their religious faith and experience. This examination is conducted by the Presiding Bishop, who invariably embraces the occasion to give some fatherly counsel. Among the questions propounded, are several that relate to the belief in and experience of perfect love in this life. We shall never forget the solemnity attending this exercise, when we were received into the ministerial ranks. The nature of entire sanctification

was explained by the venerable Hedding,—its necessity in order to ensure usefulness, and the faith which should *now* be in exercise for its attainment, were all dwelt upon in a most impressive manner. Never did we feel more the obligations we were under to be *holy*, than when before that assembly of God's ministers, and as in the presence of Jehovah himself, we solemnly declared, in reply to the questions proposed us, that we intended to seek Christian perfection, and never cease till we obtained it. Alas! little did we then suppose that this precious state of grace would ever be called in question by Methodist ministers. But so it is; and the church presents the strange anomaly of requiring her candidates for the ministry, to profess their determination to grow and struggle for a state of grace, the attainability of which is denied by a large part of her ministers.

A friend has kindly sent us the address of Bishop Andrew, to the Candidates for Deacons' orders, at the late session of the South Carolina Conference in Charleston. From it we clip the following, containing sentiments that should be well pondered by our ministry at large.

It is fair to infer, that before you entered this ministry, you had the experience of the grace of God in your souls—that before you went out to publish to others the way of salvation, you had learned it yourselves. If this be not the case, you are not fit to preach. No man is fit to preach who does not know Christ.

Have you faith in God? that faith which justifies—which brings you into communion with the whole Trinity?—that faith which is followed by the witness of the Spirit of God?—which recognizes him that is invisible, and which walks by and in communion with him?

Without this faith, you cannot be preachers—you cannot get to heaven—without it you cannot get others there. If you have it, what are the fruits of it? Do you in your own souls have communion with God?

If a minister does not mind, the fact that he is so often at church, and ministering in holy things, will become a sort of routine business, without the spirit. It is so common a thing with many to sing, preach, pray, go to the communion table, etc., that they rest in that which is outward, and fail of the grace of God in their individual experience.

If you have this faith, it will stir you up to seek larger measures of this grace than you have yet known. Mr. Wesley taught the doctrine of Christian perfection. We ask the young ministers—Do you expect to attain perfection in love in this life? Do you intend to seek it, and never cease till you obtain it? Do you believe it is possible for you to obtain this blessing? How does it come? The answer is: by faith. I wish, as Methodist preachers, we read Mr. Wesley and Mr. Fletcher more. I sit down and read Mr. Wesley's articles, and it seems to me I get at the truth better than when I read what book-makers have said since his time.

I have seen Methodist preachers who said they did not believe in this doctrine of Christian perfection. But these same men, once, when they stood before me, said they did believe it. Now, however, they are afraid of being thought too Methodist, or too old-womanish, or something else. They have been influenced by other churches, doubtless, in this matter.

If ever you do much good as preachers, you must seek that blessing. He who loves God with all his heart, cannot but love his neighbor;

and he who loves as he should, will labor for souls with an undying zeal.

Do not expect to get this blessing by works, but by faith.

In travelling, I frequently met with men who enjoy perfect love, and who live it. They live as the Gospel teaches. There is a power in the ministry, and I want you to get hold of it.

I may seem a little rambling, but I am talking as a father would talk to his children; and I hope my own son will in due time stand before one who shall talk to him on this subject. When I look at the power we have now, and compare it with the influence we once wielded, I am led to fear that our present power is not equal to what we formerly had. He who has power with God, will have power with men, as Jacob had.

A SUBSCRIBER in Fayette Co., Tenn., has our thanks for his brotherly epistle. The matter to which he refers was purely an oversight in proof reading. We fully concur in the opinion he expresses, and trust there will be no future occasion of complaint.

HOLINESS A STATE OF FREEDOM FROM TEMPTATION.—A correspondent writes that he had recently heard an individual, in an address on the subject of Holiness, refer to it as a state in which the soul was free from temptation; and asks, Will you give your opinion through the Guide? Though we have done this often before, we cheerfully comply with the request. We know no such state of grace from experience, nor do we believe it has a scriptural basis. If our Divine Exemplar, in his sinless state, was the subject of temptations, the disciple cannot expect to be above his Lord. Probably there are no class of persons so violently assaulted by the common Enemy as those who have made their robes *white* in the blood of the Lamb; but they have a sure means of defence, an unfailing refuge, into which they run, or rather *abide*, and are safe. We are ever sorry to hear of such teaching, as it prejudices the mind against truth, and an investigation which would lead to certain conviction.

A NEW YORK CORRESPONDENT.—We have enlisted the services of our excellent contributor, Y, as a regular correspondent from the city of New York. Through this means we trust we shall be able, from time to time, to spread out before our readers what there may be going on of interest in our sister city on the subject nearest our hearts. We hope yet to establish similar connexions with other leading points, both in this country and elsewhere.

BOOK NOTICES.

PALISSY, THE HUGUENOT POTTER. A TRUE TALE. BOSTON, HENRY HOYT, 9 CORNHILL. CHICAGO; WM. TOMLINSON. CINCINNATI; GEO. CROSBY.

We often wonder that, while there is in this world's history so much of sterling interest,

men should rack their brains to invent material for tales with which to amuse mankind. The history of the Puritans, the Huguenots, the Waldenses and others, who suffered for conscience' sake, furnish incidents not only invested with the interest of romance, but developing the finest phases of Christian character. Such is the story of Palissy, distinguished as an artist and eminent as a Christian. Living in "times that tried men's souls," he adhered with Christian firmness to the cause of truth, suffering the trials of persecution with patience, and finally sealing his profession by joining the glorious army of martyrs. The book is embellished with numerous illustrative engravings on tinted paper, and gotten up in the best style of the art.

SACRED MELODIES FOR SOCIAL WORSHIP. BY REV. H. MATTISON, A. M., OF THE BLACK RIVER CONFERENCE. NEW YORK: MASON BROTHERS.

With the form and general scope of this work, we are much pleased. It is of sufficient range, containing some 586 hymns and tunes, and many of them are possessed of real merit. Had all others been discarded, and the music of each given in its several parts, it would in our humble judgment have been of far greater value. As it is, we doubt not it will have an extended sale, though the want of the several parts to the music will interfere, we think, with its adoption in New England.

SERMONS FOR THE HOME CIRCLE. A Series of twenty-four sermons by eminent ministers of different denominations, and adapted to supply valuable reading to the family circle. Edited by REV. THOMAS P. AKERS, A. M., with an introduction by Rev. L. R. Thayer, A. M. Boston: Benj. B. Russell.

The design of this volume is sufficiently indicated by the title-page. The object is one that should commend itself to every Christian family. Circumstances will at times arise when it is next to impossible to attend public worship, and provision should always be at hand to supply the deficiency. With a well selected volume of sermons, and if need be an appropriate formula of prayer, there can be no excuse for neglecting *family* worship, even where the more public services are denied. The volume before us, so far as we can judge from a somewhat cursory examination, is well adapted to the end in view. It contains contributions from leading clergymen of different denominations, on subjects of a practical and spiritual nature. Among the contributors, we see the names of Bishops Soule and Simpson, and Drs. Baird, Breckenridge, Doggett, Humphrey, Grundey, and others, too numerous to mention.

[Selected.]

THE SPIRIT OF HOLINESS.

"But as he which hath called you is holy, so be ye holy in all manner of conversation: because it is written, Be ye holy; for I am holy."—1 Pet. i., 15, 16.

HOLINESS is an essential element of Christianity, without which it would neither do honor to its Author, nor be an effectual means of man's purity and glorification. By this, it is distinguished from all other systems of religion among men. It shines in the perfection which has been given to it by its Divine originator. Looking at it from whatever point you please, it appears in the beauties of holiness. Coming to it, and inspecting it with the closest scrutiny, you find in all the particular parts this same element, centering in each, and binding them together in one compact and glorious whole. As was said of Him from whom it came, so it may be of Christianity, "He did no sin, neither was there any guile in his mouth."

I. I shall first notice *the nature of Christian holiness*. To ascertain this, I shall neither look into the biblical dictionary, nor into the books of theological disputants, nor into the life of the Christian professor. All these authorities may be erroneous, contradictory, unscriptural. I shall go up to the fountain head to examine the true nature of the streams of which we are required to drink. I shall study the *original model* after which we are to be conformed. These are accessible in the authentic revelation of Christianity in the New Testament. I say the New Testament, because that is the book which contains the *complete* form of Christianity which is revealed to man. If we contemplate Him who is the Author and Head of this Christianity, we shall see at once the nature of the holiness which is inherent in it and which it requires of all its followers. St. Peter says, "Whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises that we might be made partakers of the divine nature." Jesus Christ himself says, "Learn of me, for I

am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls." "Be ye followers of God, as dear children," says St. Paul. • And in the words of the text, "But as he which hath called you is holy, so be ye holy in all manner of conversation: because it is written, Be ye holy; for I am holy." From a comparison of these three passages, we gather the fact that the holiness of Christianity in its nature is the same as that of the Divine nature as possessed and illustrated in the human soul and body of the Lord Jesus Christ. Hence, then, it behoves us to describe the holiness of Christ, and in doing so, we shall see the holiness of Christianity. The holiness of Christ was *internal*, *external* and *universal*.

1. It was internal. The union of the divine nature with the human imparted unto his soul and mind a rectitude which corresponded in nature with itself. He was in all his inner conceptions, meditations, resolutions, desires, affections, conformed to the perfect law of God. Like the law itself, in all these things he was "holy, just, and good." He did not deviate through the entire course of his life. He was born in the possession of internal holiness; he lived in it; and in his death he was the same.

2. It was external. He walked in all the commandments of God blameless. He did no sin. In his lips no guile was found. He fulfilled all righteousness. None could convince him of sin, because he was free from it. In reading his life as recorded by the Evangelists, did you ever note a single instance in which he departed from holiness? All his private and public acts were holy. He was meek, gentle, long-suffering, and forgiving towards his enemies. He was frank, loving, just towards his friends. He was good and merciful to the poor; compassionate and kind to the suffering; humble and modest in all his excellences; submissive and resigned to the will of God; zealous and faithful in his devotedness to the work

of his mediatorial office. Although he was in the world, he was not of it. He was pure and unspotted from all its contaminating influences. He did not swell its hollow joys, nor mingle in its vain companies, nor participate in its sinful pleasures, nor follow its unlawful gains, nor conform to its pampered tastes, nor sanction any of its iniquitous proceedings. He overcame the world. He lived above it, in a region nearer the seat of the everlasting throne.

When the prince of this world came to him, he found nothing in him. Such was the internal purity of his spirit, and the external holiness of his life, that the great accuser even could not find a ground for complaint, a reason for assault. In the three temptations of the wilderness, Satan found no sin in him, and through all his subsequent life he found nothing of which to take hold for impeachment before the tribunal of the divine justice. All the emissaries of Satan were unable to find any cause of righteous accusation. They frequently mocked, tempted, reproached, and persecuted him, but the discovery of sin in the light of the perfect law, that they never made. The charge upon which he was finally tried and condemned was the effect of malice and envy, and not the legitimate result of a transgression of the law of God or the law of man.

3. The holiness of Christ was universal. It extended to all his inner and outer life. It pervaded the whole compass of his existence. In no thing did he fail to meet the requirements of the unrestricted laws of holiness. Body, soul, and spirit were subject to its power, and partook of its divine nature. "Such a high priest," says St. Paul, "became us who is holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners, and made higher than the heavens." "For we have not an high priest which cannot be touched with the feelings of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin."

4. But the holiness of Christ as man

was not infinite. It extended to his human mind, soul, and body; and in this it was limited. Neither was it natural and independent, for it was communicated from the Divinity within him, and was dependent upon that for its continuation of existence.

5. Neither was his holiness *infallible*, for as a man possessed of a will, he had the power to yield himself to temptation and sin.

6. Neither did his holiness exempt him from the infirmities of the body, the afflictions, vicissitudes, and death of the present world; for he was a man of sorrows and intimately acquainted with grief. He knew what it was to weep, to suffer poverty, hunger, thirst; to be forsaken of his friends; to be betrayed by a disciple; to be accused by his brethren; and to die beneath the maledictions of his own fellow countrymen.

If we examine the holiness which in doctrine, precept, and example is described in the New Testament, we shall find it to correspond *essentially*, if not precisely with that which was embodied and illustrated in the person of Christ.

In inquiring into the nature of Christian holiness, and in seeking for its enjoyment, it is above all things important to keep in view the idea upon which we have been dwelling. The want of this has created confusion, controversy, schism among many who have preached it, and professed to enjoy it. Some have imbibed the sentiments of one teacher, and some the sentiments of other teachers. "I am of Paul," says one; and "I am of Apollos," says another; and "I am of Cephas," says a third. And thus divisions and strifes have been introduced into the church about a doctrine which prohibits all such things, and which cannot be possessed and practised when such divisions exist.

It will always be the case so long as men are looked to as the oracles and the examples of Christian holiness. They

will necessarily be divided in their opinions and mode of living; and those who follow will necessarily be the same. But if we come direct to Christ as the Head of the Church and the Founder of Christianity, we shall see at once what Christian holiness is in its unique and perfect nature. The holiness which he exemplified is that which Christianity exemplifies, and *vice versa*. If Paul, Apollos, Cephas, or any one else was the head of the Church, or the author of Christianity, I would go to them for examples upon holiness, and would be governed by them; but so long as Christ is supreme in the Christian religion, so long are his examples and teachings supreme.

Apostolic and other examples are worthy of a consideration, just as far as they reflect the holy example of Christ. Their teachings, also, have the same claim, with the same proviso. But Jesus Christ is first in order of example; and also in teachings as uttered by his own mouth or by the inspiration of his blessed spirit. He has left us an example; and Christian holiness is nothing more nor less than Christ's holiness; and Christ's holiness is so simple, clear, and expressive, that no one need err in the understanding of it. His example in holiness is so fully portrayed in his life as recorded by the Evangelists, that no one need mistake in the imitation. This, then, is the sum of the matter, he who shall follow the example of Christ in his holiness is in that same proportion holy. As he shall come into conformity to the image of his Lord, so he will approximate to the highest state of holiness in Christianity. And when like his Lord he is holy in heart and life, universally, he will be perfect in holiness. But even then his holiness will be finite, derived, dependent, fallible, and incapable of preserving him from the afflictions incident to his probationary state.

I think we are warranted to believe in the doctrine of *degrees* in Christian holiness. This may be seen in the life of

Christ. He was conceived of the Holy Ghost. He was born into the world free from the corruptions of sin. As an infant he was holy; as a youth he was holy; as an adult he was holy. But his holiness in infancy did not equal in extent, though it did in nature, his holiness in youth; nor did his holiness of youth equal in extent the holiness his full-grown manhood. As his human life developed, so did his holiness grow and expand. I look upon this view of Christ as somewhat analogous to the life of the Christian in holiness. The Christian is born again of the Spirit. The new nature which he receives by this birth is holy. It must necessarily be, or the product of the Divine Spirit is tainted with sin. He is a new creature in Christ Jesus. As a new creature in Christ Jesus he must be holy, or Christ admits sin into union with him. Now as a new-born babe, the Christian is holy; as a young man, he is holy; and as a father in Christ he is holy. In all these stages of the divine life he is holy. But as a new-born babe he is not holy in extent as he will be in the next stage; nor in the second degree is he as holy as he will be in the third or last. In none of these states of grace is he at liberty to commit sin; nor, indeed, will he, if he lives in Christ Jesus, and is a holy Christian. There is as much obligation upon the justified Christian to live in holiness, according to his state, as there is upon the sanctified one, according to his state.

This view of the subject will explain the various terms and phrases of the New Testament in speaking of the states of Christians. Justification, regeneration, sanctification, sanctified wholly, holiness, and similar expressions; all these denote the same grace in nature, though not in degree. All imply that they who stand in each respective state of grace are holy so far as that grace extends; that that grace, according to its operation in the heart and life, saves from sin, and enables the subject of it to live in imitation of

Christ; and as he advances in grace he advances in holiness, until he arrives at the full stature of a man in Christ Jesus.

The fact that all Christians are holy, according to the grace in which they stand, should destroy all disposition to draw invidious comparisons on the part of those who profess to enjoy a high and distinguished state of grace. Are not all Christians one? Do they not stand related to the same Head? Do they not derive their blessings from the same source? It is a mark of inferiority in grace, when from a fancied eminence above the mass, we look down with self-complacency upon those whom we imagine to be beneath us, with censure and rebuke; when we draw a line between them and ourselves, and say in effect, "Stand by, we are holier than you."

My reader, there is but one Saviour, and we are saved by him if saved at all. There is but one church, and we are all members thereof, if members of the church at all. There is but one grace, and we are all standing in that grace, if we are standing in grace at all. We are all members one of another. We are all stones in one building of the Lord. We are all members of the one household of faith. By one Spirit we are all baptized into one body, whether we be Jews or Greeks, whether we be bond or free; and we are all made to drink into one Spirit. Therefore, let not the eye say unto the hand, I have no need of thee; nor again the hand to the feet, I have no need of you. Let it be remembered that those members of the body which seem to be more feeble are necessary. Read over the whole connection. See 1 Cor. xii., and you will observe at once that all the various characters living a life of faith, live together in one grace, though occupying different relations and positions, and on no account should there be envy or jealousy, censoriousness or fault-finding on the part of any. There should be no schism in the body.—*Christian Guide.*

[Original.]

A FEW KIND AND CANDID THOUGHTS TO UNBELIEVERS IN A FULL, PRESENT SALVATION.

BY W. S. T.

YESTERDAY (Sunday, February 27, 1859), in a prayer meeting, a divine impression rested on our mind, of such strength that it amounted to an invincible *moral certainty* that "perfect love," or freedom from all "inbred sin," is the *present duty and privilege* of every disciple of Jesus. And we feel constrained, for the honor and glory of God, to present for the consideration of the reader two or three evidences that then, with unusual force and clearness, compelled our consent to this rational and catholic doctrine. Now, dear reader, follow us prayerfully, laying aside, if you are able, your preconceived opinions while we state these evidences. And

First. *The universal sentiment of the most devoted and active Christians is, that they are living beneath their privileges.* This remark is affirmed of those who have not attained "The fulness of the blessing of the gospel of peace," and believe it unattainable, as well as of those who do conceive it their privilege to enjoy it, previous to the article of death. We take it, no one conversant with Christian experience will doubt this position for a moment. "But," asks one, "is not this sentiment consistent with the belief held by many excellent Christians, that entire sanctification is a gradual work, only reaching its consummation at the hour of death?" It may be so; but this is not the full force of our proposition. It comprehends the *conviction*, that every active and devoted justified person feels it his privilege to enjoy *now* a vastly deeper and wider spirituality, or heart piety, than he is in possession of. This is a matter of such indubitable consciousness, that to question it were to do violence to the general expe-

rience of Christians. The out-goings of the soul for something higher and holier, as a present privilege, are the strongest presumptive evidence of the existence of that *something*. When the soul is made to cry out in its destitution: "As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God. My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God." "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me." Is it to expect something answering thereto? Are such longings and desires the fruit of the natural heart? or, are they from beneath? If not, would it be at all honorable or creditable to our merciful and good heavenly Father to awaken such burning desires and soul-thirstings without being able or intending to satisfy them at the time they are most needed? He declares that He dispenses "grace in time of need." Is the soul to be continually burdened and pained with such cravings, only to be mocked with defeat and despair? Is our blessed Christianity such a "will-o'-the-wisp" system as to be continually eluding our grasp, and decoying us into morasses, and swamps of troubles and difficulties, and leaving us there to find our way out as best we may? Are we to conclude that the comforting words of Jesus, that "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled," are only to punish an idle fancy and a disordered imagination? Or are they sober truth? Do not all these hungerings and thirstings after a present and full salvation from inbred corruption, from "the remains of the carnal mind, and "roots of bitterness," find their true solution and realization in such passages of God's Word as these: "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money, come ye, buy and eat; yea, come buy wine and milk without money and without price. Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread, and your labor for that which satisfieth not? hearken dili-

gently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness;" "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink. He that believeth on me, as the scripture hath said, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water;" "And the spirit and the bride say come, and let him that heareth say come, and let him that is athirst come, and whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely;" "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it;" "Hitherto ye have asked nothing in my name; ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full." Now is not this *felt want* among Christians generally, a strong corroborating testimony of the Bible teaching on this subject?

But if my brother should maintain that this common experience of a burning desire for a present gratification of a deeper spiritual life is perfectly consonant with his views of a gradual sanctification to be perfected at death, then will he please tell us, if these large desires were fully satisfied at every time of their occurrence—which would soon become the prevailing state of the mind—how long would it be before such a soul would "love God with all the mind, might and strength," and experience "the fulness of the blessing of the gospel of peace," and come up to the full "*stature*" of a New Testament Christian? Or will he tell us how a soul thus filled with God and his Spirit could, at the same time, have inbred sin there? And if this does not solve the whole difficulty, will he be so good as to inform us, what peculiar property there is in death to consummate the work of holiness, that cannot be effected without it? Is the blood of atonement less efficacious to "cleanse from all sin" during life, when all the faculties are generally stronger

than they are at this particular time? If so, tell us what gives it its fullest efficacy at this particular juncture? If a faith that appropriates the "blood" that "cleanseth from all sin," is the condition of entire sanctification, why may not that faith be exercised by us when in the full vigor of our bodily and mental faculties better than when they are enfeebled by wasting disease? This is certainly a rational question, if we believe that the blood is as efficacious at one time as at another? But a

Second evidence that a present and full salvation is the privilege of every Christian is, *that opposition to this doctrine lessens in proportion as God's work is revived in the heart.* This is true of the church collectively and individually. Every observer of the progress of true religion and piety in the church of Christ must have observed this more or less clearly. This is true not only of those who admit the doctrine of Christian perfection theoretically, but are opposed to its practical workings; but it is also true of those religious bodies and individuals who reject the theory. For example; when there is a gracious revival in progress, when Christians of opposite sentiments on this subject are laboring heartily together for the conversion of sinners and the edification of the church, this subject may be stated most strongly, and urged upon them as their duty and privilege, without the least offence; while during a time of religious declension such a thing would not be tolerated, and would cause great offence. To talk of these things when the Spirit is being poured out largely upon the churches, seems not only not repugnant, but is looked for. So with individual Christians. You may talk to them about this matter when they are filled with the Spirit, with little if any opposition, while the same truths, delivered with the same spirit, would have awakened their most rigid opposition when in a low state of spiritual enjoyment. We witness this same thing nearly

every week. And especially have we seen its workings among people of our own sentiments concerning the theory of entire sanctification. When lukewarm and formal, they evince uneasiness under the faithful publication of this Christian privilege, and are apt to carp and find fault with the professors of it; but let their backslidings be healed, and God's love shed abroad in their hearts, and they speak as earnestly in favor of it, and pray as ardently for it, as their brethren. These are incontestable facts, and go strongly to favor the teachings of the advocates of Christian holiness. When the heart is nearest right with God, it is in greater sympathy with entire sanctification; when cold and indifferent, it is more apt to quarrel with the doctrine.

We may go one step further and say, we have heard ministers who are professedly strong opposers of Christian perfection as now taught, during religious interests in the church, teach the doctrine as *strongly*, in fact, in their exhortations, sermons and prayers, as the most ardent advocates, with the bare exception that their use of terms differed a little. They, at such times, give us the *thing* in its essence. And it is often the subject of remark, 'How strongly brother so and so taught Christian perfection.' This same thing is almost constantly occurring. Men often pray for it and preach it when they are not aware of it. These facts speak volumes in favor of the doctrine. When the heart is right, the theology is more likely to be right.

Third. *Opposition to this doctrine lessens as we near death and eternity.* It would be an interesting and telling argument could we have the dying testimony of every good man on this subject. That of many we have, both direct and indirect; but it all speaks one voice in this matter. When the light of eternity breaks in upon the soul that is about to be liberated from earth, we would expect that it would realize the necessity and privilege of this great blessing. And so it is. How many

have regretted that they put off till a dying hour what they might have possessed and enjoyed during life. It is a common thing for errorists to renounce their errors in the dying hour; but who ever heard of one who believed that the Bible teaches the possibility of living without sin, renouncing it in death? Many have at least in effect, renounced the sentiment that Christians cannot live without sin in the present life, when they come to exchange worlds.

These three kinds of evidence have, as intimated, made a powerful impression on our own mind. They appear to us strongly corroborative of the Bible statement on this subject; and we hope they will commend themselves to all candid inquirers after the truth as it is in Jesus. They are probably a little out of the ordinary way of meeting the question; but we hope they will be none the less worthy on that account. This hour we have the most unshaken conviction that it is the privilege of the Christian to be cleansed "from all sin," and kept so. These reasons, in connection with "the sure word of prophecy" on the question, form an irrefragable argument for entire and present salvation from all sin. God's testimony in his Word, and in the hearts of his children, is as authoritative and commanding as a fresh revelation to each Christian from heaven could be. "If we believe not Moses and the Prophets, neither would we be persuaded though one should rise from the dead." Let us thoroughly examine the Bible on this point. The subject courts investigation. It is most friendly thereto. If any one objects to reading the thoughts of others upon this matter, let him sit down and patiently and candidly consult the infallible Word of God on this momentous doctrine, and we will hazard the opinion that he will rise a better and a wiser man therefor. May God bless our brethren who differ from us — more, we think on terms and phrases than the thing itself — in opinion on the doctrine

of entire sanctification, and confer his blessing on this humble article. Amen.

Downieville, Cal.

[Original.]

SEPARATE FROM THE WORLD.

BY E. L. E.

"I THINK I shall not go to the Sewing Society this afternoon," said our friend Anna, as she seated herself quietly at home on the day of its usual meeting. "Why not?" inquired Mrs. A.; "I believe you hold some sort of office in the society, and I thought you were greatly interested in its object." "Yes, mother," said Anna, "but I had rather do my part of the work at home, and give my share of the contributions without attending its meetings. I do not feel as I used to when I go there, and and it is not so pleasant on that account." "Indeed," said Mrs. A.; "what is so changed that you cannot enjoy an afternoon with your companions in useful work for a benevolent purpose? Nothing is wrong, I hope, with the society as an institution. I have heard of nothing to disapprove in the principles of its constitution, or in any of its social regulations." "Neither have I, mother; I do not see as the best Christian could find fault with them. But then it is not particularly a religious institution: not half the members make any pretensions to religion. And you know, mother, when so many gay-spirited girls get together, even to do good by their labor, there will be much idle, useless conversation that a Christian cannot join in and does not wish to hear. If it was only disagreeable talking, one could turn entirely away and show a definite disapprobation of it; but with such persons as E. and S., so witty and so charming in their manners, it is impossible to be greatly reserved or not to laugh with a real pleasure. I am afraid, mother, I shall do wrong if I go to the society. You know I wish to be courteous to those who are really so polite and intelligent, and I can-

not, I fear, keep as separate from them as Christ says we should from the world." "I think I understand you, my dear, to say you approve the principles and regulations of your social institution?" "Yes, mother, entirely so." — "And that the persons who constitute it are for morals, and intelligence, and all except piety, and suitable companions for you!" "I could not consider them otherwise, mother." "And therefore that the meeting of your Sewing Society is in itself a proper place for you to spend a small portion of your time?" "I do not see how, so far, it is not all right." "But still you must of necessity, or will of course partake of the gay irreligious spirit of your friends if you engage with them in an employment of common interest to all." "That was my idea, mother. I should like very much to go for every other reason, and this is a true self-denial. I would rather shut myself up into a hermit's cell, than run into temptation. O, isn't this way of holiness a straight and narrow one?"

"My dear," said Mrs. A., "we should not hedge it in with unnecessary thorns: the King whose highway it is, calls it a way of pleasantness, a delightful path, on which the sunlight of his love and glory is forever shining. I think I appreciate the tenderness of conscience that suggests the self-denial you propose; but had you thought how your principles would exclude you from almost all the ordinary socialities of life — might even bury you in a convent where your separation from the world would leave no opportunity for the piety of your heart to win that world to piety. Here in the home relations are those whose want of religion might in the same manner justify a sort of exclusiveness, and yet I know your love and good sense would teach a different way of manifesting a holy zeal towards them.

"No, my dear, the separation from the world which Christ teaches is not in keeping apart from those whom we love and respect for worthy personal qualities, or

are under obligations to from former associations and attachments. You would hardly, I am sure, think it wrong to spend the same amount of time with almost any of those girls at her home or yours, alone, where indeed it is likely you would be much more strongly influenced by her presence and conversation, than you would be in company with twelve or twenty more. But the number, you know, my dear, does not signify. You are neither more or less separate from the world for being in the presence of many or few. The separation which the Bible means is separateness of character, principles, and spirit. Christ was "made separate from sinners," but not in the sense which should have excluded him from the company of the ungodly. His own personal friends he chose from those his own truth had sanctified; but we often read of his eating and drinking, talking and journeying with publicans and sinners, Pharisees and hypocrites. Very few of all with whom he associated, conceived him to be other than mortal in his nature, and yet there was ever in the *presence* of Jesus the carpenter, or Christ the teacher and prophet, a something that separated him from every other man. The beloved disciple who doubtless was honored with the personal confidence of his Master, felt a tender awe, even as he leaned upon his bosom in intimate fellowship; the officers, whose duty as soldiers it was to bring him to the chief priests, had not courage to lay hold upon an unarmed and defenceless man, whose *presence* forbade their touch; and Pilate, in the meek and suffering criminal, recognized that mysterious something which he did not wish the responsibility of condemning. This mysterious power, this wonderful presence, this something that gave to him among nearest friends or bitterest foes such separateness from all other men, was his complete and entire holiness. No human being, however sanctified, will in one sense be like the divine Man, yet the nearer the human

approaches the divine in the sanctification of his being, the more will he possess this sort of separateness from sinners, which will give weight and influence to his character and presence wherever he walks among men. The person himself, may be unconscious of the distinctive separateness, but others will recognize and feel its power, often more effectively than any words could impress them." "But is that, mother, what is meant by being separate from the world?" asked Anna,—"to have a presence which others shall not dare lightly to approach?" "It is this," replied Mrs. A.,—"to dwell with God by his spirit abiding in you when every thought and feeling is harmonized to God's pure thoughts and feelings of almighty love; to live in such constant communion with him as to carry the spirit of his immediate and holy presence in your looks, and tones, and words. Would not that give the Christian an acknowledged separateness from sinners, though he lived, and labored, and talked with them all the time?" "Yes, indeed it would; but I know very few who impress me with that sense of separateness, except for a very short time in a season of revival." "I suppose so: but have you never met a Christian whom you knew from his looks, though he did not speak of it, had been holding intercourse with God? I know a man, Anna, who lives in closer communion with God than most Christians do, whose very presence is at times felt as soon as he comes into a room. He is unattractive and unpretending, and yet there is a look, a seeming, a presence, that makes you know he has just been praying, and no cherished sin comes now between him and God. Levity dies when he comes in, sin is rebuked though he utters not a word, or casts a reproving look. It is thus we should always live in such communion with God, that the sweetness and purity of our heavenly companionship will beam in our faces, modulate our tones, control our

words, and separate us in spirit and life, from the spirit and life of the world.

"My daughter, it is this separateness from the world that you want, to do good in your social relations to the world, and without it you are truly of the world, though you shut yourself up in a hermit's cell. O, if all who profess Christ, or all whom we hope with reason, belong to Christ, did but live in that nearness to him which refines and spiritualizes the outward appearance, the influence of Christianity would soon convert the world." "But surely, mother," said Anna, "you would not have the Christian preserve all his former associations, presuming upon his religion to keep him from the errors and bad influences of unbelieving associates?" "No indeed, my dear; the Christian will never seek the society of bad or unprincipled persons for his own sake: but he who is filled with the love and the spirit of Christ, may go safely wherever duty, or benevolence, or any just and honest business calls him, and the uprightness of his dealings and the Christian nobleness of his deportment may do much to honor the Master, whose impress has been stamped upon his spirit. We need more high-toned Christians in all the ordinary avocations of life, for living examples of what a true piety will make men in all the relations of business, affection, or courtesy.

"I should never think of sending you, my child, to the ball-room, the pleasure party as it is now conducted, or to most other places where amusement is the chief object sought; but if you exclude yourself entirely from the society of your young friends, your own piety will have a less healthful tone and you will miss many precious opportunities of speaking the "word in season" to some needy soul. The object of this society is not to pass a few idle hours with each other, but to relieve by well-applied industry and a little generosity, the poor and suffering. Would

it not be better to go in the spirit and temper of one who has consecrated heart, life, talent, influence—all to God, fresh from communion with God, or rather, taking God in your secret heart and thus made ready for any work you may find to do for him? Going in that manner—and the Christian has no right to go in any other—you will not naturally fall into vain and frivolous conversations or encourage those who are disposed to frivolity. You may find, also, a fit opportunity to speak the word of life and truth to some companion whose precious soul is still a stranger to its God. There are E. and S.: now God wants their wit and talent in his service; and what might N. be, with her beauty and grace sanctified to the holy purpose of winning souls to God? You, Anna, are not without an influence with these persons; and one, too, which is felt in the socialities of your industrial meetings; could you better show your love to the Saviour than by seeking each suitable opportunity to convert their souls? "But, mother, supposing the Christian is not in such a frame when the time for meeting friends comes?" "Then the first thing to be done, whether he goes abroad or stays at home, is to get just such a spiritual humble frame as shall prepare him for use in any accidental or anticipated circumstance. There, only, is he safe for himself or others. It is this constant living with God in all the common affairs of life which constitutes the true separateness from the world."

Anna listened: and we hope when the accounts of life are made up for her, to find many of those beloved companions as stars in the crown of her rejoicing.

LIGHT.—"We boast our light, but if we look not wisely on the sun itself it smites us into darkness. The light we have was never given us to be staring on, but by it to discover onward things now distant."—*Millon*.

[Selected.]

"HOLY MATRIMONY."

No. 2.

BY REV. ROBERT YOUNG.

FORBIDDEN marriage, we have already seen, is that which takes place between a believer and an unbeliever, and as there are many urgent reasons against all such marriages, the Church as well as Christian parents should perseveringly oppose them. No mere convenience ought to be allowed to interfere with God's expressed order; neither should any plea be urged in favor of a course likely to result in the total wreck of domestic comfort, if not in the loss of the soul, and upon which heaven has so often placed its ban.

The testimony of the Bible in relation to the results of forbidden marriages is a powerful argument against them. In the first age of the world, "the sons of God" were not to marry with "the daughters of men," (Gen. vi. 11;) that is to say, the spiritual and carnal were not to be so united; and when Abraham's posterity were separated from the rest of the world to be God's peculiar people, they were repeatedly forbidden to form any alliance by marriage with the nations of the surrounding heathen, but these injunctions were not strictly observed. Many chose to be governed by feeling rather than by reason; by the love of the creature rather than by the love of God; to walk by sight rather than by faith in their marriage contracts. God, however, did not allow his laws thus to be violated without vindicating them. Fearful penalties were inflicted upon the offenders, the narrative of whose sufferings should operate as a salutary warning to all young people who may be tempted to walk in the same forbidden paths. The inhabitants of the antediluvian world were so debased through sin that God opened upon them "the windows of heaven," and "the fountains of the great deep," which painful visitation

is described as the result of forbidden marriages, (Gen. vi. 4-7.) Some of the daughters of Lot preferred the sons of Sodom to the sons of God, and perished in the guilty embraces which they had chosen, while their sisters who had not so offended were conducted to a place of safety. (Gen. xix. 14-16.)

Ahab was a fearful prodigy of vice. He left the worship of the true God for the temple of demons, stained his skirts with the blood of the prophets, and sold himself to work all wickedness in the sight of the Lord. And what led to all this? We are told that Jezebel, that idolatrous daughter of a heathen king, whom he took to be the partner of his throne and the plague of his heart, was the cause of it; that she "stirred him up" to make himself thus vile, which issued in the infliction of the severest judgments upon himself and all his house. (1 Kings 21-25.) The first captivity of Israel after their settlement in the promised land is distinctly ascribed to ungodly marriages. Ezra, speaking of these alliances with the people of the land, thus expresses himself: "Since the days of our fathers have we been in great trespass unto this day, and for our iniquities have we, our kings, and our priests been delivered into the hand of the kings of the land, to the sword, to CAPTIVITY and to spoil, and to confusion of face as it is this day. And after all that has come upon us for our evil deeds and for our great trespass, seeing that thou our God hast punished us less than our iniquities deserve, should we again break thy commandment, and JOIN IN AFFINITY with the people of these abominations, wouldest thou not be angry with us till thou hadst consumed us, so that there should be no removal nor escaping." (Ezra ix. 1-14.) Nehemiah, knowing how his nation had suffered by ungodly marriages was on a certain occasion greatly moved by meeting with Jews in Jerusalem who had not only married contrary to the laws of the Lord, but

advocated the practice. They had married wives of Ashdod, of Ammon, and of Moab, and their children spake half in the speech of Ashdod and could not speak in the Jew's language, but according to the language of each people. "And I contended with them," says Nehemiah, "and cursed them, and smote certain of them, and plucked off the hair, and made them swear by God, saying, ye shall not give your daughters unto their sons, nor take their daughters unto your sons, or for yourselves. Did not Solomon, king of Israel, sin by these things? yet among many nations was there no king like him, who was beloved of his God, and God made him king over Israel, nevertheless even him did outlandish women cause to sin. Shall we then hearken unto you to do all this great evil to transgress against our God in MARRYING STRANGE WIVES?" (Neh. xiii. 23-27.) These sad examples of forbidden marriages, and others of a similar nature which might be mentioned, are certainly quite sufficient to deter any but the most reckless from entering upon them.

The interference of lawless marriages with acknowledged and important duties is another argument against them. It is a Christian duty to abstain from all unnecessary intercourse with the wicked. "Wherefore come out from amongst them, and be ye separate," saith the Lord, "and touch not the unclean thing. Know ye not that the friendship of the world is enmity with God? Whosoever therefore, will be a friend of the world is the enemy of God." But an ungodly marriage unites those who, according to St. Paul, are to be "SEPARATE," and it places parties in the closest relation to each other, betwixt whom, according to St. James, there is to be "NO FRIENDSHIP." It is a Christian duty to seek in everything to promote God's glory; hence the apostle says: "Whether, therefore, ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." Now whatever else may be intended by this

passage, it undoubtedly means that nothing should be done upon which the divine blessing cannot be implored. But how can this be done in reference to an interdicted marriage? A person might as well ask God to sanction vice, or to revoke his law, as in such a case to ask his holy benediction. It is a Christian duty, as far as possible, to keep out of the way of temptation, and for this our Lord teaches us to pray; but with what show of consistency can any man plead not to be led into temptation, if by an ungodly marriage he deliberately places himself in a condition of continual temptation to wander from God? It is a Christian duty to do everything in faith, for it is written: "Whatsoever is not of faith is sin." But is the union of a believer with an unbeliever in faith? It cannot be faith in the scriptures, for they forbid it. Nor can it be faith in Providence, for it has put its frown upon it. If the path of duty be the only safe one, expect not safety here; and if in the highway of obedience only God is to be met with, let no one expect to meet with him here unless, indeed, it be as Balaam met with the angel of the Lord with a drawn sword in his hand.

The pernicious influence exerted by unscriptural marriages is a farther argument against them. Look at the influence upon the parties themselves. Say the offender in one of these marriages is a female. She gives her affections and hand to an unbeliever, and although he may not be outwardly wicked, he is a carnal man who receives not the things of the spirit of God. She ardently loves him, and is daily in his company listening to his worldly conversation, which is often allowed to violate the sanctity of the Sabbath. She imperceptibly imbibes his spirit, loses her zeal for the duties of the closet, and if she retain her connection with the church, the cause of the Redeemer is seldom benefited by her. Or, perhaps, she openly apostatizes, and plunging with her unbelieving husband into the vortex of worldly pleasure, she

loses within the whirl of its fearful eddies every particle of her religion. At length death approaches; she is unprepared to meet the bridegroom; her husband has extinguished her lamp; she dies in thick darkness, and her "frantic soul" curses the day of the forbidden union. This is no false sketch, but a true picture of what we know to have occurred. During a ministry of nearly forty years, we have known many a person give up Christ and salvation in exchange for an ungodly husband or wife. What infatuation! There is a person now living in a large city, writes a minister, who was formerly wealthy, pious, happy, and useful, and highly respected by a large circle of friends, but is now poor, dissipated, wretched, injurious to society, and shunned by his early associates; and what originated this unhappy change? A forbidden marriage. In opposition to the expostulations of those who ardently loved him and desired his welfare, he gave his hand in marriage to a beautiful, but worldly young lady to whom he had been introduced by artifice. Her extravagance soon placed him in pecuniary difficulties, and her conduct in other respects led to a separation; drove her wretched husband to seek relief in the intoxicating cup, and for some years he has been a confirmed drunkard, and utterly devoid of all self-respect. How widely different would his position have been this day had he married "only in the Lord!" The influence of unscriptural marriages is also injuriously felt by their offspring. If, for example, a man who violates the Bible law of marriage, should, by deep humiliation before God, retain, or rather recover his piety, he, of course, desires to bring up his children in "the nurture and admonition of the Lord;" but if that be a difficult task for parents to perform when both cordially co-operate, how much more so when the one is likely to pull down what the other builds up? And as it is more natural for children to follow an evil

rather than a good example, the probability is that the children of those unwarranted marriages will be the occasion of much grief to their parents; and this appears to be an evil which God in the way of retribution permits to follow in their train. See an example of this in the first blasphemer, who was brought forth into the congregation of Israel to be stoned to death. He was the offspring of an unlawful marriage. His mother was a Jewess and his father an Egyptian. Nor is the pernicious influence confined to the family of the offender, but extends to others. One person, so offending, emboldens many to follow the same course, so that thousands may be involved in guilt and misery as the result of unequal joking. Besides, such connections bring the church and the world too closely together, lead to Sabbath visiting, induce several kinds of worldly conformity, and generate various heterogeneous mixtures, which cannot but exert a very unfavorable influence upon the members of the Church. The cause of vital religion has probably been more injured by ungodly marriages than by the united efforts of every species of infidelity. "One sinner destroyeth much good," and if his sin be that of marrying contrary to the law of God, it is impossible for any finite mind adequately to estimate the amount of good so destroyed; the destroying influence will be felt not only by himself, his family, and the church to which he belongs, but will doubtless extend to future generations, and may finally issue in the destruction of unnumbered souls.

The character of the marriage union is an additional argument in favor of marrying only in the Lord. It is a contract of the closest kind, the parties entering into it being, according to the word of God, "no more twain, but one flesh." They are to be one in affection, design, and prosperity — to have but one heart, one object, one purse. An union this, so intimate, that every other is to yield to it; so sacred, that the divine proclamation concerning

it is, "what God hath joined together let no man put asunder;" so indissoluble, that nothing is to separate it, but that which separates the soul from the body; so spiritual, in its ultimate relations and aims, as to find its antetype only in that divine union, which, as the fruit of redemption, is to survive every other, and to attain its consummation in heaven. Utterly unfit for such union must be light and darkness, Christ and Belial, a believer and an infidel, the living and the dead. Would a philosopher select as his travelling companion and friend, an unlettered peasant, who could neither give nor receive intellectual pleasure? Would a merchant choose as his partner a man the very opposite of himself, without either capital or knowledge of business? and will an intelligent Christian enter into a contract far more important — a union far more intimate than that of traveller, or merchant, — and select as his partner, his companion, his "second self," a "child of wrath," upon whom the curse of God rests? Great, indeed, must be that infatuation which can sanction a union so palpably wrong, and so utterly at variance with the character of the marriage contract! If any compact should be entered upon solemnly, deliberately, and in the spirit of sincere devotion, it is that of marriage. All unholy mirth and foolish jestings on such a subject, being wholly out of place, should be discountenanced by Christian people of every class.

Now, if such are the legitimate arguments against ungodly marriages, why is the subject so seldom heard from the pulpit? Do the unmarried act so judiciously in relation to matrimony as to render all council thereon unnecessary? Happy for society were that the case; but unfortunately it is matter of notoriety that many persons display more want of judgment on the subject of marriage than on any other with which they have to do. Why then are ministers so reluctant to approach the subject? Some say the topic has a ten-

dency to excite merriment, and is, therefore, unfit for the solemnities of God's house. If this objection be founded on fact, it is high time that such improper views and feelings thus indicated were corrected from the place of instruction, and the unmarried taught to look upon the altar, not as decked with garlands of folly to excite mirth, but as invested with responsibilities requiring the deepest thoughtfulness and the most fervent prayer. The subject, say others, cannot be discussed in the sanctuary without its being personally offensive to some members of the congregation. But the same objection might be urged against every part of practical religion; for what moral duty can be brought before a promiscuous congregation without being liable to the same objection? The inutility of preaching on marriage is urged by others as a further ground of objection. Persons say they will always follow their own inclination in reference to matrimony, and to preach on the subject may irritate but can do no good, as the passion by which they are held in captivity renders them deaf to all advice. But has it been fully tried? We believe not; and although it should fail to do any good where attachments of an unscriptural nature are already formed, it may prevent the formation of others. Two young men of equal standing in society heard a minister preach one evening on unequal marriages. The one had very improperly engaged himself to an ungodly woman, and the latter was on the point of doing so. The former quailed under the sermon, but thought himself too much committed to recede; the latter was deterred from adopting the course he had previously marked out, and determined to marry only in the Lord. He adhered to his resolution, and for several years has been a most happy husband, and is now exhibiting the "beauty of holiness," respected by those around him; while the other has lost his religion and reputation as the manifest result of his ungodly marriage, and is a deeply wretched man.

[Selected.]

L I N E S.

The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth from all sin. 1 John, i. 7.

In whom we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of his grace.

In the calm evening of a sultry day,

A toil-worn missionary, deep in thought,
With patient step pursued his onward way

To the dear home his heart so fondly sought.
On the soft balmy air there rose no sound,
And yet he paused; for on the dewy ground

A travel-worn and feeble native lay,
Whose haggard frame and quickly-heaving breath
Foretold too truly the approach of death.

The gentle minister, with looks of love,

Bent in much kindness o'er the dying man,
And strove to lead his wandering thoughts above,
Ere death forever closed life's little span.

"What is thy hope?" he asked, in mildest tone,
"When thou shalt enter on a world unknown?"

O, will it faithful in the trial prove?"
A bright gleam lighted up that half-closed eye,
And murmuring accents gave this sweet reply:—

"The blood of Jesus Christ, God's only Son,
Cleanses from every sin!" — The life-blood
rushed

From the warm beating heart. The faltering
tongue

In death's long silence was that moment hushed.
The missionary paused in solemn awe;

And as he gazed, a folded paper saw,
Which in that hand, so lifeless now, was crushed,
And found a single tattered leaf, which bore
The precious verse those lips could breathe no
more.

"Ah! that had led the weary soul to Him
Who is the trembling sinner's perfect rest,
And when all other hopes were faint and dim,
Had filled with rich abiding peace his breast;"

The missionary his lonely way pursued
With feelings of adoring gratitude;
And oft in notes of praise his joy expressed,
That one pure ray of truth in mercy given
Had guided that poor wanderer safe to heaven.

"It often happens, that a stranger, whom the voice of fame had made illustrious, loses the brightness of his character, the moment he is seen and known. We hope to please others by entering into familiar connexions with them; and we presently disgust them, by the evil qualities and irregular behavior which they discover in us." — *Kempis*.

[Original.]

THE DESIRE OF ESTEEM.

BY A. STUDENT.

"Let all things be done decently, and in order."

I KNOW it to be a very difficult thing for many persons to distinguish between the lawful and righteous desire of esteem, and that sin which puts one far off from God — namely, pride. And for this reason, many a time the truly sanctified are judged as being deceived in themselves, — as having pride, when they think they are made free from it, because the simple desire of esteem is discovered in them.

It is true that carried to excess, the desire of esteem becomes pride; just as any good propensity or affection, when carried to excess, becomes an evil one. I remember a time when I was so afraid of becoming sinful again, after my nature had heard to its heart, the regulating voice of God, that I was afraid to be hungry. I was afraid to anticipate a meal-time, lest I might be seeking pleasure in sense; when in fact my nature was only innocently craving its natural sustenance. But I soon reasoned it out. I saw that it was necessary I should have pleasure in taking food, else I could not be sure of taking enough for the support of life; that my Maker had made its demand imperative, and the meeting of that demand, a pleasure; a relief from unpleasant sensation, and a positive pleasure added; and that the pleasure was not in itself sinful, but rather a medium, through which, thanksgivings to God were to be sent up; that the excess or ill-adaptedness is where sin commences. It certainly is wrong to take pleasure at the expense of nature, either in its narrow, or broad sense; and we shall find, in such a case, before we are through with it, that we have taken more pain than pleasure.

If we have within us a desire to overreach what nature smiles upon, in the taking of pleasure in food and beverages, we must then see that a love for pleasure,

and a comparatively low pleasure too, is getting the ascendancy, and that in this way one becomes sinful. It is so in the desire of esteem. If we overreach the desire simply to be thought well of, so far as we are thought of at all, and desire to draw thoughts toward ourselves, without any object for those thoughts, — without any reason for them, except that we should be esteemed, or admired, — we are guilty of pride; for the wishing to draw admiration to any natural gift, or accomplishment, or appendage which attaches to us, for the sake of attracting thoughts to ourselves as an ultimate object, can be nothing short of pride. But this is very different from the simple desire to be well esteemed, and as well as our characters will justify, when we are thought of at all. We are so constituted as to desire the best of everything; that which is really the best, all things considered; and we are all seeking for this, each in our sphere, so far, as we may, making sufficient allowance for the difference of opinion, as to what is really the best. The best things are most agreeable to us; the best side of things the most pleasing to us. We know this to be so with others; and as we have the rich gift in our natures, — the desire of giving pleasure, we instinctively present the most pleasant and agreeable aspect of whatever we wish to please with.

I remember hearing a lady whose mind was laboring upon this subject, say, "O this pride! it follows me and meets me in all I do." In arranging my table for my boarders and friends, I find myself putting the best side of everything out. Even my roast meat must be put so as to show its excellence to the best advantage. I sympathized with the lady in her seeking the right state of heart, but could not view the matter as she did. She was not wishing to conceal anything that was unpalatable, but only wishing to let those sitting around her table, know the good quality of what she had provided for them, both for their satisfaction and pleasure,

and the esteem of her well intended efforts. And then her natural and innocent taste for seeing the best side of things herself, operated, and would have operated at her table, if she had been alone, had not rest, or some other pleasure or duty, seemed preferable to her, and more worthy her attention. Her motive for the beauty of her table was weaker when alone, of course, than when others were with her; and so it would be easier then for other motives to control this one.

Perhaps Paul, in the passage above quoted, had no eye to the esteem that others might award to the followers of Christ, for having everything in decency and in order, in their assemblies. Perhaps he only wished order for order's sake; and decency for the sake of decency itself. But I doubt not he had some regard to the opinion of others, too, both for the sake of the cause they were engaged in, and for their own reputation. Sometimes a minister of Christ is tried with himself, because he desires to make the very best he can of his ability for public speaking. If he wished to do this, to make himself a god, and be the centre of praises, he needs to be tried with himself, and to despise himself. But if he wishes it primarily, for the sake of truth, to go into its hidden recesses, and bring it out in its most inviting forms; and if he wishes secondarily to make the most of his powers, and to do the best he can with them, because he likes excellence for its own sake, better than he likes inferiority; and if he wishes subordinately to meet the commendation of his brethren, that they may see him to be "a workman that needeth not to be ashamed," but worthy to be encouraged and promoted to a wider sphere of influence and action—if he desires all this, I think he need not be tried with himself. These tendencies, or impulses, or desires, whatever we may term them, God himself has established in the human mind, and he will never destroy them; and it is not in man's own power to root them out,

though he may think it easier to do it than to regulate them. I believe they exist in the constitution of the higher orders of beings more vigorously than in ours, though of course in more perfect balance than we can get here in the body. What we need to be afraid of, is, the desire of making ourselves the centre of thought; an especial subject of observation. If we desire to do this in even the childish matter of dress, we become sinful. God never designed we should make ourselves idols; by so doing, we should dwindle into non-entity, as to any usefulness to others, or happiness to ourselves. The truly humble much prefer to escape observation. They never desire it for its own sake. And their desire of doing everything in the best way is so subordinate, that if, through some unfavorable circumstance they fail to do their best, they have no reflections to cast. They are not troubled. Their failure had some good purpose for which it was permitted, say they. Or if it was to be traced to some mere physical infirmity—that is to be expected sometimes;—it is not to be mourned over; it is of but little consequence compared to the thousand higher things above our heads. God's purified and refined people have broad views. It must be a narrow mind indeed, that the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ cannot widen to considerable breadth. They can easily believe that all things shall work together for good to those that love God; for he has put the philosophy of it into their hearts. They may be called to "glorify the Lord in the fires," yet shall they live again the more purified, either in this world, or another.

April, 1859.

THE CHRISTIAN MAN OF BUSINESS.

—"It is obvious that the man of business has no more right to live unto himself than the clergyman, the missionary, the martyr, or the apostle. The principles which govern the life of a Christian are not affected by his calling; they are the same always and everywhere."—*Wayland*.

[Original.]

A PECULIAR INCIDENT.

BY E. W.

AGREEABLY to my half-expressed promise, that I would furnish an occasional article for your pages, derived from my experience, I take a few moments to put on paper an account of an incident which occurred last week.

Let me say in the beginning that I am in the enjoyment of my usual health, which, though not very vigorous, is better than it was a year ago. There was nothing in my circumstances like a prevailing epidemic, or a great number of sudden deaths, to induce the state of mind or heart through which I was led.

I was alone in my chamber—a place hallowed by many seasons of sweet communion with my Saviour—engaged in reading the Bible in the book of Exodus, when the impression was made on my mind, that I should die before morning. It was not that I was *liable* to be called away, for I have often felt that, and hope to bear it always in mind. There would not have been more reality about the impression, if an angel from heaven had communicated the fact. Sixteen years ago I was on a bed of sickness, and nigh to death, though unconscious of my danger at the time, owing to the nature of my disease. Strange as it may seem, nothing was said to me about dying, although surrounded by pious young men in a Theological Seminary. Two years later, I was in a violent storm at sea, and our captain told the passengers that he had done every thing he could for our safety, except cutting away the masts. He thought there was no hope for us if the storm did not abate soon.

I had not at that time such a realizing sense that my end had come, as impressed me here in my room, in the enjoyment of my usual health. In this case, there was no effort by reasoning or reading to drive away the impression from my mind, or to

attribute it to something which I had heard or seen recently.

My love of life is not very strong; but there is nothing in my circumstances which should make me seek death as a release from any of life's burdens.

I view the whole subject calmly, without fear, and found there was no clinging to life, but a readiness to leave all and go to my home in Heaven.

On my knees, alone with my God, not by constraint, not hurriedly, but cheerfully and deliberately, I saw my sins, my follies, my waywardness, my unfaithfulness in his service; and though long and dark the record, yet all seemed cancelled by the blood of Christ, and I felt as if going to the judgment to hold up these words as my ground of confidence: "Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out." Notwithstanding this great promise how high my sins did rise! How small all that I had ever done in Christ's cause! Then I saw how wondrous the *love* of God, in taking such an unworthy creature, so full of sin, so ignorant and weak, to be an heir of Heaven.

The thought arose: what shall those who are in a sense dependent on you—your wife and aged parents—do, if you are taken away? The answer came: God does not need *you* for this purpose. I seemed as nothing, and Jesus was "all in all."

It did occur to my mind to acquaint my parents with my feelings; but it was not long entertained. With sweet peace, and a steadfast trust in Christ, I lay down to sleep, expecting to awake in Heaven. It was with surprise that I awoke the next morning in this world.

There was one thing to be remarked,—there was not a strong *wish to die*, that created a disappointment in the morning when I awoke.

Another is, that there was no forming of resolutions by self-righteousness, that if God would spare my life a little longer, I would be more faithful in his service.

I expect to do this every day, as He gives me opportunity and strength; but I would not seek to buy time by my works.

I have learned from this season of communion with death, that my only motive for wishing life is, that I may do the will of my God, and show his love and compassion in giving Christ to die for the sins of men.

Jan., 1859.

[Selected.]

THE CLOSET.

One precious spot there is on earth,
Secluded, but not lonely;
'Tis there the Christian oft retires,
To meet with Jesus only.

And while he meets with such a FRIEND,
Why should he wish another?
For there his soul refreshment finds —
For there he meets a brother.

'Tis there the weak, the timid one
Sustaining grace may borrow;
'Tis there the mourning penitent
Unburdens all his sorrow.

'Tis there the humbled broken heart
Weeps o'er its lost condition;
The bruised, the wounded, leprous soul
Finds there a great PHYSICIAN.

The widow meets a husband there,
Dispelling all her sadness;
And there a Father's cheering voice
Turns orphan grief to gladness.

And what, my soul! what need you more
In life or death to cheer you?
Come, "enter in and shut the door,"
Your Saviour there will hear you.

Then visit oft that precious spot,
Secluded, but not lonely;
And seek as oft as you retire,
To be with Jesus only.

THE CHARACTER OF JOB. — "He was upright in his dealings both with God and man; was faithful to his promises, steady in his counsels, true to every trust reposed in him and under conscience of all he said and did. The fear of God reigning in his heart was the principle that governed all his conversation. That made him perfect and upright, inward and entire for God, universal and uniform in religion; that kept him close to his duty." — *Henry.*

[Original.]

DESPONDENCY.

WHY despair, O man? Why let dark thoughts trouble thee? Dost thou ask what is there to live for, when unsatisfied cravings for fame, disappointed ambition and blasted hopes rise up before thy mental vision so overwhelming as to crush thee almost to the earth?

When those who were deemed true to thee forsake, or perchance are taken from thee by the cold hand of death, dost thou ask in thy bitter anguish, Why do I live? Is all darkness around thee? Lift up thy head, O crushed, forsaken spirit, and behold through the dark clouds surrounding thee, the bright sunshine beyond.

Put not thy trust in human sympathy, but seek One who will *never* fail thee. Think, O man!

Thou hast a MIND! Gather up thy courage and call fortitude and perseverance — which are in themselves a host — to thine aid, and take thy stand firmly against all foes, and fight manfully the battle of life, relying on divine aid — and thou shalt gain the victory. Dost thou thirst after knowledge? then turn to Him who is all wisdom, and think how vain is human wisdom when compared with the All-wise. Dost complain that thou hast not an intellect suited to accomplish great purposes? Improve the talents which God has given thee, for so shalt thou be judged. When feelings of utter loneliness creep over thee, fly to arms and dispel the foe; comfort and cheer the lot of those whom fortune shall throw in thy way, and thou shalt not have lived in vain. Does a feeling of fatigue and languor steal over thy senses, benumbing thy energies, and causing thee to long for a release from this tenement of clay, to which are attached so many ills — and to soar away and be free? O! tongue cannot express, nor pen describe all the meaning of that little word *free*. Conceive of heaven where all is perfection — all is happiness; where

there are no unsatisfied thirstings for fame, honor, and power — no partings between friends, causing bitter anguish, no disappointed hopes of future happiness, no dreams of bliss unrealized; but a place where thine intellect may expand, and unfold its energies age after age, and thy longings after truth and wisdom never diminish, never tire; and as each new truth unfolds itself to the mind, it brings with it a satisfying influence, before unknown.

And there, where all is love, pure and unalloyed, shall thine affections have free scope — not as here, often compelled to stifle the best feelings of thy nature, for the want of congenial minds, sometimes, perhaps, distrusting even thy best friends. Look beyond this world to heaven, where all is calm and serene; and there shall thy troubled spirit find rest, after thy toils are o'er, and it shall be said unto thee, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

[Original.]

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

BY J. W. R.

I WAS convinced of the error of my ways, and of the sinfulness of sin, in my youth — which caused a reformation and induced me to unite myself with the church of my choice. Having a godly sorrow for sin I immediately commenced seeking the Lord Jesus Christ in good earnest, by denying myself of every known sin, by reading the Bible, fasting and prayer. But through the insinuations of the devil, and unbelief, I failed to obtain justifying grace until I had entered my twentieth year. On the 4th of June, 1835, at 10 o'clock at night, alone and in my bed-room, I found the Lord very precious to my soul, and the load of guilt, which oppressed me, and felt too intolerable to be borne was removed, and I was enabled to rejoice in hope of the glory of God.

The next day, in the evening, the tempter thrust sorely at me, and I felt unhappy and miserable for a short time. I left my

residence in order to see and converse with an experienced minister and man of God, about two miles distant, but before I had gone far I turned out into the silent grove, and bowed in humble prayer, and the Lord Jesus removed all doubts and fears, and manifested himself unto me as He does not to the world. I returned rejoicing. And from that day and hour I have never doubted my conversion.

In a very short time afterwards I felt it to be my privilege as well as my duty to "grow in grace and in the knowledge and love of God." I commenced with prayer and much earnestness seeking after the blessing of *holiness of heart* — and enjoyed much of the divine favor and love of God in my soul from time to time. I can truly say that I never lost my first love; but I continued earnestly engaged in prayer — looking for, and expecting to receive the blessing of sanctification; but unbelief again and again, through the devil, prevented me for many years from obtaining it. But believing it to be Bible doctrine, and attainable by those who seek it, I persevered, and by grace through faith in the atoning merits of *Christ*, I obtained that great blessing on the 24th Dec., 1854, about half-past eight o'clock at night, after family prayers. I had requested my wife to join with me in prayer for that special blessing. We knelt, being alone, and in a moment seemingly I received it. It was as clear and satisfactory as the blessing of regeneration. Since that memorable night I have enjoyed much more of the divine favor and love of God than before, and access to the throne of grace is much more easy. At times I have received such wonderful manifestations of the divine favor and out-pourings of the Holy Ghost as to fill my soul to overflowing.

I have no fears of death, but a perfect resignation to the will of God, and a delight in his service.

Mechanicsville, So. Carolina, }
March, 1859. }

[Original.]

SANCTIFICATION, A DISTINCT BLESSING.

BY MRS. M. W. RUSSELL.

PERHAPS in no age of the world, has there been so much inquiry, by all denominations, on the subject of personal holiness, or entire consecration, as at the present day. Multitudes are anxiously inquiring the way. Yet many are tempted to think it is not, after all, a second work of grace; while others suppose it is given at the hour of death. Mr. Finney said he "as much believes it to be a second work, as he believed in his existence," or words to that effect.

We have in a former article traced out the analogy of the Israelites to the New Testament church, and showed the rest of faith, to be analagous to the Promised Land. No one who reads the Bible attentively can doubt that God intended to bring the Israelites into the promised land. It is also his purpose to lead us into the rest of perfect love. But there are several points in the analogy that hold good. Mark how few entered the promised Canaan! It is said, that, "although the children of Israel be as the sand of the sea for multitude, a remnant shall be saved." Rom. ix. 27. It is also said, that, "having brought them out of Egypt, he afterwards destroyed them that believed not." Jude i. 5. It was not his will that they should remain in the wilderness forty years, when it was only eleven day's journey; but the command was, "go forward." So it is not his will that we should stop with justifying grace; but "it is his will, even our sanctification." I believe that all who sincerely "hunger and thirst after righteousness, will be filled;" but let those who hastily deny this great work, consider the fate of the Israelites who believed not, lest it shall at last be said of them, "Ye knew your duty, but ye did

it not." Let all such be honest, and study the Bible, that they may know whether what we declare is true or not; and it will lead them "into all truth." "Let us therefore fear, lest a promise being given us of entering into rest, any of us should seem to come short of it."

Dear reader, is the voice of God saying to thee, "go forward?" Do not hesitate to obey it. Art thou afraid of persecution? Remember, our Saviour said, "blessed are they that are persecuted for righteousness sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." The sainted Fletcher went so far as to say, that "if we did not suffer persecution, we could not consider ourselves Christians." The days of persecution and imprisonment have not entirely passed away. The persecution at the present day is not usually open, but secret; the imprisonment is not that of the body, but of the spirit. The fear of the world keeps many from "standing up for Jesus." The fear of man keeps many a spirit in prison until there is but a lingering spark of fire that was once kindled upon the altar of the heart. They are not willing to have their "names cast out as evil," and to be "fools for Christ's sake." But what *can* we suffer more than Christ suffered when he was on the earth? and is the "servant greater than his Lord?" It is said that, "they who suffer with him, shall also reign with him." Then if we would wear the crown, let us bear the cross, like our Saviour, "for the joy that is set before us." The apostle Paul declares that "the sufferings of this present life are not to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us." Let us not be content to stand on the shore, and now and then catch a glimpse of the promised land, by a wave of mercy that may occasionally roll over our weary feet, but let us launch out into the broad ocean of his love, that we may be filled with all his communicable fullness.

Boston, March 10, 1859.

[Selected.]

THE YOUNG CHRISTIAN; OR,
EARLY GRACE AND AN EARLY
HEAVEN.

THE blessedness of early devotion to God cannot be computed by any earthly arithmetic. It requires that the accountant shall know how much of scarring sin and soul-curse has been escaped; how much of remorse; how much bitterness of hopeless death and eternal sadness have been shunned, and then how much of divine influence gained, good accomplished; how much work for the Saviour; how much peace in believing; how much consolation in Christ and comfort of the Holy Ghost; how much of glory has shone upon the filming eye-ball — must weigh “a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory” — must compute how much it will be worth to remain forever near the All-Father, to see forever the all-loving and ever-loving Saviour, and to be like him. All these elements must be taken into account ere the grand total is reached! Who can do this? Whose arithmetic is sufficient?

But how bring this to the hearts of our dear young readers? We shall not argue. God in providence has armed us with facts, and we will come with a few, drawn from a recent occurrence in this city.*

In the town of Jacksonville, Ill., was born a babe — a female child — on the 6th of March, 1839. When but two years of age, her parents removed to Sackett's Harbor, N. Y., and thence to Utica. Shortly afterward her father entered the ministry and became a member of the Black River Conference. Sarah was early converted, and among the strangers to whom her father went, ever made friends. Religion sweetly sanctified her girlhood, and rendered her in early life a blessing to many.

* “Died in Chicago, Feb. 19th, 1859, of consumption, Mrs. Sarah C., wife of B. T. Vincent, and daughter of Rev. O. C. and B. M. Cole, of B. R. Conference, aged 19 years, 11 months, and 15 days.”

It made her happy. Oh, dear youthful reader, there is no gloom in the religion of Jesus. Sin has made earth's shadows — not grace. It was while attending school at Fairfield, N. Y., she contracted the disease which ultimately carried her to the grave. It was consumption; hidden usually, yet each new cold gave evidence that the hand of the spoiler was on her heart-strings — it was never removed.

THE YOUNG WIFE. — God has ordained the family. The purest earthly joys cluster around it, and in it is the noblest type of religion found. Home is woman's kingdom. On the tenth of February, 1858, Sarah was married to B. T. Vincent, of Chicago, and removed to this city. Their home was remote from the older and wealthier churches, and near a small and feeble one struggling for existence, and with it they cast their lot. God visited that church with prosperity, enlarged its borders; its Sabbath school became noted for its success. In that prosperity she greatly rejoiced. In her happy Christian home, she gathered about her a large company of devoted friends. Unobtrusive as she was, they loved her much, and her affectionate heart returned that love; but above all, sought to maintain daily communion with God.

THE YOUNG MOTHER. — A sweet babe was given her. As it nestled in her bosom she gave it to the Lord. Her family circle was now more attractive than ever, and she had more than ever to commit to the keeping of her covenant Lord. She was soon to have that trust tested; that babe was to be motherless, that husband wifeless, that class in Owen street Sunday school without a teacher.

THE LAST CONFLICT. — Let us go to that home. A young female, — daughter, sister, wife, mother, though not yet twenty years of age, is soon to be glorified. She is to pass the dark valley to the mountains of light beyond. Young lady! lay down your novel; come from your amusement, and look on death! Aye, start not, shud-

der not; death, here, is not terrible. Enemy he may be, but he is a conquered foe. He is despoiled of his sting, and made the servant of the feeble, yet conquering saint. The disease, long latent, is manifest. She has realized the fact; friends comforted themselves in thinking that she would soon be restored to health. She knew differently. She knew she

"Was fading away to the land of the blest,
Like the last lingering hues of the even."

She had all to live for, yet — read it, young friends — yet more to die for! Calmly the world was disposed of. Hear her, for we give her words: "I put all my little cares on Jesus; they are small, but he has blessed me. O Beth (to her husband), trust Him for all little things."

See the dying daughter and friend, for in the death of the Christian the triumph is this — while the natural affections are intensified, the grace supports! Hear her: "Tell pa I'll hover over him as he preaches, if permitted." "Tell Mrs. T., I am sorry I have not said more to her on the subject of religion; ask her to forgive me; I expect to meet her in heaven." * * * "Tell M. to make no plans for the future; see what changes have taken place in a year! There's nothing sure but heaven." * * * To Mr. H.: "I'm going to a bright world. Oh meet me there. A Christian's dying bed is a happy one." We attempt no record of the words spoken to the devoted mother who watched beside her child. They are treasured in her inmost heart!

"Oh," say you, "but how *could* she give up her babe?" Sure enough, how? Let us near her couch and listen. "I would love to take my dear little boy with me, but I give him to God! My precious boy! You are *all* the Lord's! He will take care of my darling! As soon as he can lisp the Lord's prayer, have him kneel down and pray!" Young reader, was that all delusion? Is there no emphasis in such words?

"But if she loved her husband, surely she *could not* be reconciled to separation from him?" She did love him, devotedly. Too sacred are many of her utterances to be given. Yet hear: "Poor B., *he* will be lonely; but Jesus will fill the void!" (To him): "Oh, I feel you are coming soon! Won't *that* be a meeting on the other shore? My grave will be a sweet place to go to. You will know my body lies there; and when you go there I will meet you."

Say, loving young wife, what was the grace which so comforted and sustained when that tenderest tie was riven? What was it? Is it or is it not worth seeking at any price or any hazard?

But let these relations pass from sight. Stand by that couch, and note the death of a devoted young Christian. Hear her words as she speaks to her pastor, himself frail and shaken by disease: "We will soon meet on the other shore. I am going a little before you—death looks very sweet—

"There's not a cloud that doth arise
To darken my skies,
Or hide for a moment my Lord from my eyes."

Praise the Lord, I am only falling asleep to wake in heaven!" "The other world looks so bright!" "I am almost home." The friends see that she is indeed "almost there," and gather close and sing "All is well!" Is she gone? Not yet—the lips move, and she whispers, "O how sweet! Glory to Jesus! THE WATERS ARE WARM!" A little later—"Make it more light." "You are in the valley, my daughter," said the mother. "O yes; praise the Lord!"

The voice is hushed! Sarah sleeps in her New York grave. But, though dead, she yet speaks. Hear her sweet voice, sweeter now than when it rolled in song — hear it: "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth." "Godliness is profitable to all things." We would echo that voice. It comes from the land of the blest — we send forth its echoes to-day

into thousands of families. We love the youth of our land, for we have hardly yet shaken hands with youth ourself; and loving it, we have chosen this one instance from many that, armed with its blessed facts, we might go to our youthful readers and invite them to Jesus.

And, ye Christian parents, is it not worth while to lead your children to Jesus, at least to try to do so? Let the death-triumph of the minister's daughter answer. — *Northwestern Christian Advocate.*

[Original.]
GOING HOME.

BY ABBIE F. EMERY.

"I'm going home!" The words fell from the pallid lips of a fair young creature, over whose head but few fleeting years had passed, though heavily laden with sorrow and with grief. Within a quiet, darkened room upon an humble couch she lay, from whose countenance the light of earthly hope and desire had long since departed, and from whose tender heart had crept one by one the sweet impulses of health and activity — the quickening throb of pleasure and worldly excitement, leaving in place the torpor of disease, the icy clasp of suffering and distress. But there is a look of resignation upon that speaking countenance, a gleam of heavenly joy lights up the glassy eye and parts the thin lip into a quivering smile; a low, soft music flows from the dying voice, while the words of inspiration that oft mark the closing hour of this poor life lend a sublime attraction, a solemn interest to the scene.

"Are you not at home here my child?" whispers a gentle voice near by, "are you not at home with those who love you so fondly, and you would willingly devote their lives to ensure you health and happiness?" "No, no! I am not at home here, sweet mother; this world is not *my home*! All here looks dark, dark and shadowy. The song of the tiny bird is sad music to

my ear, the deep tones of the Sabbath bell come with an intonation so sad, so plaintive, that my impulse when listening to its once cheering tone is now to turn aside and weep. The glowing noonday sky is all too bright, and the sunset shadows bring a weight upon my heart. Everything here looks cold and dreary now; objects that filled my heart with joy, and scenes that caused my very soul to thrill with inexpressible delight now glide within my vision, but alas! they weary and disturb, delighting me no more. But I am going home, mother, — going where the soft music of the angel choir will greet me with joyous welcome as I come, where the skies will ever wear a softened light that will shed an indescribable glory around me, and the fadeless joys of that realm of bliss will create a halo of immortal light to encircle the new-born spirit! I am going where all is joy and peace, where all is bright and beautiful; and the glory of that brighter land shall never fade away.

Dry all thy tears, dear mother, — weep not for me, I am going to a distant but a better land! This life has been to me a fleeting dream — a changeful April day — an hour of flickering sunshine and shadow — I would not prolong it in its cheerlessness. Now and then a bright dream of joy has filled me with a desire to go forward, to realize, if possible, a little of happiness, but the stern conflict with chance and change — the deep, incurable wounds received in the battle of life have been too much for my fainting spirit, and now weary, weak, and drooping I yield, Ah! how willingly, to the stern though quiet and peaceful embrace of death, and long to seek in that chill bosom the rest that this earth with its cares cannot afford. Heaven lures me on; the dazzling visions of that glorious land are with me — the white-robed throng appear nearer and nearer to my view. List! now they are chanting melodiously — now they seem to

rest by the cooling waters of the river of life that flows in its dazzling beauty so quietly along, and above them wave the ever-living branches of the tree of everlasting life. Now—now they come to meet me—mother—loved ones—farewell—I am going home!”

THE WORDS OF JESUS.

^b Remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how He said —

^c “Your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things.”—Matt. vi. 32.

THOUGH spoken originally by Jesus regarding temporal things, this may be taken as a motto for the child of God amid all the changing vicissitudes of his changing history. How it should lull all misgivings; silence all murmurings; lead to lowly, unquestioning submissiveness—“My Heavenly Father knoweth that I have need of all these things.”

Where can a child be safer or better than in a father's hand? Where can the believer be better than in the hands of his God? We are poor judges of what is best. We are under safe guidance with infallible wisdom. If we are tempted in a moment of rash presumption to say, “All these things are against me,” let this “word” rebuke the hasty and unworthy surmise. Unerring wisdom and Fatherly love have pronounced *all* to be “needful.”

My soul, is there ought that is disturbing thy peace? Are providences dark, or crosses heavy? Are spiritual props removed, creature comforts curtailed, gourds smitten and withered like grass?—write on each, “*Your Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things.*” It was He who increased thy burden. Why? “*It was needed.*” It was He who smote down thy clay idol. Why? “*It was needed.*” It was supplanting Himself: He had to remove it! It was He who crossed thy worldly schemes, marred thy cherished hopes. Why? “*It was needed.*” There

was a lurking thorn in the coveted path. There was some higher spiritual blessing in reversion. “He ‘*prevented*’ thee with the blessings of His goodness.”

Seek to cherish a spirit of more child-like confidence in thy Heavenly Father's will. Thou art not left unbefriended and alone to buffet the storms of the wilderness. Thy Marahs as well as thy Elims are appointed by Him. A gracious pillar-cloud is before thee. Follow it through sunshine and storm. He may “lead thee about,” but He will not lead thee wrong. Unutterable tenderness is the characteristic of all His dealings. “Blessed be His name,” says a tried believer, “He maketh my feet like hinds' feet” (*literally*, “*equaleth*” them), “*he equaleth* them for every precipice, every ascent, every leap.”

And who is it that speaks this quieting word? It is He who Himself felt the preciousness of the assurance during His own awful sufferings, that all were *needed*, and all *appointed*; that from Bethlehem's cradle to Calvary's Cross there was not the redundant thorn in the chaplet of sorrow which He, the Man of Sorrows, bore. Every drop in His bitter cup was mingled by His Father: “This cup which Thou givest me to drink, shall I not drink it!” Oh, if He could extract comfort in this hour of inconceivable agony, in the thought that a Father's hand lighted the fearful furnace-fires, what strong consolation is there in the same truth to all His suffering people!

What! one superfluous drop! one redundant pang! one unneeded cross! Hush the secret atheism! He gave His Son for thee! He calls Himself “thy Father!” Whatever be the trial under which thou art now smarting, let the word of a gracious Saviour be “like oil thrown on the fretful sea;” let it dry every rebellious tear-drop. “He, thine unerring Parent, knoweth that thou hast need of *this* as well as *all* these things.”

“Thy word is very sure, therefore thy servant loveth it.”

[Original.]

"BLESSED INFLUENCE OF ONE TRUE, LOVING, HUMAN SOUL ON ANOTHER!"

DEAR GUIDE: In your February No. I read the above sentence, commencing an article headed "Personal Influence;" and so forcibly have those few words, or, rather, the fact contained in them, been impressed on my mind, that I cannot forbear expressing a few thoughts in reference to them, which, if deemed worthy a place in your columns, you can accord it; although, as you will easily perceive, I am not accustomed to write for publication, and never do, unless from some strong impelling motive.

How true it is that we are all susceptible of influence, and if that influence be *good*, and exercised over us by those we *know* to be loving, kind and true,—without any selfish interest or sordid motives actuating the same, but brought to bear upon us from a pure, yearning desire to do us good,—O how *blessed* is that influence! We feel to exult within ourselves at the thought, that amid all the chilling indifference of the world around us, and the self-interest and lukewarmness of our own home-circle of friends and acquaintances as a *body*, we have *some* "true, loving, human souls," who do feel for us, have an interest in us, sympathize with us, and strive and study to do us good, and thus exercise a truly blessed influence over us. And this is the case to a certain extent when not in anywise connected with a religious belief and life; for when kindred spirits come together, there is an answering of the one to the other, as when in the glass "face answereth to face," and an influence from such a close interchange of each other's feelings and sentiments arises, which for time, and perhaps eternity, will never be effaced.

But it is of the influence which is exerted by Christians only,—and more especially that *particular class* of Christians, whose numbers are so *few*, comparatively

speaking,—that I would write; I mean those who are striving to have all the "*mind and spirit* which were in Christ;" to be filled with the life and power of religion; to realize, in themselves, the efficacy of that blood which cleanseth from *all sin*, and to be made partakers of a full salvation.

The influence of the great mass of professed Christians, at the present day, seems to be in a great measure neutralized; for, though they have a "name to live," yet it cannot be denied that, in the main, they lack the "life and power of godliness," and may be, perhaps not inaptly, likened to the great "heap of dry bones," spoken of in holy Writ. But there is a class,—a remnant,—saved out from the rest, like the "remnant of Israel," which is, at the present time, exercising more influence for good in the church and in the world than all the hosts of professing Christians of every name and denomination beside, put together. And this class is not (praise God), confined to any one particular church or creed, but is scattered to a greater or less extent among all of the evangelical churches throughout the land; though, as the one great "central idea," first stamped its impress upon the hearts and lives of John Wesley and his followers, so now do we see its most numerous and definite advocates in the bosom of the M. E. Church; though a thousand times too few even there. And of such as believe in and enjoy the blessings of a full salvation, it may be truly said, with respect to their influence for good over evil, that "one can chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight;" for whenever they engage with the powers of darkness, be it in their own behalf, or of other poor souls, struggling to be freed from their bondage of sin and Satan, they seem to have a supporting power at their back, a wall of defence around them, and a spirit of *might*, leading them on from conquering to conquest.

Most truly do I realize in my own ex-

perience, the blessed influence of a few "true, loving, human souls," of this "particular class," who have been instruments, in God's hands, of untold good to me, and for whose spiritual and temporal well-being I shall ever pray. And it was on the spur of the moment, as it were, when vividly impressed with a sense of the great, and, I trust, lasting good done me within a very few days past, that I commenced this communication; which, if it meets the eye of the one who, by timely advice, words of sympathy and encouragement, and more than all, the utterance of a faithful prayer, (which was speedily answered, thank God), enabled me to take a position from which, owing to a continual whirl of business which circumstances pressed upon me, and which I was necessitated to discharge, I had in a measure fallen; and serve to encourage her in her labors of love, and her efforts to show unto poor pilgrim travellers home the "more excellent way," even the "high-way of holiness," I shall feel that I have not written altogether in vain, and that I have made some little return for the "blessed influence of one true, loving, human soul" exercised over me.

Yours truly,

S. T. T.,
Vernon Depot, Conn.

PRAYER.—"When there is a continuance in prayer, there will be spiritual growth in some proportion. For men to be earnest in prayer and thrifless in grace is a certain indication of prevalent corruptions and want of being spiritually minded in prayer itself. If a man eats his daily food, let him eat never so much or often; if he be not nourished by it, his body is under the power of prevalent distempers; and so is his spiritual constitution who thriveth not in the use of the food of the new creature."—*Dr. John Owen.*

HOW TO LABOR.—"Do a little at a time, that you may do the more."—*Wesley.*

Original.

DO AND DARE.

BY EDWARD E. ROGERS.

Christian, rouse from slumber!
Yield to sloth no more!
Shrink not from the struggle,
Till thy life is o'er!
Thou art Jesus' servant —
Thou must burdens bear;
For thy King and Master
Learn to *do* and *dare*.

Do, to bless the millions
Cursed by earth's dark woes;
Dare, in Zion's conflict
With her thousand foes.
Do with holy ardor
Duty everywhere,
And for truth eternal
Ever nobly *dare*.

Not in vain thy effort
Jesus' sway to spread:
Truth is marching onward
With the conqueror's tread.
Wouldst thou share the triumph,
And the laurels wear?
Do Immanuel's bidding —
For him *do* and *dare*.

"Did you never try experiments for your pleasure? Try this one. See what you will find in withdrawing yourself from all things else, and becoming entirely devoted to God through the Redeemer, to live after his will and in his presence. Try the difference between viewing truths to please your genius, or using divine ordinances to keep up the custom, to conform yourselves to those you live among, and help to make a show; and doing these things with a serious design to get into an acquaintance with God, to have your soul transformed into his image, that you may have present and eternal fellowship with him. Try how much better it is, to have your lives governed by an awful and dutiful respect to God, than to follow your own wild and enormous inclinations; and whether it be not better, what good thing soever you do, to do it for the Lord's sake, than from base and sordid motives."—*Rev. J. Howe.*

[Original.]

ANOTHER WORD FOR FULL SALVATION.

BY A. A. P.

HAVING read the Guide with much interest and comfort, I shall be happy if I can add anything to its pages in favor of the blessed doctrine it teaches. Furthermore, the benefit I have myself received from the testimony of others, induces me to review the leading circumstances of my own experience, in relation to the subject of entire holiness. I was converted about two years since. The Lord then became the life and delight of my soul. I served him with some degree of faithfulness, according as my mind was enlightened in the truth at that time. I however panted after a clearer vision of truth, and greater conformity to the will of God. I was fully convinced that there was a depth of meaning and reality in almost all the promises of God, to which I was an utter stranger. There certainly was a deep spiritual *experience* promised, which I had not attained. This conviction was ripening in my mind for a number of days, and pressing me more and more. I felt that the interest of my soul demanded entire devotedness to God's service, and a perfect conformity to his will. As I had an earnest desire to be all the Lord would have me be, and to enjoy all that Christ had purchased for me, I was led to ask myself the question, How soon after conversion may I expect to have this work wrought? Mr. Wesley answers, "With God one day is as a thousand years." It plainly follows that the quantity of time is nothing to Him. Centuries, years, months, days, hours, and moments, are exactly the same; consequently He can as well sanctify in a day after we are justified as in years." With this view of the subject, and with the promise that it is the will of God, even our sanctification, I was enabled through the assistance of grace to give myself wholly to the Lord.

All was upon the altar. How solemn, how interesting was that moment! — and ere I was aware the praises of my Redeemer were sounding forth from my enraptured soul. I was perfectly assured that the work I had been seeking was accomplished; and during all the labors, cares, responsibilities and temptations that have ensued, this salvation has been my comfort and support.

I bless God for the experimental knowledge that Jesus is a present Saviour from all sin. I now feel the sweet assurance that I am wholly accepted and saved of the Lord. "My hope is full (O glorious hope!) of immortality." I am bound for the land of the pure on high, where I expect to bask forever in the smiles of Jesus, whose blood has washed my sins away. I see no lions in the narrow way, nor any gloomy vale at its close; but the strait gate is there, and over it is written "Eternal Life." This is the promised legacy of all the pure in heart; and O how much I desire to answer to such a description of character as shall be recognized in the courts of heaven!

Alburgh, Vt.

UNPROFITABLE READING. — "The great number of books and papers of amusement which of one kind or another daily come into one's possession, in part occasion and most perfectly fall in with an idle way of reading and considering things. By this means time, even in solitude, is happily got rid of without the pain of attention; neither is any part of it more put to the account of idleness,—one may say, is spent with less thought, than a great part of that which is spent in reading." — *Bishop Butler*.

THE SABBATH. — "We never in the whole course of our recollections, met a Christian who bore upon his character every other evidence of the work of the spirit, who did not remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." — *Chalmers*.

The Guide to Holiness.

MAY, 1859.

EDITORIAL PAPERS.

HOLINESS IN ITS RELATIONS TO PULPIT PREPARATION.

The doctrine that the Holy Ghost calls the true minister of the gospel to his responsible work, is generally received, we believe, among Christians. Great abilities, thorough mental culture, even where they are connected with genuine piety, are not considered as alone sufficient. These are, indeed, acknowledged as never more nobly appropriated than when laid upon the altar of its sacred service. But the Holy Ghost must *sanction* such an appropriation. It is His work, and He reserves the right to designate those who are to be His ministers.

This being conceded, the truth is naturally suggested that the Holy Ghost alone can give a full qualification for this work.

That his *regenerating* grace, as essential and great as it is allowed to be, is not such a complete fitness, all true gospel ministers have, to some extent at least, felt. The vacillations of faith, and the consequent painful conflicts of that state, between the flesh and the spirit, are incompatible with the highest efficiency in the work of saving men. But having the fulness of God, the Christian minister has a power stimulating to their most vigorous action every natural and acquired ability.

A few considerations will intimate its immediate bearing upon his preparation for the pulpit.

I. It enlarges his apprehension of divine truth.

As an ambassador of Christ, the minister has a message from Him to a dying world—a message, the proper reception of which involves man's eternal destiny. It is of vital importance, therefore, that it come from a heart on which it is written, not in the cold lines of mere intellectual perception, nor yet with the too feeble impressions of an imperfect purification, but in the glowing letters which the Holy Ghost writes upon a tablet which He himself has prepared by cleansing it from all sin.

"We speak that we do know," said the Saviour to Nicodemus, speaking for himself and all who should follow Him in preaching the gospel. The sanctified minister *knows* whereof he affirms in a larger sense than others; and, since out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh, he will go into the pulpit best fitted to awaken and convict others.

We need not say how indispensable a part of

his preparation this is. It has made unlearned men, of only ordinary abilities, mighty in pulling down the strongholds of wickedness, and in confounding the wisdom of the wise. Without it, learning and genius have been unfruitful in the pulpit; but, when united with them, it has secured the highest possible human agency for the world's redemption.

2. From the enlarged apprehension of divine truth, a fruitful state of mind in selecting topics for the pulpit will necessarily arise.

We think it was in Dr. Porter's valuable work on Homiletics that we read, many years ago, the statement that the minister who felt, at any time, that he had "nothing to preach about," was not living near to God. Making due allowance for mental exhaustion and physical prostration, and the infirmities inseparable from our frail nature, the truths of God's word so richly dwell in the sanctified minister that he will have no difficulty, from lack of interest, in selecting one of them to present to his people. Then while he will feel the necessity of seeking wisdom from above in choosing those most appropriate and timely, his heart will be a treasury out of which he may bring things new and old.

The practical doctrines of religion have a vast importance to him, and he cannot be at loss in enforcing them. The enmity of the natural heart against God has a sad meaning to him, for he has felt its force so as to *compel* him to speak of it. And since he lives by faith, *faith* will ever be a fruitful subject of conversation as well as discourse. Heaven and hell are not to him topics on which to indulge a glowing imagination, nor yet to exercise an ability for logical discussion. They have a solemn and awful meaning. Heaven is the goal for which he has laid aside *every* worldly entanglement, and separated himself unto the gospel of Christ. How can he lack interest in dwelling upon it. Hell is the "wrath to come"—"the wrath of the Lamb," which, to his faith, is the substance of things feared. He cannot shrink from declaring it to others. He is ready to lift up his voice and spare not, lest the blood of the lost be found staining his garments.

3. Entire sanctification gives most fully to the minister the Christ-like spirit which is so necessary a part of pulpit preparation. He "reproves, rebukes, and exhorts, with all long-suffering and doctrine." The spirit dwells in him which was also in Christ Jesus. He is ready to esteem others better than himself. He will be hated, because wicked men hate the truth which he speaks, but his spirit of love and meekness adds greatly to the force of what he utters. It is a fitness for the pulpit, of great price in the sight of the Head of the Church. By it he is enabled to hide himself behind the cross, while he holds it up to his congregation as their only and blessed hope of eternal life.

How favored a period that will be for the church, when every "school of the prophets," every conference, association, and presbtery—

when the heart of every pastor even, shall be pervaded with this *fullness of God*.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

AN INTERESTING SKETCH OF EARLY PIETY.

BY S. D. H.

[We deem the following worthy of insertion, not as taking the place of an experience of entire holiness, but as being a well-narrated account of conversion in childhood; and containing such incidental allusions as will make it interesting to all, but of special profit to the young. Let our friends direct the attention of their children to the article, with the earnest prayer that their tender hearts may be reached.—Ed.]

Rev. H. V. Degen:—My attention was directed to the "Guide" about two years since by an eminently pious young minister of Jesus; and since I have taken it, I have wished it were more extensively circulated. Within the last six weeks, without any trouble, I have obtained *ten* new subscribers, and hope to get a number more for the commencement of the new year. God speed you in this good work. I believe you will never know the good accomplished by this periodical until the day of final reckoning.

I have several times been urged to write an article or two for the "Personal Experience" department of your magazine, and have sent this communication, submitting it entirely to your pleasure. If this communication is accepted, I may write of other blessings received, for God has dealt very bountifully with his unworthy handmaiden.

Both my parents were made the subjects of saving grace, and connected themselves with the M. E. Church in childhood. When I was four years old, my father entered the itinerant ranks; and, thirty-five years ago, a Methodist preacher's office was no *sinicure*. I very distinctly remember some of the hardships he endured on his first circuits. You will naturally infer that my religious training was not neglected; and I would beg the indulgence of a passing tribute to the memory of my sainted father and mother, who have each gone from labor to reward, my mother nearly twenty, and my father eleven years since. One of my earliest recollections is, kneeling at my little stool during family prayer when not more than three years old; and another, my mother's closet prayers with us. It was her custom to take us in rotation, beginning with the eldest, into her room every evening at twilight, and talk to us of God and Heaven, and then pray with us. Many, many times have the precious tears fallen on my head like drops of rain, while she has been pleading for blessings on her only daughter; and many, many times, when tempted to do wrong, as I grew up to girlhood after my gentle mother's death, did I seem to feel those tears upon my head, pause, resist the temptation and escape the condemnation and guilt of sin. I was carefully instructed in the doctrines of our church, and taught many of our most beautiful hymns; but, above all, the Bible was my mother's favorite lesson-book. I thank God that she caused me to learn its precious words, for they have been a rich fund upon which I have drawn for comfort and support in hours of affliction and sadness, always finding something just suited to my condition. Thus I lived, almost secluded from any companionship but that of my parents and brothers; nor did I need any other, for we were so happy together. When I was ten years of age, my father and mother took me with them to a camp-meeting in the upper part of New Jersey, and there I felt my sins forgiven, and was enabled to rejoice in God my

Saviour; but, after a few months, I lost my enjoyment and the evidence of my acceptance with God, became careless, and gave way to sinful tempers and childish follies.

When nearly twelve, my precious mother, after a short and severe illness, was called "up higher," dying with words of assurance and love upon her lips. As I gazed upon her dear, dead face, all my disobedience to her and my sins against God rose up before me, and I felt I must be thoroughly changed in heart, or I could not dwell with my sainted mother in Heaven. From that hour, until I had completed my thirteenth year, I was never truly happy. I used to weep over my loss, and long for a preparation of heart to meet my mother; but the dreadful, bitter cup of *repentance*, was between me and religious enjoyment, and I could not bear to think of it. I would often exclaim mentally, "Oh, that I might be happy—*be a Christian without repenting!*" I had conceived the idea that the sorrow for sin necessary to its relinquishment must be so poignant that it would be almost like death to me. I felt that, young as I was, I had deeply sinned, for I had been favored with so much light and so many privileges, to which other children were strangers, that there was *very* much required of me. My beloved father would present religion in its most attractive garb to me, and urge me to give my heart to the Saviour; but I dreaded the humiliation of being a penitent, and letting my schoolmates know I meant to serve God. O, fearful pride in one so young. I kept my serious thoughts shut up in my own bosom, and would not have had them known by any one for any consideration. About this time the Asiatic-cholera was making its fearful ravages in England; and when it reached Canada, I felt that, should it pass over the United States, and reach our little town, I should die and be lost: still I would not repent, but at last grew familiar with accounts of death and devastation, and even that scourge was not dreaded. During the summer I went to another camp-meeting in the lower part of New Jersey, my brother next me in age being in company. On our way thither, I was so unusually volatile that my father rebuked me sharply, threatening to leave me at some farm-house on the road, unless I became more sedate. My trifling and giddy conduct was indulged in to prevent serious thoughts from troubling me. When we reached the camp-ground it was twilight; the fires had been kindled, illuminating the whole encampment; and as we passed within the circle of tents, I began to feel very solemnly.

The next day, my brother and I rambled through the woods, not attending any meetings; and the morning of the succeeding day was spent in the same manner. At the dinner table on this day, my dear father said, "I brought you here, my children, hoping that at least one of you would be converted, but I fear I shall be disappointed, as we go home early to-morrow morning." The sad tone in which these words were uttered, together with the earnest look of tender solicitude which accompanied them, made them "as a nail fastened in a sure place by the master of assemblies." Early in the summer, I had narrowly escaped drowning, and I vowed, while in the water, that if God would spare my life *then*, I would give Him my heart. This vow had troubled me, and I made a sort of compromise with conscience, saying, that if I went to camp-meeting that summer, I would seek religion. Now, I was at such a meeting—the last hours were rapidly approaching, and my vow had been unfulfilled. I could not eat, but rose hastily and went out of the tent, followed by my brother, and together we proceeded to a tent in which a prayer-meeting was in progress. My brother passed from my side between the tents; and as soon as he was gone, I slipped into the meeting, and when they went to prayer, I knelt, too; and very soon the tears were streaming down my cheeks. I was urged to go to the mourner's bench by a minister who knew me, who said my tears were an indication of my sorrow for sin. I was not conscious that I was weeping, I only thought of my sinfulness and exposure

to Divine wrath; and, when he thus addressed me, I resolved that no one else should see me weep, and tried to force back the tears, drying my eyes, but to no purpose; they would continue to flow, and again I was entreated to go forward for the prayers of God's people. This time I yielded to the request; and as I fell upon my knees, I said, audibly, "I will never rise without religion. I will have it or die here seeking it." I began to pray earnestly, and the longer I prayed the worse I felt, till at last I was so wrought upon that I feared to open my eyes, lest I should see the flames of perdition at my feet. I really thought I was sinking into the bottomless pit, and could almost hear the lamentations of the lost. Then I realized my inability to save myself, and I ventured to cast myself on the mercy of Jesus, crying, with a loud voice, "Here, Lord, I give myself away, 'tis all that I can do." "Quick as the spark from smitten steel," the blessing of pardon came, and "Glory!" burst my lips. The busy tempter whispered, "You are not yet pardoned; continue to pray for mercy." I tried to do so, but as soon as I opened my mouth, "glory" was the exclamation. I had nothing to ask; I had received "remission of sins through our Lord Jesus Christ," and now, after more than seven hours spent in agony, I rejoiced with "joy unspeakable, and full of glory." My dear brother received the assurance of pardoned sin about five minutes before me, at the end of the same bench; and when they brought him to me, we embraced each other, while shouts and tears and ascriptions of praise burst from many hearts. Dear father was truly a happy man; tears of joy ran down his cheeks; and the other preachers gathered about him, congratulating him on being able to take us both home changed in heart. I seemed to be in a new world; the stars seemed brighter; the leaves of the trees seemed to sing; and the little catyids seemed to say "praise the Lord," instead of their usual cry. I shall never forget that evening. I may forget the faces of my friends; I may forget other scenes and other days; but never, while memory lives, will that happy twelfth of August, 1831, be forgotten. Hallelujah! children may know their sins forgiven, as well as adults, and retain that knowledge, too.

Philadelphia, Oct. 3, 1833.

"Let us draw near with a true heart in full assurance of faith."—Hebrew x., 22.

"How sweet it is, my child,
To live by simple faith,
Just to believe the Lord will do
Exactly what He saith."

"Does faith mean to believe
That God will surely do
Exactly what He says, Mamma,
Just as I know that you—

Will give me what I ask,
Because you love me well,
And listen patiently to hear
Whatever I may tell?"

"Yes, you may trust in God,
Just as you trust in me;
Believe, dear child, He loves you well,
And will your Father be!

For when you sought His love,
You Father up in Heaven
Looked kindly down, for Jesus' sake,
And has your sins forgiven.

And now, to pray in faith
Is simply to believe
That what you ask in Jesus' name
You surely shall receive."

Go, with your simple wants,
Go tell Him all you need;
Go put your trust in Christ alone,
Such faith is sweet, indeed."

LEILA.

GREAT TRUTHS IN SMALL WORDS.

It is said that the word of God is so plain, that a fool need not err therein, and yet the fool hath said in his heart, "there is no God." That is, it is the wish of his heart that there should be no God. He would do what seems to be right in his own eyes, and he will not take the word of God as a lamp to his feet and a light to his eyes. Such a man is called in the Book of Psalms—a fool. Hear what is there said to him!

"Lift not up your horn on high, speak not with a proud neck," "I have said that ye are gods, but all of you shall die like men." Such proud men now live. They look round on this bright world, so full of life and joy, and they say, "All these things came by chance. There is no God!" He has spread out the green grass at their feet, strewed the earth with sweet flowers to fill their hearts with joy, yet they do not say, "I will praise the name of God with a song." "It is a good thing to give thanks." They do not thank him, for they still say, "There is no God!" The moon and stars shine by night—their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world. But the fool does not hear the voice of God. The sun comes forth in his strength, like a strong man to run a race—the proud man feels that the light is sweet; he is cheered with the beams of the sun, but he shuts out the light of truth from his heart, and his mind is so dark, that he still cries, "There is no God!" Dear child, such a man, though he may be rich in this world's goods, and wise in his own eyes, is, in the sight of God, a fool!

The wise man is one who loves and fears the great God who made all things. The sun, as it shines by day, and the moon and stars by night, all speak to him of God. So does the great and wide sea; the green grass at his feet; the birds, as they skim the air, or sing their songs of praise; each have a voice that seems to say God made us! It is the pure in heart who thus see God in all his works.

Do you not lift up your heart, dear child, and ask that you may be thus pure? Do you say, "Ask for me, I will call on my God, and the Lord shall save me;" "I will hear what God, the Lord, will speak;" "Oh, God, be not far from me;" "Be thou the guide of my youth?" Oh, how sweet it is to have God for a friend! How sweet it is to be one of Christ's lambs, and to keep near his side. Those who are now safe in his fold must be full of joy. They have peace which no one can take from them. Dear child, may this sweet peace and joy be ours!

Your true friend,

LEILA.

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

A PASTOR'S TESTIMONY.

Rev. H. V. Degen:—Let a reader of your excellent periodical call attention to the last work of the gifted and useful sister Palmer, "The Promise of the Father." This is the most valuable of all the eminently serviceable works from her devoted pen. It exactly meets an urgent want of the church everywhere, by opening avenues of religious privilege and usefulness to a slighted majority of the membership, and by throwing a weighty sense of responsibility where it has heretofore been scarcely seen or felt. This work ought to be read by every Christian woman in America. It would be greatly to the advantage of every minister to scatter broadcast—"beside all waters"—the precious seeds of power and truth contained in this volume. It nobly defends the right of woman to witness for Christ and personal salvation. It summons the sisters of the church to a grateful service in his cause. It calls the slumbering virgins of the bride to awake and trim their lamps for the procession of the approaching bridegroom. It arrests the fashionable and frivolous professor by directing her attention to pursuits nobler and more becoming than those of fashion and folly. It points out fit employment for the idle, and useful labor for the devotees of ease and opulence in Zion. It calls, with clarion voice, to a style of religious life and activity higher than that which professors too often exemplify. It recognizes a department of power in the bosom of the church heretofore latent and closed, but which God always eminently honors and endorses, when exerted for him.

Since the issue of this work, and the distribution of only about a dozen copies on my charge, I have been astonished at the efficiency of the sisterhood when called out to earnest labor, in revival efforts, according to the theory of the prophet Joel, the Pentecost, and The Promise of the Father. Not a whit behind the strongest brethren in successful labor have they been. In visiting from house to house, in inspiring the languid to action, in persuading sinners to come to the altar, in "effectual prayer" for their conversion, and in testifying for Christ and his salvation, they have been most signally crowned with success. In all this the uniform conviction of the church and congregation coincides. A most surprising depth and power have been manifested in the salvation of men long since given up as reprobates by the church and the world.

Let the ministry be foremost in eliciting this power for Christ. Let the way be opened wide for its employment by scattering light upon the subject. Not improbably in many places the spiritual efficiency of the church would be more than doubled by this means. A devoted, united, and holy sisterhood, under the countenance, and with the prayers of the ministers and the church, could accomplish almost miraculous results. Such I have lately witnessed. Illustrative facts could easily be given, of surprising interest. May "The Promise of the Father," in all its fullness, be claimed by the church in our day, and may it be seen how glorious a fulfillment God is ready to grant on all the churches of our Zion!

Will not those sisters and mothers in our Israel, burning with holy ardor to save a lost world and to serve the Lord Christ, procure this precious manual of practical service in Christ's cause; and, baptized with the gift of power, the tongue of holy fire, devoted wholly to the interests of our common Redeemer, "stand up for Jesus" everywhere? The cause of Christ, in which is bound up the fortunes of our race, now suffers for fast friends, substantial supporters, and earnest advocates. How would "the garden of the Lord" flourish—how would the tender drooping plants of His own planting grow, if the Marthas, the Marys, the Lydias, and the Persises of the church were now, as of old, employed?

How would the untold millions of money, now vainly squandered in worse than useless ornaments, be directed into innocent and beneficent channels of love, were the women of the church to awake to their responsibility to Christ's perishing world?

How would years and ages of precious time, now wasted in idleness and frivolous conversation, be redeemed and devoted to God, if such a sense of personal responsibility to Christ were to obtain among the sisterhood of the church as a Scriptural activity in his cause would both require and create? What a dignity, and what a panoply for virtue, would enshrine the female character, were an active and responsible position, suited to her sphere, maintained by the Christian woman? If the low and the lost are to be raised and saved—if the wretched march to ruin is to be arrested—and if the votaries of vice are to be diminished, then let woman take hold of the more earnest measures of salvation with a vigorous hand, and let her feel the responsibility of her Christian office. Is one woman equal to seven men in philanthropic enterprises? Why, then, is she not at least equal in the beneficent work of soul-saving?

The pulpit may not be her best platform, but her testimony for Christ, for a risen Saviour, originally first in time, is not second in importance to that of men. How often is it that the business history of the male membership shuts up their testimony to a confession, not of Christ, but of their own inconsistencies, failures, and backslidings? How desirable, then, in such an emergency, for a devoted sisterhood to hold up a clear light?

Wyoming Conference.

H. R. C.

CORRECTION.—The Experience in our April number, entitled "Enlightened and Redeemed," is wrongly ascribed to "A. A. P.," he having only prepared it for press. The writer's name was withheld.—Ed.

BOOK NOTICES.

CAPT. RUSSELL'S WATCHWORD; OR, I'LL TRY.
BOSTON: HENRY HOYT, 9 CORNHILL. NEW YORK: SHELTON & Co. 1859.

Capt. Russell tells a very interesting story, full of valuable instruction to young people, of an eventful life in which he was stimulated to successful exertion by the recollection of the tender tones of his mother's voice, whispering, "Try, my son, try." We can conscientiously recommend this volume as not only a suitable, but a superior, book for the family and Sunday school library.

HENLOCK RIDGE; OR, ONLY DAN WHITE'S SON.
BY THE AUTHOR OF "TALES ABOUT JESUS."
BOSTON: HENRY HOYT, 9 CORNHILL. NEW YORK: SHELTON & Co. CHICAGO: WILLIAM TOMLINSON. CINCINNATI: GEORGE CROSBY.

This is a well-told story of the son of a miserable drunkard, who, by the wholesome teachings of a pious mother, became a true Christian and a prosperous man. It illustrates forcibly genuine temperance principles, strikingly contrasting their excellence with the evils of intemperance. The members of our "Cold Water Armies" and "Bands of Hope"—and such, we hope, are all the little folks—should read this pretty and instructive volume.

I'M WEARY.

ARRANGED BY REV. W. MC DONALD.

The musical score is arranged in three systems, each with three staves. The first staff of each system is for the voice, the second is for the Alto, and the third is for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are written below the voice staff.

1. I'm weary of sighing, O fain would I rest, In the far distant
Alto.
land of the pure and the blest, Where sin can no longer its
blandishments spread; And tears and temptations for-ev-er are fled.

- 2 I'm weary of hoping where hope is untrue,
As fair, but as fleeting as morning's bright dew ;
I long for the land whose blest promise alone,
Is changeless and sure as eternity's throne.
- 3 I'm weary of loving what passes away,
The sweetest, the dearest, alas, do not stay ;
I long for that land where those partings are o'er,
And death and the tomb can divide hearts no more.
- 4 I'm weary, my Saviour, of grieving thy love,
O, when shall I rest in thy presence above ;
I'm weary, but O, never let me repine,
While thy changeless love, and thy promise are mine.

[Original.]

WALKING ALONE WITH JESUS.

BY REV. A. A. PHELPS.

It required no very great energy of spirit to consent to be identified with the worshippers of Jesus, when "the multitudes that went before, and that followed, cried, 'Hosanna to the Son of David!'" It was a very pleasant and desirable thing to be a disciple, amid the beaming glories and celestial radiance that gathered over the *Mount of Transfiguration*. Nor is it difficult, at the present day, for Religion to win its numerous votaries, when its *charms* are so attractively exhibited as nearly to conceal the *cross*, and thus secure the sanction of the rich and great. Popular sympathy will generally be excited if the assurance can be given that "any of the *rulers* have believed on" Christ. Many seem to feel themselves doubly safe and doubly satisfied in their religious course, if, in addition to the changeless promises of God, they are also favored with the cheering presence of surrounding friends. It must be remembered, however, that the circumstantialities of our earthly pilgrimage are liable to ceaseless change. The "sunny-side" of external prosperity will not always greet us with its fascinating smile. A great diversity is manifest in the outward conditions of different Christians, and of the same Christian under different circumstances; a diversity often requiring the strongest faith and richest inward experience to face in triumph.

Though an easy thing to be a Christian when the *multitude* bow in adoration at the Redeemer's feet, it requires *grace* to follow Jesus "without the camp, bearing his reproach," when all the world seem to have turned against him. Peter, James and John enjoyed a privilege which all might covet, when they gazed upon the snow-white robe and shining face of their Divine Master, transfigured before their eyes, and possessing such unearthly attrac-

tions as called down two glorified spirits from the realms of light to commune with him for a brief hour on that memorable occasion. "Lord, it is good for us to be here!" :ai' they, as they lingered around that hallowed spot. O what manifestations of celestial glory—what fresh proofs of their Lord's Divinity—what renewed impulses of the life-current within them—what strengthened ties of affection, binding their hearts to Christ more strongly than ever, are all associated with that sacred scene! Will they ever think of being unfaithful again? Can they not *die* for Jesus now, if occasion demand? Alas for their stability, as the day of trial approaches! How the memories of the past have faded away, and cruel fear now possesses their hearts! The enemies of the cross—the accusers of Jesus—appear in sight, and, lo! deep horror seizes the disciples, and they all abandon their gracious Master to the mercies of the cruel mob!

So in our day. Almost any one can live religion in a time of general revival, when multitudes are rallying to the cross, and one seems almost irresistibly wafted along by the breath of prayer and the burst of praise; but a searching, trying, sifting time is to follow, and it requires *grace and nerve to stand when the fire comes!* How pure and free appears the moral atmosphere that blows in gales of grace over our "feast of tabernacles" in the leafy grove! How easy *then* to throw off all restraint, and with hearts refreshed and gladdened by showers of redeeming mercy, to worship the "God of our fathers!" Oft have we felt to exclaim, as we mingled in such hallowed associations:

"My willing soul would stay
In such a place as this,
And sit, and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss."

But we knew it must be otherwise. And all should be fully awake to the fact, lest unexpected trial prove their overthrow. Camp-meeting seasons will not always continue. A few brief days, and the hun-

dreds of happy faces that greet us now will be scattered far and wide. We must gird the gospel armor tightly about us and go out to grapple with stern realities. Home-influences and home-oppositions, it may be, will loom up in fearful array, testing our utmost fortitude and grace. We shall meet with little sympathy from a frowning world or a faithless church. The masses have no eyes to see the true bearings of spiritual things—no hearts to appreciate the inward workings of the Holy Ghost. If, in the fulness of our hearts, we seek to magnify the “riches of grace,” by testifying how freely the “blood of Jesus cleanseth” us, we may not expect universal credence in our testimony, nor universal sympathy with our position. Suspicious glances and half suppressed (if not loudly proclaimed) opinions about “high professions” will indicate the popular pulse, and teach us that there is something more than imagination in the idea of *standing alone with Jesus*.

We are social beings; and we can easily perceive the tendency to mutual dependence in an unlawful degree. Though it is made a plain duty to “bear each other’s burdens,” and help each other on, by exhortation, prayer, Christian intercourse, and charitable acts, yet there is an important sense in which every disciple must stand and fight and fall *alone*. The stupendous destinies of immortal existence hang trembling over the decisions of our own individual and self-determining wills. *Alone* we must pass through the shady valley of tombs, and *alone* go up to receive the changeless sentence of our final Judge. Though myriads of spectators may witness the scene, *God and our solitary souls will be the only parties*.

The principle of faith and love and universal obedience must be so deeply planted in our souls as to abide the fire and the tempest, and live right on through all the vicissitudes of mortal life, holding the heart steadily fixed on God and heaven, irrespective of all below the sun. We

must be bent on serving God and sharing the final triumphs of the redeemed, though earth and hell should unite their most malignant forces to oppose us at every step. What though human friendships should all be sundered, and the millions of earth should constitute one unbroken line of hostility, hurling the darts of hellish hate, and pouring out the bitterest anathemas upon our heads; can we not afford to abandon our earthly affinities, “smile at Satan’s rage,” and *walk alone with Jesus*?

There is a secret meaning in these words, we are convinced, which none can fully appreciate but the deeply devoted. There is such a thing as being weaned from this delusive world, and *shut up with God*. In a very deep and peculiar sense, we must be *saved from each other*. Human sympathy may be sweetly soothing to our aching hearts, but it can never meet the deepest wants of our nature. The inner soul cries out for bread which must be furnished directly by the hand of God himself. The fellowships of kindred spirits are sweet beyond expression, but not half so sweet as when we draw the curtain between us and all created things, and *walk alone with Jesus*! Not all the resources of universal nature can keep the soul from famishing, if Jesus is withdrawn, but while he retains full possession of that soul, it will exult in a consciousness of its own unmeasured wealth, though all other treasures should be swept away. Who can estimate the riches of that aged disciple who, as she sat down in loneliness and obscurity, with only a dry crust of bread to satisfy the cravings of appetite, was heard to exclaim, in thrilling accents, “*All this, AND JESUS!*”

Lima, N. Y., May 3, 1859.

LEISURE. — “Many will have cause to complain to eternity of those leisure times which might have been improved to the advantage to eternal blessedness.”—Owen.

[Original.]

DESIRE — INCONSISTENCY — REFLECTION.

BY M. N. D.

"I desire the blessing of holiness; but I don't know as it is for me."

"He will fulfil the desire of them that fear him."
Ps. 145: 19.

THE more we reflect upon the privilege as well as the duty of the believer in Christ, the more we are convinced of the inconsistent, though almost uniform practice of too many professors of religion while relating their Christian experience. And we have been led to ask ourselves the question, can they be sincere? Do they really know what they are saying? Not, however, that we would be understood to question their honesty, but whether they are not more or less indifferent, or, in other words, whether their desires are really intense. We have often heard persons express the same desires in social meetings, and elsewhere, but were never able to say their desires were realized; while at the same time, God, who is the author of spiritual desires, is not only able and willing, but *anxious* to fulfil them. Not only have we been convinced of inconsistency, but of actual *reflection* upon our blessed Redeemer, who has so emphatically declared that, "whatsoever we ask the Father in His name, it shall be given."

Dearly beloved, if you are of the class of which we spoke, we wish kindly to address you; and though we may speak somewhat plainly, yet regard us not as being possessed of a censorious spirit, for we are aware that such is not the spirit of Christ. Our motive is pure; being desirous to point out a great inconsistency in which you are indulging, hoping thereby you may be profited.

Do you say you desire the blessing of holiness, but don't know as it is for you? If so, we would ask, *do you REALLY desire?* That you may better know whether you really desire, it may be proper to ask

what is desire. Dr. Walker defines it thus: *A wish to obtain or enjoy*; again, *to long for, crave*. Is this your experience? Do you long for the blessing of holiness? Do you crave it? Does your whole nature cry out for the living God? Do you feel a sense of *want, emptiness, insufficiency*? That it is worse than death your God to love, and not your God alone? That you cannot rest "till pure within?" If so, you are not far from the land of Beulah, where the sun never sets, and where there are no lions in the way. If not, you are not prepared to ask admittance. You *must be in earnest*. But if this is your experience, we would ask, who gave you this desire? Did Satan, the adversary of all good? Certainly not. He never inspires one with a desire for holiness. His business is to make you believe you can get along without it, and get to heaven at last; and that even if you should come into possession of it, you would lose it. Did *man*? Who then? It was *God*, the King of kings, and the sole Author of spiritual desires. He gave it you. If this is the case, we would ask what did he give you such a desire for? Simply that you might *seek and obtain and live* what you so much desire. For we cannot suppose for a moment that our heavenly Father will cause us to desire what is not for us to enjoy. But, beloved, whatever he inspires as to desire is his will that we should have. What! can we indulge the thought that our Heavenly Father would cause his children to long, to crave, to weep, to cry, to seek, and to pine for more of him, or for a clean heart, and not give us even any encouragement in reference to it? Never! But that state of grace you desire to enjoy, viz: a clean heart, or entire holiness, is not only taught in his revealed word by command, but by exhortation, by precept, by prayer and by *promise*. Hallelujah forever! Yes, praise the Lamb; "it breathes in the prophecy, thunders in the law, murmurs in the narrative, whispers in the promises, supplicates in the

prayers, sparkles in the poetry, speaks in the types, glows in the imagery, and burns in the spirit of the whole scheme, from its Alpha to Omega, from its beginning to its end. Holiness! Holiness needed! Holiness required! Holiness offered! Holiness attainable! Holiness a present privilege, a present duty, a present enjoyment, is the progress and completeness of its wondrous theme!" Glory be to Jesus forever and forever!

Then, if it is the Lord's will that your desire be fulfilled, has he not ability to do it? You certainly cannot falter here, for his will and ability link together. What he wills to do he has power to do. It is impossible for it to be otherwise. Is there any limit to the power of the Redeemer's blood? Is it not all-efficacious? We will not limit the Holy One of Israel, for in Him is everlasting strength.

Then, if he is able and willing, is he not *anxious*? Do you doubt this? If so, you must cast your doubt away. He most certainly is anxious to do it, and will, just as soon as you will let him. Yea, he is *waiting*. Believe it; that he is not only able and willing, but anxious and waiting to save. It cannot be otherwise. We argue this from two considerations. First, he is anxious to save the whole human family; and the only reason why they are not saved is, because they will not be. Secondly, that you may be better qualified to labor for him, which qualification you *cannot* have, as it is his will you should have, until you are sanctified wholly.

Now, dearly beloved, in the light of all this, do you still say you do not know that it is for you? Say it not again, for you have reflected upon your Redeemer too much already. If you were in perishing want of temporal blessings, and a friend of yours, having an abundance, should not only be willing, but anxious to aid you; so much so that he would call on you and state that he wished to supply all your wants; what do you suppose he would think if you should continue to say,

you desired help but did not know as it was for you? Would he not regard you as fanatical, or, at least, as telling what was not true? Would not your very name and presence be repulsive to him? Would he offer his aid more than thrice, think you, if you refused it? And how do you know but your Heavenly Father will deal so with you? He not only knows you desire to be holy, but he *gave* you that desire. Then, will you say you do not know that it is for you? Say it not again, lest he withdraw his Spirit from you, and leave you in dense darkness, but come immediately to the fountain of blood,

"Drawn from Immanuel's veins,"

and plunge beneath its purple flood, and have all your stains, your depravity, your unlikeness to God, bleached out by its mighty, its meritorious, its cleansing power. Is now the language of your heart,

"He wills that I should holy be,
That holiness I love to feel?"

If so, by the omnipotence of faith, naked faith, declare:

"No more I stagger at thy power,
Or doubt thy truth, which cannot move;
Hasten the long-expected hour,
And bless me with thy perfect love."

Pendleton, Nov. 6, 1858.

SELF-DENIAL. — The best sacrifice to a crucified Saviour is a crucified lust, a bleeding heart and a dying corruption. Let the ambitious man lay his pride in the dust, the covetous man deposit his treasures in the banks of charity and liberality, and let the voluptuous epicure renounce his cups and feasts, and this will be a sacrifice to Heaven better than whole hecatombs."
— *South*.

THOUGHTS. — "Voluntary thoughts are the best measure and indication of the frame of our minds. As the nature of the soil is judged by the grass which it brings forth, so may the disposition of the heart be judged by the predominancy of voluntary thoughts." — *Dr. Owen*.

[Original.]

SELF-RELIANCE; OR, THE
YOUNG MISSIONARY.

Scranton Prisonage, Pa., April 23, 1859.

DEAR BROTHER DEGEN:—

You will see by my address that I am a visitor at the residence of the Rev. B. W. Gorham, junior editor of the Guide. Dr. P. and myself have been here several days in answer to the request of our Scranton friends. The Lord has wrought graciously, and we trust that over one hundred have been newly justified.

My object in writing just now is to transmit a letter which I think calculated to both interest and instruct some who in training the members of their household for God would fain be guided into the way of holiness. It was not written for publication, and is addressed by Mrs. Helen Baldwin to her sister by marriage. You will recognize in the youthful missionary Mrs. B., the daughter of Rev. B. W. Gorham, who, a few months since, was laid on the altar of missions, and united in marriage to the Rev. Mr. Baldwin of the China Mission. Of her training for the grave responsibilities of her calling, and her unswerving abilities, one may indeed judge hope fully from the tone of this letter. Would that all Christian parents were alike affectionately firm, as is the father of Mrs. B., not only in ordinary holy culture, but in cultivating similar habits of *self-reliance*. Then might choice offerings for the missionary altar be more abundant, and disappointments be less frequent.

Yours truly, FLORENCE PALMER.

SHIP EMPRESS, Atlantic Ocean, }
Oct. 25, 1858. }

MY OWN DEAR SISTER:

It is just three weeks ago to-day that I saw you last; and as the question arises, *when shall I see you again*, I am reminded that many days, weeks, months and years must come and go before it will be possible! This seems very sad to me; and there are moments when my heart grows impatient, and I feel as if I could not bear so long a separation from those I love so well at home. But, dear sister, life for me has stern duties, and I trust that when I reach my China home, and get really engaged in my work, time will pass so rapidly that I shall not realize my long absence from you.

Our voyage thus far, *abstractly considered*, has been a very pleasant one. The weather has been delightful. How I wish you could see a sunset such as we

have on the ocean at the close of every clear day, especially since we entered the torrid zone. This morning I was awake in time to see from my window the most beautiful sunrise that I ever saw. When the weather will permit we spend our evenings upon deck. I cannot tell you how lovely everything appears; the moonlight reflected upon the water, together with the refreshing evening breezes, and the gentle motion of our ship, renders this part of the day far more pleasant to me than any other.

Where we are now the weather is very warm, and would be nearly insupportable were it not for the wind with which we have been favored thus far. We hope to reach the equator soon. Our accommodations are very good, indeed; the greatest inconvenience is the smallness of the state-rooms, which, during very warm weather and long nights, are very close and hot.

I suppose you are all wondering if we have been sea-sick. Well, I can tell you the *facts*, and only hope that you may never know, from experience, the disagreeable sensations resulting from this malady. On the afternoon of the first day, just before tea time, I was taken vomiting, notwithstanding all my assertions that I was not going to be *sea-sick*. I was very sick indeed. I don't remember ever to have felt so wretched before, and I hope never to again, as I did for the first two weeks of our voyage; I can't describe it. I am sure I never saw any one at home that acted as if they felt as sea-sickness makes one feel, so — I can't illustrate by example. Sick at my stomach all the time; vomiting half-a-dozen times a day; by way of variety, crawling about from berth to sofa, from sofa to deck, and from deck to cabin again; having no ambition to move, and feeling that every step required as much effort as it would to fit out a second Dr. Kane's expedition to the North Pole. Since I recovered from the first attack I have suf-

fered severely from headache; I am beginning, however, to feel quite like myself again.

Stephen is very well, and we are *very happy* in each other's society, notwithstanding our painful separation from all our *very dear* home friends. You are constantly in our thoughts, dear sister, and whenever we pray, you are remembered. I hope you will not grieve too much for us; you know there must be a limit to everything, and so long as you can know that we are well and comfortably situated—and I trust in the path of duty, too—you must try to think of us with cheerfulness. God will take care of us, dear sister, and I trust bring us home to you all again, in his own good time.

Have you joined the church yet? This step, whenever you take it, will require some effort on your part. I hope, however, you will not fail to do it. *You must not*; you cannot live religion out of the church; and when once in the church, strive to "adorn your profession by a well ordered life and a godly conversation." Religion *that makes itself felt* is not fashionable, especially among young people, and, if you would excel in piety, you must expect to be called *singular*. Any thing that I can write will fail to express to you, dear sister, the anxiety I feel for your welfare. I hope, therefore, you will receive kindly the counsels of an absent sister, even though they may sometimes take the form of *advice*.

I was taught in early life to believe that every young lady should be able to support herself; and since the spring before I was *seventeen* I have earned all the money I have used, besides laying aside *one hundred dollars* that I did not need. When father first told me that he deemed such a course necessary for my own discipline and future good, I thought it very hard indeed, and could not see how I should be at all benefited; but from the position I now occupy, the matter looks very differently to me. I am thankful

that my course in life was guided just as it was, by my dear father. He was right. Every young lady should so educate herself that she could support herself, if required to do so. This is doubly requisite in your case; because your position is such that, the probabilities are, you will be called to care for yourself sometime; and it is well to prepare for such possibilities. You are a kind of dreamy girl, and it always seems to me as if there was something in you that has not as yet been fully awakened. How I wish I could persuade you to labor for the accomplishment of some worthy object. No one ever excels in life who fails to have some *definite* aim. Why not prepare yourself for a teacher? You certainly have natural abilities, and at present this is a very inviting vocation. Come, sister, make up your mind at once; break away from all associations that will tend in the least to fetter you; let all your friends understand that you intend to live a Christian life, and to do what you can for the good of others. They will respect you for your course; for nothing renders the female character more lovely than ardent piety. This, together with a good education, will fit you for great usefulness.

Miss Mary Lyon is said to have frequently made the remark—"Oh, young lady, as they bear your body to its last resting place, may all who have known you be able to say, '*she hath done what she could.*'"

Perhaps we cannot hope to have as much as that said of us, dear L.; but I trust when we are gone, there will be a few who can bear testimony to our efforts to do good.

How I love you all! Very frequently I visit you in my dreams, but morning light finds me on the ocean still. I will write to uncle and aunt soon. You must remember, I have not long been able to write. *Pray for us.*

Yours in love, always,

NELLIE M. BALDWIN.

[Original.]

A VARIETY CHAPTER.

THE oracles of God are not vague and unmeaning, as was the oracle of Delphi. They are the "sure words of prophecy,"—a *light* by which our steps may be guided, a *rule* which may be *applied*. Paul writes to the children of God: "Ye have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear; but ye have received the spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father!" Our natural perceptions tell us unerringly whether we are walking shrouded in Egyptian gloom or amid the glare of meridian sunlight. Equally positive may we be whether "the sun of righteousness" is shining in our hearts, "with healing in his wings" or we are "yet in our sins." "As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God." We cannot be thus "led" unconsciously, for it must meet the concurrence of our own will. We cannot "rejoice evermore, pray without ceasing, and in every thing give thanks," without a positive, inward consciousness that the God-man has prevailed. The vagueness which characterizes the experience of many, may doubtless be accounted for by the evident fact that they have never been truly regenerated. Caughey says: "Many professors in the Christian church have never been born again. 'Tis true, there is a great change in them; a change pervading their whole conduct. 'Tis true there is stillness, but it is the stillness of death; there is peace, but it is the *peace of the tomb*. The circle of ceremonies is filled up, but you never hear them say, 'O how I love the closet! All hail, sacred hour of devotion!' No; their religion is a religion of fear; and all hopes they have of heaven are based on their fancied freedom from evil, on reformation, on profession." R. H. C.

The month of May, 1857, will ever be remembered by me with the deepest interest, for it marked a new era in my spiritual life. For three years I had en-

joyed religion, and during that period had often been filled with "joy unspeakable." But my joys were not abiding. There was a strange proneness in my heart to wander, and the Holy Spirit deeply impressed my soul with a sense of my great need of inward purity. The purity of God's law stood out in strong contrast with my own impurity; and yet that law appeared so excellent in its claims as to induce a strong desire for perfect conformity therewith. Holiness appeared so lovely that I longed to possess it. I groaned and wept and prayed to be released from the bondage of inbred sin. At times my faith would almost grasp the blessing; but rising doubts would soon obscure the light, and leave me again in darkness. One evening, however, after a day of unusual darkness and temptation, I sought my closet, feeling, as I bowed before God, that I could no longer endure the burden of inward depravity; and with all the earnestness which intense desire imparts, I pleaded with God for a "heart from sin set free, and full of love divine." I asked not for happiness, but *holiness*. I gave myself to God, a living sacrifice, and He, —blessed be his holy name,—accepted the poor offering and sealed me all his own. Then did he speak precious promises to me, by which I was enabled to quench all the fiery darts of the enemy. And to-day, this hour, my heart calmly rests on Jesus, my righteousness, sanctification and redemption. J. C.

* * * During all this time God was watching over me, and, I doubt not, preparing me to receive his special grace. At length a dispensation came which prostrated me, soul and body. I knew God sent it. I felt through all my being that God was dealing with me, and it seemed as though I was as much alone with him as if there had been no other person in the world than myself. I was awed, I was stricken, I was humbled. I felt that God was talking with me;—human talk seemed

vain and irksome. There was no opposition on my part. I seemed emptied, and ready to be filled with whatever God might pour into my heart. I think the first feeling I was really conscious of, after suffering, was submission. With it came calmness, then peace, then trust. I thought of the future, and found there was none of the fear that formerly had a place in my heart. Soon such a joy overspread my soul as I had never known before, unless the first rapture of the new birth was like it; but it seemed even sweeter and purer than that. From that time to this, I have never seen a moment when I wished to have anything that concerned me any other way than just as God had arranged it. It is not that the circumstances of life are less trying now than formerly. Perhaps they are more so. Nor have I been destitute of outward buffetings and inward trials; but underneath them all there is a solid peace which I never lose. I rest entirely upon Christ. There is nothing in the least irksome in his service. I know of nothing that better illustrates my love to Jesus than that of a little child to a generous parent—a *confiding* love. God sends just what he pleases, and I think it is exactly right, because it pleases *him*. H. W.

I stood beside the grave of one dearest to me on earth. It was eventide, and solemn silence reigned around the lonely orphan. The memory of joys that were past came crowding on my sorrowing soul. "And is this all that remains of one so loved and so lovely?" I asked, but no voice replied. "Oh! my dear, departed one will not, cannot hear! She sleeps too soundly the sleep that knows no waking, until the trump of God shall arouse the slumbering dead! O Death, inexorable Death! what hast thou done? Let me bow down and forget my sorrows in the slumbers of the grave!"

While thus I mused in agony, the gentle form of Christianity passed by. She bade me look upward, and to the eye of faith

the heavens were disclosed. I heard the song of transport coming forth from the great multitude around the throne, which no man can number. These were the happy "spirits of just men made perfect," bright and glorified in their heavenly home. Among them shone the spirit of her I mourned, and I longed even then to go up and possess the land of promise, from the grave of my mother. In that blest clime, happiness would be pure, permanent, perfect. But I wiped the bitter tears from my eyes, thanked God, and took courage, saying as I departed—"All the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come." M. L. F.

It has been near ten years since God converted my soul. During this time I think I have never cherished an intention to go back into the Egypt of sin, but chosen "rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season." It was not, however, till about three years ago, while listening to a deeply impressive sermon in defence of the doctrine of entire sanctification, that I became convinced of the possibility and importance of its attainment. My mind now became so much exercised on this subject, that every book I could get which treated on it was secured and perused with avidity. Meanwhile, no work was allowed to take the place of the *Bible*, which I considered my safest text-book. Fasting, and every means I could think of, which had been recommended by others, were observed. Yet still the blessing lingered.

During a protracted meeting last fall, my desire for a clean heart became so intense that I felt I could not live without it. Beginning now to see that I had been depending too much on my own works, in all the simplicity of my heart I asked my heavenly Father to teach me just what I was, and how to trust in him aright. Then, while kneeling at the Lord's table, and looking to my Redeemer for assistance, I

was enabled to make a complete surrender of all. Just here the thought was suggested: "You are *not prepared* to receive the blessing." "Well," said I, "if not, it is evident I am not able to make this preparation; therefore will I cast preparation, heart, soul, body, friends, with all I have and am, on the sacrificial atonement." Here at the foot of the cross I continued pleading the promises of God, endeavoring to act faith in the same, till a stream of heavenly light and love burst in upon my soul, causing me to "rejoice with joy unspeakable. O what sweet peace and rest I now enjoyed! Now I knew for myself, and not another, that "the blood of Jesus cleanseth from *all sin*;" and sang with increased interest and appreciation that sweet hymn,

"Lord, I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine."

M. K. H.

Sometimes darkness and confusion seem to settle down upon me; everything is vexing and crossing to my feelings; pride is mortified; I seem to lose favor with the church and the world, and I know not which way to turn, or what to do. Then in despair I go to God with it all, and begin to pray for help and light and salvation. All at once the light breaks in, the cause of my leanness appears, and the Omnipotent finger is plainly discernible, pointing out the way of deliverance; and when the humbling process has been complete, I am enabled to see that I was getting a little puffed up with spiritual pride; imagining that I was of some consequence to the church, and that by pursuing a certain accommodating course, I might exert a good influence over the young. What infinite mercy is it that reaches out an arm to rescue from such snares of worldly policy and vain ambition! E. A. F.

On the seventh of January, 1857, I stood by the death-bed of a Christian. I gazed upon his pallid face, so sweetly calm; met the last look of affection; felt

the last pressure of his hand; saw him gently breathe his last, and turned from that bed-side — a *lonely widow*.

For some time previous to my companion's illness I had been enabled to live in a state of entire consecration to the service of God. When I was compelled to know that he was soon to be taken from me, though nature shrank and cried, "Can I give him up?" — yet the gentle monitor whispered, "You consecrated *all* — husband and children." My heart responded: "Yes, Lord, all that I have is thine; and I cannot withhold even this beloved object." And when I saw him laid in the narrow house; when I returned to my cheerless home, and gazed upon my helpless babes, I still felt to say: "Thy will be done." Thus far I was kept from all murmuring. Had I thus continued to rest my all on Christ, I should have been saved the subsequent scene of suffering. But I grieved the tender Spirit of God; and here I would tell just where I stumbled. In consequence of my ceaseless labors and night-vigils, my system was prostrated, and my mind enfeebled and powerless. When I came to my stated seasons of devotion, it seemed that I could not pray; could not frame a sentence, so benumbed were my mental powers. My only realization, upon throwing myself at the footstool of mercy, was a spirit of submission to the divine will. But the tempter now began to say: "You cannot pray; you have lost the blessing you claimed." I began to believe him, and my way grew darker from that hour. I "groined for the wall" as one blind. I was in anguish of spirit. I felt that to lose my present Saviour was a thousand times worse than to lose a husband. My cry was, "Lord, where am I, and what wilt thou have me to do?" The answer came: "Only believe." I did not heed it as the Spirit's voice, but kept struggling. That voice continued to follow me with the simple words, "only believe," for nearly three weeks, till I began to heed it as

coming from God. O how well I recollect the change in my feelings, the moment I said, "It is the Spirit's voice." A little light broke in. I deplored my unbelief, and humbled myself before God. O what power was now given me to consecrate all anew! My heart cried, "Now only for the witness, and I shall be satisfied!" But my mistake was quickly corrected by the answer that came: "He that believeth, hath the witness in himself." The "great salvation" was again my portion. Glory to Jesus!

H. F. C.

[Original.]

BIBLE PROMISES.

BY E. V. B.

"He that overcometh shall inherit all things, and I will be his God, and he shall be my son." — *Holy Bible.*

"And there shall be no night there," Rev. 22: 5.
But bright and endless day.
When the shadows of this changing life
Shall all have fled away.

"For the Lord God giveth them light," Rev. 22: 5.
And the purified walk therein,
Safe from the world's temptations,
Saved from its guilt and sin.

"And His name shall be in their foreheads," —
Rev. 22: 4.

And the name of Him who died
To save their souls from misery,
The name of the "Crucified."

"And God shall wipe away all tears" Rev. 21: 4.
For naught but peace and love,
Will in that fair and happy land,
Dwell with the saints above.

"And there shall be no more death," Rev. 21: 4.
But life forevermore;
When the Christian's warfare's ended,
"And earth's sorrows all are o'er."

"And I will give him the Morning-star," —
Rev. 2: 28.
To the "Just" is the promise given;
And they shall live and dwell with Him —
And He with them — in heaven.

TEMPTATION. — High places are dangerous places. "Those that stand high are concerned to stand fast." — *Henry.*

[Original.]

REVIVAL INCIDENTS.

BY MRS. E. R. WELLS.

Crowds were daily seen wending their way to the Methodist Church in —, and nightly its capacious seats were densely thronged with attentive listeners. Revival influences pervaded the entire community, and the people for miles around flocked to see and hear, while the immediate residents were generally aroused upon the all-absorbing subject of religion. In stores, hotels, shops and counting-rooms, the revival was the one theme. For days that throng was held by the force of truth to the one question, "What is it to be a Christian?" The searching tests of God's Word were applied until even the most devoted among them felt, "Lord, who shall abide thy coming, or who shall stand in the day of judgment?" Soon, conviction deep and pungent, was evinced by many of the leading members of the church; conviction of failures and sins; conviction of the lack of saving grace; that they had even lost their first love, and often frank acknowledgment of their true position followed.

Plain, unembellished gospel truth was mighty and prevailed, and old foundations were found, in many instances, to be of sand. Members of other churches of every sect were aroused, and together bowed around the chancel of prayer. Old professors and young sought earnestly reclaiming grace and the baptism of power. Some who had been years connected with the church found, under the light of truth and influence of the Spirit, that the dust of the world had so blinded their eyes, that they saw not clearly the law of God; their ears had become so deadened by the sound of gain, that they heard not the entreaties and warnings of the gospel; their hearts had become so hardened by contact with sin and sinners, that they felt not its claims.

Others saw they had relied upon past

experience. They knew that, years before, God, for Christ's sake, forgave them their sins. They then had this assurance, and since had maintained a tolerably consistent course, had loved, in a degree, the means of grace and the people of God. But they now felt that they had *restraining* and not *saving* grace. They saw that the assurance they first felt, they would have retained, and grown in grace daily, had they not backslidden in heart; that their experience then was but a glimmering of the light and salvation they would now possess had they continued in a state of acceptance with God, and that instead of knowing nothing of advancing strength and power, they would have been able to tell of victories over nature and the powers of darkness, and of constant hungerings and thirstings after righteousness. They well knew that upon their hearts had rested condemnation; condemnation of duties neglected, of conformity to the world in spirit and life, and of refusing to "go on unto perfection." They had shunned this injunction. They would not allow it was directed to *them*, but to some privileged ones. But now, how does truth flash upon their consciences, and the demands of the world and the voice of God, in thunder tones, reiterate the words, "Be ye not conformed to the world, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your minds!" Others saw theirs was a religion of *party*. They loved *their Church*, and would sacrifice freely to promote its interests; just such a spirit as actuates a member of an association of Odd Fellows, Sons of Temperance, or a political or educational organization. It was not a saving religion, and in God's eye could be counted as of nothing worth. While others, again, perceived that they had been drawn to the church, not from any love of its doctrines, usages and privileges, but from their love of association, and that the restraints it imposed were irksome.

Night and day, that altar presented a scene of weepings and groanings, strug-

glings and pleadings, tremblings and rejoicings. So intent were those bowed there, upon their own state, that they heard nought but the wild lament of their own spirit; saw nought but the fearful catalogue of time misspent, talents unemployed, wealth lavished on the body, while the immortal soul had famished for lack of food. They, there, amid that mingling of shouts and groans, were *alone with God*. Arrayed in His presence and to their view, were all the acts of life and their relations. Looming from the long buried past, as if conjured up by some magic wand, came *hours* of worldly and sensual pleasure; hours winged with blessing but ungratefully received; *means*, lavish and profuse, but thoughtlessly enjoyed, without recognition of their source; *talents* frittered away upon vanity, and moth-eaten and covered with rust, for want of use. The rushing tide of thought and memory, in quickened power, did its Creator's bidding. Under a sense of unworthiness, their hearts failed within them, and in the agony of their spirits they cried, "Lord! save, or we perish!" With tears and groans indescribable did they call upon God. Piteously bemoaning their perversion of Heaven's gifts, sincerely repenting and solemnly consecrating themselves to God and his cause, irrevocably his; all their interests, temporal and spiritual, for time and eternity, subject to his direction,—in accordance with his will. Thus consecrated, they were enabled to see the willingness of God to accept such a sacrifice, because of his Son's blood and intercessions; to see, by faith, the Saviour spreading his hands and showing his wounds for them before the throne; to apprehend the Spirit as waiting to apply the blood, and in the fulness of their souls cried out, "all things are now ready. *Jesus, Master, I come to thee; thou canst, thou dost save me!*" Shouts of joy broke forth from each heart, as one after another they stepped into the pool. And why should they not shout? Shall not *man*, who has

been *redeemed* by the blood of the Son of God, shout the high praises of his King? Said a dying saint, when requested, for fear of injury, to *whisper* the praises of God which swelled from his quivering lips: "*Let the angels whisper, for they have never been redeemed; but let a sinner saved by grace, shout the praises of God!*"

Soon awakening influences reached the impenitent and ungodly of all ages and castes. Those who had been drawn to the house of God by the plain dealing with the church, and who were glad to hear confessions from its members, of sins and backslidings, and who assented heartily to the elevated standard of piety exhibited, now were troubled. The truths uttered gained their confidence; they felt that there was a fearless, outspoken declaration of the principles and practices of a Bible Christianity, and no covering of sins that had application directly to professed Christians. They knew that the gospel was being preached among them; such a gospel as their understandings approved and consciences acquiesced in, and hearts longed to receive. Thus, committed to its truthfulness, and vindicating its claims upon professors, when this mighty battery was turned toward them they could not resist its power, and many scores found redemption in the blood of the Lamb. The infidel acknowledged such a salvation worth seeking, and the openly profane and vicious felt it just met the demands of their being, to save them from their sins.

This Church was one which for years had been among the strongholds of Methodism. But for a few years previously, declining business, removals, and death, had greatly weakened its force. The predecessor to the pastor who witnessed this glorious revival, had labored most assiduously, and with signal success. Its financial embarrassments were removed, the church and parsonage tastefully repaired, and several souls converted to God—so that the enfeebled band took heart again.

The character of the membership was held in good esteem in the community. They were consistent and morally upright in their lives, and exerted their proportion of influence, with other churches. In their observance of the means of grace, no individual church, perhaps, could be found whose members more generally attended the classes and prayer-meetings. Although possessed of many excellences, yet, as of the Church of Ephesus, "the Spirit of the Lord had somewhat against this, that it had left its first love." And when, in the light of God's law, they viewed themselves, and were weighed in the balances of the sanctuary, fearful was the result. Many of them found that they

"Had rested in the outward law,
Nor knew its deep design"

And now we look to see the effect of this outpouring of the Spirit, in the particulars before described. The number in attendance upon the sanctuary was largely and permanently increased, so that although since business reverses have been sad and extensive, still that congregation is much larger than before this revival. But this is as nought to the increase of fervor in devotion, the hearty response, the lofty shout of praise, which must be witnessed and enjoyed, to be appreciated. In the public congregation, from the gallery, as well as the pews, is often heard the assent of a hearty Amen, or the loftier strain of "Glory be to God!" The choir is joined in their singing by the congregation, and as the pastor exhorts them to sing, "not one in ten only," but all and "lustily," the old, familiar songs of our fathers roll from lips and hearts touched with live coals from off the altar of God. The more devoted portion of the Church then commenced kneeling in the public congregation, and continue to this hour. One effect of this change was soon seen in the apparelling of the membership, and the missionary treasury received much surplus of forbidden adorning.

Before this revival, there was not in the

church one witness of perfect love, but now many enter into this land of Beulah. Some are now preaching the word, and others holding official positions. And now, we present a few illustrations of practical import, occurring during this season of refreshing. And first,

THE TIMID ONE.

There was a sister of irreproachable character, whose husband was a man of the world. She was faithful at class, but so excessively diffident, that it was with the utmost difficulty she could speak intelligibly, and her trepidation, evinced by trembling, was so great as to elicit the sympathy of all. But, see her at the altar of prayer! Mark that agonized look! Hear those inexpressible groans! See how her every feature bespeaks a conflict most severe! We are reminded forcibly of the words of the poet:

"My heart-strings groan with deep complaint,
My flesh lies panting, Lord, for thee,
And every bone and every joint
Stretches for perfect purity."

But, look again. A heavenly calm is settling upon her brow, a smile radiant with the light of heaven steals over her countenance, and words of triumph come exultingly forth from those lips! See, with what quiet dignity she leaves the house of God, with this new baptism upon her heart.

The congregation fill the house, and from the centre a voice is heard telling of the great salvation; the utterance perfect and distinct, and the words such as only a pure heart indites, and sanctified lips employ. Every heart is spell-bound by the power which attends it, and nerved by divine strength, the present attainment of this uttermost salvation is urged upon all with a pathos and unction which only the Holy Ghost can inspire. *This is that timid sister!* She stands, this hour, saved of God. Opposition, persecution, such as but few conceive, has been her portion, but she is firm for truth and holiness. Gentleness and meekness combine to ren-

der her character lovely, but not compromising. Unyielding in principle and faithful in duty, she stands a monument of the power of grace to render that mighty and efficient, which was fearful and powerless.

An instance of the elevating power of a bible Christianity, is that of a

POOR WASHERWOMAN.

She came to the altar of prayer, and soon found peace. Her life had been such as to cause fear upon the part of the Official Board in receiving her name as a probationer, and when this expired, although her walk was godly and she made rapid advance, they hesitated long before admitting her to full fellowship. Five years have passed, and that sister is the most gifted in prayer, the most mighty to prevail with God of all that female band. During the "union meetings" referred to, she almost invariably took part in the exercises; and such is her reputed piety, and devotion to God, that all denominations join to commend her as an ensample of the power of grace. Her faith in the promises is remarkable. When a Professor in the Academy was seeking God, last winter, becoming discouraged in his effort, he was directed to this poor washerwoman as the most probable one, in all the community, to lead him to the Saviour. Surely, "God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise, and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty, and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen; yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are; that no flesh should glory in his presence."

Illustrative of the power of conscience, enlightened by the exhibition of gospel truth, is that of

AN AGED SINNER.

He was a man of wealth and position. His pious and devoted companion, a few weeks previously, had gone to her rest.

Her last request in the class-room was, "Brethren and sisters, don't forget to pray for my husband." Heart-stricken and desolate, he presented himself as a subject of prayer, seeking the salvation that his now sainted wife here exemplified and enjoyed. Several evenings passed, and still he made no advance. The sympathy of the church was concentrated upon him, but all of no apparent avail. One night, he was seen suddenly to rise from the altar and leave the house. Surmisings of the cause were rife, and many concluded that he was offended with the, so-called, "noise." The next evening, he was present and at the altar. Soon prevailing prayer rose to the throne in his behalf; hope revived, faith enkindled, and the people of God became certain of victory. Roused by the impulse of the spirit and faith of the church, he cast himself, the guilt of misspent time, of a long life, upon Jesus the Saviour. Peace—the peace of God which passeth all understanding, filled his heart, and he arose a new creature.

That morning, a widow lady received through the post a sum of money due her husband, a score of years, and unknown to him or his executors. A mistake in settlement occurring in this man's favor, and unacknowledged these long years, was brought by the spirit to his vision and rested upon conscience, until it stood alone the hindrance to life eternal. Like Belshazzar, on the night of feasting and revelry, the finger of God traced in unmistakable characters, the guilt upon his soul, and restitution was the only alternative. Surely "The word of the Lord is quick and powerful, sharper than a two edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and is a discernor of the thoughts and intents of the heart."

DELIGHT AND DESIRE. — "Desire is love in motion; delight is love in rest." — *John Howe.*

MARY LYON. — Not only did she rear one of the noblest structures for female education that the world ever saw, and in the face of opposition and obstacles, which a spirit less determined than hers would have deemed insurmountable, and in an age when the popular voice clamored against an extensive and liberal system of instruction for woman; but she perfected a plan of culture so enlarged, so far reaching in its influences, so glorious in its results, that the world will never cease to gaze, and wonder, and admire. Not only do we see the fruits of her labor, and toil and example in the beautiful valley she so much loved, and among the fair daughters of our own beloved land, but where the Pagades of the Orient rise; beside the fair waters of the Irriwaddy; and on the banks of the dark rolling Ganges; their dusky children shall rise up and call her blessed, and her name shall be had in everlasting remembrance, for she kindled the mission flame among her youthful flock, and many a young heart, baptized with the spirit of her beloved teacher, rested not till she joined the band of laborers upon those far-off shores where heathen temples tower and glitter beneath tropic suns, and profane altars are built to the worship of the unknown God. Mary Lyon has passed to her reward; but her works shall live forever, and the spirit that animated her shall not die, for her mantle shall fall upon those who reverently walked in her footsteps, and listened earnestly to her instructions. Her remains repose within the beautiful grounds of her own beloved Mount Holyoke Seminary, and her grateful pupils have reared a marble monument to her memory, on one side of which is inscribed her own memorable words — "There is nothing in the universe that I fear but that I shall not know my whole duty, or shall fail to perform it."

A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver.

[Original.]

ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION.

BY REV. W. S. T.

TO BE CONFESSED — TO WHAT EXTENT,
AND WITH WHAT TEMPER OF MIND.

"Sanctify the Lord God in your hearts; and be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you, a reason of the hope that is in you, with meekness and fear."—1 Peter iii. 15.

WE entertain no fears but that the generality of the readers of this magazine heartily believe in the *desirableness, possibility, attainability and Scriptural sanction* of the privilege of entire sanctification, or "a clean heart." This being granted, we may just state that the phrase "sanctify the Lord God in your hearts," if it does not as explicitly teach the doctrine held by the advocates of this eminent Christian privilege as some other Scriptures, yet it very naturally suggests it, both by its terms and its connections. This allowed, we propose an examination of the duty devolved on those who believe they have experienced this blessing, to *confess it, and to what extent, and with what temper of mind.*

I. THEN THE DUTY OF CONFESSING WHAT GOD HAS DONE FOR US HEREIN. This duty is clearly indicated in the above Scripture, unless we have wholly misapprehended its meaning. But there are other passages enjoining this duty we may call to our aid, should this fail to produce conviction. "For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." (Rom. x. 10.) "Whosoever shall confess me before men, him shall the Son of man also confess before the angels of God." (Luke xii. 8: Mat. x. 32.) "Ye are my witnesses, saith the Lord." (Is. xliii. 10.) "Whosoever, therefore, shall be ashamed of me and of my words, in this adulterous and sinful generation; of him, also, shall the Son of man be ashamed when he cometh in the glory of his Father, with his holy angels." (Mark viii. 38.) "Ye are

the light of the world. A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid. Neither do men light a candle and put it under a bushel," &c. (Mat. v. 14-15.) These, with other indirect passages, may suffice to satisfy us that it is the duty of all who know Christ as a present and entire Saviour, to declare it to his honor and glory.

On this subject there is a division of sentiment, even among the friends of the doctrine. Some hold that it is not really essential that a public verbal *confession or profession* of this attainment should be made. They incline to the opinion that the exemplification of it in the life of the participant, is sufficient, and is preferable to a verbal or written profession. It is true that a mere verbal or written confession of what God has done for us herein, without the exemplification of it in the life of the individual would be worthless, and might bring a measure of reproach upon the doctrine; but while we would lay the greater stress upon the silent, but telling, power of a holy example, yet we would only make the public verbal profession of what God does for us, in sanctifying our hearts, second in importance to this. While the first is to be done, the latter is not to be left undone. We think this sentiment is generally held by those who simply assent to the doctrine as an article of religious faith, but have never experienced its soul-ravishing joys and holy peace; nor are hungering and thirsting after it. Is it assuming too much to say, that those who have never attained this high state in grace are not the most competent to decide a question of so grave importance as this? Especially is this position safe, while there is so much in God's word requiring and sanctioning it.

But there are eminently pious and intelligent Christians who seriously question the propriety and beneficial influence of professing to enjoy the blessing of "perfect love," except privately, and to a select few, who can appreciate it and

sympathize with them. But, it seems to us that this view, however honestly entertained, is not a little liable to the charge of putting our "light under a bushel." God does not give us light or grace thus to be used. He would have us honor him by declaring what he has done for us, with humility and reverence. But we will have occasion to notice this latter point before we are through. The objections urged by our brethren, for their views against the public profession of the blessing of entire sanctification, are, that it savors of egotism, or spiritual pride; that it encourages ignorant persons to profess it, who are apt to employ terms that are offensive and misleading to those who hear their testimony; and that persons too often profess it who evidently know nothing about it, theoretically or experimentally; and in this way the precious doctrine is brought into contempt. There is some truth and plausibility in these objections, but they lie with equal force against the public profession or testimony of the pardon of sins and regeneration, or, incipient sanctification. If they are a valid and sufficient reason in the one case, they certainly are in the other. But the advocates of this opinion do not believe that these are a sufficient reason for not publicly testifying that God, for Christ's sake, has pardoned one's sins. Great contempt and odium are sometimes brought upon an open profession of religion in the ordinary sense, by the ignorance, improper expressions, and inconsistencies of many of its professed friends; but shall intelligent and consistent Christians withhold their testimony because these evils exist? because these misfortunes are likely to occur? Nay, we think that these are rather reasons why well-instructed, prudent and consistent Christians should give in their testimony. Two important things will be secured by the intelligent testimony of such; first, ignorant and inconsistent witnesses will be instructed and reproved; and second, the mouths of gainsayers will be stopped, and God glorified thereby. It is only thus we can, in the full Scripture sense, confess Christ before men, and "give to every man a reason of the hope that is in us." It is not sufficient to "believe with the heart unto righteousness," but "confession" must also be made "with the mouth unto salvation." While Christ most severely rebuked the ostentation of those Pharisees who loved to pray in public places and make loud professions of their righteousness, yet, on the other hand, he as clearly taught the impossibility of being his real disciples, if we attempted to conceal the light which he has kindled in our hearts. We are to steer the middle course between these extremes; while we would avoid "*Charybdis*," let us be equally sure that we do not make shipwreck by running on "*Scylla*."

On the other hand, most of the wisest and holiest of the advocates of Christian Holiness, hold that it is not possible to retain the witness of cleansing for any great length of time without professing it more or less frequently. We are constrained to think that this opinion is strongly sanctioned by God's word, by common reason, and by experience. If it is, an express command of God, we may not disregard it, and yet retain his full favor. It must, of necessity, be attended with loss of spirituality. "Now the Lord saith, for them that honor me I will honor." To confess him before men, is one way to honor God, and a way of his own appointment. Says Christ, "If any man serve me, him will my Father honor." And it is certainly part of the *service* we owe to Christ, to proclaim him an entire and a present Saviour from all sin. How can we, rationally or scripturally, expect to neglect so plain and reasonable a duty, and yet stand fast in the liberty and full privilege of Christian believers? Mr. Fletcher, than whom no holier man has lived since the days of the apostles, was fully convinced, by his own experience, that he was not able to retain the evidence

of his entire freedom from sin, only when he frequently and publicly declared what God had done for him. If we remember correctly, he lost the evidence of his being entirely sanctified some four or five times, during his earlier experience in the "*deep things of God*;" and he found by strict self-examination and the teachings of the Holy Spirit, that his refusal to witness to all that God had done for him, was the cause of his retrograding. In his later Christian experience, when he embraced every suitable opportunity to testify to the great work done for him, and in him, by divine grace, he never again lost his consciousness that the blood of Christ cleansed him from all sin. The experience of hundreds, since his day, only confirms that of Mr. Fletcher.

This prepares us to speak briefly of

II. THE EXTENT OF THIS PUBLIC PROFESSION. That is, *when, where, and what shall be the strength of the testimony thus given?* It is but proper to say, that prudence and judgment should be exercised therein. We claim for the confession of the blessing of "perfect love," the same prudence and judgment that we would for the blessing of justification, as to time, place, &c.; no less, no more. Our prudence herein, on the one hand, should not degenerate into that *rigidity* that we shall, in effect, occupy a *neutrality*, that will rather place us in the ranks of the opposers of Christian perfection than among its favorers and witnesses; while, on the other hand, our zeal should be well tempered, or, "according to knowledge;" so that it shall not injure the cause, that of all others we love most, by improprieties that will offend the good judgment of those whom we would win to our belief.

As to the *time, or when*. When God opens the way to say a word for him on this blessed subject. As, for example, when conversing with God's people, and they directly or indirectly introduce the subject. It is not best to *thrust* our views on those whom we know do not favor the

doctrine, or are strongly prejudiced against it. We are in duty bound to "to give to every one that asketh us, a reason of the hope that is in us," touching this privilege. And we are always "to be ready" to do this. When there is a more general inquiry and interest awakened on this subject than usual, it is a proper time to give in our testimony. After a revival, when converts have been multiplied, and need instruction that they are to leave the "first principles," or elements, and go on to perfection—to press toward the mark of their high calling.

Touching the *place, or where*. It is appropriate and called for in the experience meeting, at class or conference meetings, love-feasts, in band meetings, or those specially appointed for the purpose of praying for and considering this subject. It is appropriate for the minister in the pulpit to preach upon it, as a special theme, though every discourse ought not to be altogether, or mainly, on this doctrine. But, as the beloved and devoted Asbury did, so may ministers now have something of it in every sermon. In regard to efforts in a private way, we have anticipated ourselves. But, a word on

The strength of the testimony we are to give on this subject. It should be strictly truthful. Better a little under than above. This implies that we should thoroughly examine ourselves; understand our real state before God. In bearing testimony in favor of entire sanctification, should we have retrograded, we ought, with the utmost fidelity, to confess the fact, and give as nearly as we may, the reasons; with our confidence in the truthfulness of the doctrine, and our resolves to seek again, until we find "the pearl" of greatest price. It is just here many mistake and injure the cause they honestly desire to serve, by their refusal to confess their backslidings, lest they might be thought by some never to have attained the grace of "a clean heart." To tell the whole truth is, then, the surest way to honor God

and his cause. This is best, even though one may have mistaken a gracious baptism of the Spirit for the blessing of entire sanctification.

But, we should pay some regard to the terms, or rather the expressions, we employ in stating our experiences. This should be so especially when we are speaking in the presence of those who are prejudiced, and do not understand what we teach on this subject. For example, when among those who say, or think, we teach *absolute perfection*, it would not be best to say, "I am perfect;" "I am holy;" "I am sinless;" &c., &c. Mr. Wesley's remarks on this point are well-timed and judicious. I am not able now to put my hand upon them, but they are substantially these: "At such a time I was powerfully blessed. Since then I have enjoyed perfect peace. There is nothing in my heart contrary to love," &c. When in the presence only of those who sympathize with us, it is not so *material* as to expressions or terms, inasmuch as they will not be misled by them; but even here, it will be well to form the habit of speaking carefully and intelligently. Nor should we speak so *strongly* as to *appear* to undervalue the blessing of justification or regeneration. There is some liability to this. There are some excellent Christians who agree with us in the *thing*, but will not be benefited at the first, if the doctrine be stated to them too strongly. The very strength in which we state it, may drive them from its investigation. We may tell them it is "perfect love," "loving God with all the heart," "it is being wholly the Lord's," &c.; and with this they cannot find fault.

III. A WORD IN REGARD TO THE TEMPER OF MIND REQUIRED IN WITNESSING ON THIS ATTAINMENT. It should be with "*meekness and fear*," or *reverence*. Let great *humility* be observable in our words and manner. Let us be sure always to ascribe all the glory, honor and power thereof to God. Let "us into

nothing fall," and exalt Christ. This should be our prayer:

"Sweetly let my spirit prove,
All the depths of humble love."

Let us avoid anything savoring of censoriousness, or imperiousness, in speaking on this subject. Meekness and humble love will invest our testimony with a more compelling energy than anything else, both to seekers and the enemies of entire sanctification. Are we, dear readers, jealous of the honor and success of our beloved doctrine of Christian Holiness? Then let us candidly ponder the points set forth in this article. And that we may be as wise as we are harmless herein, let us seek for wisdom and direction from the Holy Spirit.

Downieville, Feb. 15, 1859.

[Selected.]

"LEAD ME TO THE ROCK THAT IS HIGHER THAN I."—Ps. lxi. 2.

"Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I."
In its shelter I'll hide while the storm passes by;
I'll yield like the floweret that bends to the gale,
And bows without breaking when tempests assail;
Then, rising anew when the storm is o'erpast,
Adore Him who sends both the calm and the blast.

"Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I."
When the glare of the noontide is fierce in the sky.
When faint from the "burden and heat of the day,"
Oh, lend me thy screen from the sun's burning ray!

Within thy cool shadow my altar I'll raise,
And send up the incense of prayer and of praise.

"Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I."
When the night-wind is chill, to thy covert I'll fly;
Beneath thy protection my couch while I spread,
No damp of the midnight shall fall on my head;
And when the bright morning sheds light through the skies,
My grateful thanksgiving to thee shall arise.

Oh, draw me, kind Father, in faith to thy side;
In thy "secret pavilion" I fain would abide.
My Covert in danger, my Screen from the heat,
My spirit's Refreshment, my one sure Retreat,
Oh, strong Rock of Ages, my frailty sustain!
Though mountains should crumble, thou still shalt remain.
—*Rel. Mag.*

[Original.]

LINES WRITTEN TO U. S. H.

DEAR FRIEND:

In a late number of the "Guide," I find a short communication from you to the editors, in which you express yourself as having lost the blessing of holiness, and do not know how or when you lost it. You also desire to be informed of your present spiritual state. I take my pen in hand this evening, to try and aid you in finding out your whereabouts. But, before you read the following lines, I hope you will read the 5th, 6th and 7th chapters of Matt., and spend fifteen minutes in secret prayer. Then, read the remainder of this article, and let this be the cry of your heart: *O Lord, teach me!* It is not an uncommon occurrence, for persons to lose the blessing of entire holiness several times, before they are established therein. Therefore do not be discouraged or despairing. To your Bible, and to your knees. The Saviour yet pleads your cause at the throne of grace. Hear his lovely voice: "Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out." But you desire to know why you are thus; probably this will be a proper answer: "Your sins have separated between you and your God." You lost the blessing when you disbelieved. "The just shall live by faith;" "We walk by faith, not by sight." "Without faith, it is impossible to please God." But the question arises: why did you disbelieve? I cannot tell precisely, but hope you will give the following points, at which we may fall, due consideration. In order to retain the blessing of perfect love, it is indispensably necessary to be *holy in all manner of conversation*. The tongue must be bridled. "If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man, and able also to bridle the whole body." (James iii. 2.) Holy persons, to retain their purity, must abstain from fleshly lusts, which war against the soul; they must be very temperate in eating and drinking. They must use that quality and quantity of food

which they are convinced is best for their health; for if they eat or drink otherwise, their own hearts will condemn them, and God is greater than their hearts. They must read the Scriptures daily, and also pray in secret daily. They must be very humble, patient and self-sacrificing, because no one can enter this high state in the divine life, without first making a personal sacrifice of their souls and bodies, with their earthly goods, to the service of the Lord. They must consecrate *all, ALL*. Then they must *keep* the sacrifice upon the altar, Christ Jesus. They must be very careful to improve their time according to the will of the Lord. They must be active in the service of God; "to whomsoever much is given, much will be required." They must be careful not to grieve the Spirit in *small things*, (so called by formal professors). "Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God, whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption."

In conclusion, I would say, examine yourself closely by the word of God, in regard to the points mentioned above. See, dear friend, if you have paid all the vows you made to the Lord. Hear him say: "Pay thy vows." Read some portion of the Holy Bible every day upon your knees. Never neglect to pray in secret. Remember, "we walk by faith, not by sight," or feeling. It is by faith we overcome the world—mighty, conquering faith in Jesus. Make a new start, just as though you were starting for the first time. Paul said, he forgot those things which were behind, and pressed forward: imitate him. Above all things, *keep your heart*. Think much and speak but little. Read Prov. iv. 23; x. 19; xviii. 21; xxi. 23; xvii. 27; xxvii. 2. Eccles. v. 2. Look to Jesus for help. "He will save you just now." Read John, viii. 36: I hope to hear from you again. May the Lord bless you speedily, and save you in heaven, is my prayer.

Yours in love.

W. B. OWEN.

[Original.]
**"I WILL GIVE THEM A HEART
 OF FLESH."**

BY B. S.

GOD hath given to his people many "great and precious promises;" the heading of our paper is one of them; God has a wise and benevolent design in so doing—a design very emphatically expressed, viz. "that they may walk in my statutes, and keep mine ordinances, and do them, that by these ye might be partakers of the divine nature." On this generally admitted point, we need not linger, but will pass to a brief consideration of the question, *how* will God "give them a heart of flesh?" The solution of this problem, if we may so term it, is of serious and practical importance to each one of us. God will verify his promise; he waits, it may be, to do it gently, tenderly for us—for each of us. He uses no harsh means toward the yielding, obedient, confiding soul. In such a case, his grace operates like spring showers, or will distil as "the dew upon the tender herb." O how sweet, how blessed, thus to be "led beside the still waters," and to feed in the fresh, green pastures.

But we must take another view of the question proposed. Our hearts are naturally hard, unfeeling, unbelieving, and prone to forget God; hence stern measures are required to subdue and mould them after the pattern God has designed. There are three methods made use of to effect the object, each in itself separate, and yet co-operating together. We mean the teachings of the sacred scriptures, the providences of God, and the Holy Spirit. We now pause and ask, are we individually at this moment, prayerfully desiring "a heart of flesh," or in other words, a "tender contrite spirit?" if so, are we willing that God should take any course with us, to answer that prayer? Then be not surprised if he take from us a beloved child, a parent, a companion, or some other near and dear friend. The heart will, under such bereavement, begin to break down.

But we pass on. Our property is all swept away; we become homeless and penniless. Again the heart writhes in agony. But God sometimes goes on still farther; he permits our fancied good name, our idol reputation to be destroyed; we are counted as the offscouring of the earth, unfit to live. Seemingly we can bear no more, we think our cup of suffering is full. But he has not done with us yet, another blow is given. Our health and strength are prostrate. Surely all the waves and billows of affliction are now breaking over us. But we pass on a little farther; another trial more bitter than all the preceding may be ours. O! to feel that God does not listen to our prayers, and that he leaves us to feel he hath forsaken us, so that despair is settling down upon our soul, and we cry with the ancient patriarch, "O, that I knew where I might find him,—behold I go forward, but he is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive him!" The Saviour also, tasted of this grief, when he cried in the bitterness of his last agony, "My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me?" The point is now gained; being brought thus far, the soul can feelingly sympathize with the apostle Paul, when he testified to having "suffered the loss of all things;" with the patriarch Job, also, when he said "I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes." Victory follows! "the heart of flesh," is given! Precious treasure!

We say, then, that God would be answering our prayer for "a heart of flesh," if he took us through the entire process above specified. And now in conclusion, we remark, that God works by means; he adopts practical methods to fulfil in us and to us, all his exceeding great and precious promises. We think the bible sustains us in the position we occupy. The religion of the Bible needs to be more practically insisted upon if we would see the church purified, and sinners won from "the errors of their ways."

[Original.]

LIVING BY THE MOMENT.

BY REV. D. F. NEWTON.

"One by one the duties await thee;
 Let thy whole strength go to each;
 Let no future dream elate thee;
 Learn thou first what these can teach."

BROTHER:

Is not this living by the moment *the way*, the sure way, the Bible way, the only true and safe way? the narrow way, the way the holy prophets went? David, the sweet singer of Israel, understood this way of living — practised it; published it. Hark! "Mine eyes are ever towards the Lord; for he shall pluck my feet out of the net." Ps. xxv. 15. Mark the saying, "ever;" his eyes were ever towards the Lord — all the time, on all occasions. What eye was this? His natural eye? Nay, his spiritual, his eye of faith — faith in God's word, faith in his promises; on these his eye of faith was fixed continually. Again he says: "I will bless the Lord at all times — his name shall continually be in my mouth." How could the Psalmist praise God at all times, unless he confided in him at all times? that is, lived by the moment. Hear him in another testimony: "I have set the Lord always before me; because he is at my right hand, I shall not be moved." Ps. xvi. 8. Here the same sentiment is reiterated — the idea of living by the moment clearly and forcibly expressed. This living by the moment was doubtless the secret of David's holy living, his life, his hope, his joy, and rejoicing. So long as he continued to look to the Lord momentarily, he was not moved, turned aside by the world, the flesh or the devil. "It is God," says he, "that girdeth me with strength, and maketh my way perfect." "With the pure thou wilt show thyself pure." "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace." "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High, shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty." Ps.

lxi. 1. This living by the moment is dwelling in the secret place of the Most High. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee." Mark also the expressions in the 119th Psalm: "Blessed are the undefiled *in the way*, who walk in the law of the Lord." "Blessed are they that keep his testimonies, and that seek Him with the *whole heart*." "Where-withal shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto according to thy word." These, and numerous other passages in the Old Testament, have a direct bearing on this continued faith, or living by the moment. "These, also, do no iniquity; they walk in His ways." Ps. cxix. 3. When David, in an unguarded moment, turned his eye from "the author and finisher of his faith," ceased to live by the moment, he fell grievously, lost the blessing of perfect love! The loss was infinite! He felt it to be so. What then, his first prayer? for its restoration! Yes: "Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin. . . . Create in me a *clean heart*, O God, and renew a right spirit within me." Ps. li. 10. Without a full restoration of this inward cleansing, David felt he was not prepared to glorify God in doing good, in "building the walls of Jerusalem." The doctrine of holiness, the inner life, or perfect love, is clearly set forth under the old dispensation. The Psalms are full of this glorious truth of entire consecratedness to God's service. The same blessed doctrine is clearly and forcibly set forth in the 2d chapter of Proverbs, from the first verse to the tenth. Also, in the first chapter of Isaiah, from the sixteenth verse to the twentieth. Beloved reader, what is there so very mysterious or objectionable in the doctrine of perfect love, or living by the moment — "looking to Jesus" now, this moment, the next moment, and the next? Is not the Bible on this point clear as the noon-day sun? This keeping the eye ever towards the Lord, was not only the secret of David's holy living and joyful-

ness, but the same, we believe, is true of all the Old Testament saints who walked with God continually. So likewise of the New Testament worthies, the apostles and primitive disciples: this doctrine of living by the moment, shines forth with renewed lustre and glory, under the new dispensation. Wesley, Fletcher, Clark, Carvasso, Lady Huntington, Maxwell, Madame Guyon, Taylor, Prof. Upham, Mahan, Finney, Mrs. Palmer, and all who are now in the enjoyment of the blessing of full salvation, tell us it is living by the moment, that they are kept in the constant fear and love of God, setting the Lord always before them, keeping the eye steadily on Christ, as their only Saviour, sun, shield, rock of defence, deliverer, wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption. Living by faith, necessarily involves the idea of receiving by faith, and by the moment, and of receiving each moment, the grace necessary for that moment. O! blessed life, Satan finds no lodgement. Faith is a shield by which all the fiery darts of the enemy are warded off.

"Then is my strength by thee renewed;
Then are my sins by thee forgiven;
Then dost thou cheer my solitude
With hope of heaven.

No words can tell what sweet relief
There for my every want I find —
What strength for warfare, balm for grief,
What peace of mind."

This living by the moment is the sum and substance of all we mean by entire consecration, "holiness to the Lord." Living by faith on the Son of God every moment, we live above the world, above sinning. Can we sin while looking intently to Jesus as *our* Saviour, meekly, humbly, confidently, perpetually? rejoicing in his love, his great salvation, doing whatsoever he commands us? This living by the moment, is the great secret of all holy living, the Bible doctrine for sanctification. All is on the altar, kept on the altar, time, talents, property, friends, reputation, influence, unbelief, all is given up, all set

apart *exclusively* to God's service. Our wills are God's, and God's will ours. Any objection to this plain, brief definition of perfect love? Will not every true disciple subscribe to it heartily? Brother, do you wish to live well, glorify God well, die well? live by the moment.

[Selected.]

"MY SAVIOUR LIVES."

I love to hear that voice of old,
Which over Patmos' rocky shore
Thus sweetly spoke: "I live! behold
I am alive for evermore!"

"My Saviour lives." No mortal ears
Can listen to more joyous strains;
High above yonder rolling spheres,
My God and yet my Brother reigns.

"My Saviour lives." He intercedes
Still as the Lamb, the Crucified.
"Father, I WILL;" 't is thus he pleads:
Ne'er was the boon he asked denied.

"My Saviour lives," and still his heart
Responsive beats upon the throne,
To every pang from which I smart;
He makes my tears and woes his own.

"My Saviour lives." If thus so near,
Ne'er at his will shall I repine;
His presence dries each falling tear,
Proclaims all needful discipline.

"My Saviour lives," and soon again
He'll come to take his pilgrims home
To feel no longer aching pain,
And from himself no more to roam.

"My Saviour lives;" to see his face
My endless happiness will be.
Lord, independent of all place,
Where'er *thou* art is heaven to me.

LOVE OF GOD. — "The more the sinner knows and tastes of the love of God, the more he grieves ever to have sinned against that love. It is under the genial rays of this kindly love, that the heart, which was before bound up as by a deadly frost, begins to thaw and melt and loosen and the waters of repentance to flow freely forth." — *French, on the Prodigal.*

The Guide to Holiness.

JUNE, 1850.

EDITORIAL PAPERS.

THE ATTRACTIVE POWER OF THE CROSS.

"I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me."

John, xii: 32.

CHRIST said to Nicodemus, "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up;" and again, to others, "When ye have lifted up the Son of Man, then shall ye know that I am He." These, to the Jews, were hard sayings. Their question, "Who is the Son of Man?" expressed their vexation and perplexity; their vexation, for they affirmed that the law taught that Christ abideth forever; and their perplexity, for the traditions of men which they had received with credit, had confused their understandings when they read the Scriptures.

This rejected doctrine of Christ crucified, over which the Jews stumbled and at which the Greeks sneered, was to draw to its gaze the world, and silently influence the hearts of all men. It was to "draw" all men, not by a coercive influence, for then would all men come, and the lamentation not be extorted, "Ye will not come unto me that ye might have life." It was to "draw" men as Christ, by his preaching, drew them, when the awakened multitudes gathered about him and acknowledged the power and wisdom with which he spake. It was to be a persuasive influence that all men would feel, and to which all might yield.

How wonderful, surpassing human understanding, is this doctrine in its simple statement! How marvellous are its confirmations by the records of history, and by the unrecorded experience, deeply felt and often related, of individual Christians. Paul had been arrested and subdued by it, and had seen its power over others, when he exclaimed with holy enthusiasm, "I am determined to know nothing among you save Christ and him crucified." Seen by the eye of faith, it brought multitudes of every land to the early Christian church. And now, on every missionary station, as well as at every home fireside, in every great awakening, as well as during every gradual ingathering of sinners, the influence of the Cross is the ever present power which produces the effect. Man may see and honor, as agents in the work, great revivalists, industrious pastors, diligent Sunday school teachers, and earnest private members of the church; but, working with all of these, being matter in their hearts and manner on their tongues, unseen or scorned by the unrenewed, is the power of the Cross. As this has

free course, the effect is genuine, extensive, and permanent. When it is subordinated to the self-seeking of the minister, or to the worldly-mindedness of the members—when other topics have been made most prominent, then have both the offence and the power of the Cross ceased.

But what is the secret of all this power? Why can nothing be substituted for it—why have all religions, without this, been powerless—and why is every form of Christianity from which this is excluded or obscured, been little more than heathenism itself?

"Angels desire," and are doubtless gratified in their desire, to look into this great mystery, for mystery, in part, it must remain while we dwell on earth, if not forever. Yet some reasons have been given us, and these we may contemplate with devout gratitude.

I. The attractive power of the Cross is derived from: The wonderful nature of its Victim. He is represented in the Old Testament as the Promised Seed of the patriarchal dispensation, the Sacrificial Lamb of the Jewish economy, and the theme of the rapturous descriptions of the prophets. He is, to the prophetic eye, the "Wonderful, Counsellor, the mighty God, the everlasting Father, and Prince of Peace;" the "Jehovah our Righteousness." In the New Testament, he is "God with us," the "fulness of the Godhead bodily," the "true God and eternal Life." At the same time, he is represented as made "like unto his brethren," as "made in fashion as a man," that he might be "touched with a feeling of our infirmities." We see in him these two natures—truly man and truly God. As such a victim, he dies upon the Cross for the world. No wonder that the world is drawn towards him, perverse and blind though men are.

II. The Cross is attractive, because adapted to the world. The human heart, in its yearnings to satisfy a deeply felt want, and in its bitter experience that all else is vanity and vexation of spirit, turns to the cross, and seeing the nature of the sufferer, exclaims, "My Lord and my God." Looking at himself, the sinner, helpless and hopeless, and exposed to divine wrath, feels that "thus it behooved Christ to suffer." He is at once assured that he may come with boldness to God by him and obtain mercy and find grace to help in time of need.

III. The moral goodness of the Victim lends the cross an attractiveness. He is exhibited as "a lamb," and as "without guile." It is he "who went about doing good." The goodness which led him to feed the multitude, heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, cast out devils, and raise the dead, is inseparable from the minds of the devout worshippers at the cross. But it is only in its connection with the wonderful nature and the death of the Victim, that it has a saving attractiveness. Out of this connection, it is beautiful to contemplate and worthy of imitation, but is in nature related only to the moral goodness of Paul, counting all things as loss for the excellency of the

knowledge of Christ, or of Wesley exclaiming, "the world is my parish."

IV. The attractiveness of the Cross is derived from the accompanying influence of the Holy Spirit. The Cross and the Spirit are as inseparable as the sun and light, or as God and his omniscience. Though the divine victim had hung upon the cross, had died and risen again, and the disciples had seen and believed upon him, yet were they not endued with power until the promise of the Father came.

Thus, the world, to be drawn to Christ, must have the whole cross. A merely human victim, with moral goodness alone, or the divine victim, without the attendant influence of the Holy Ghost, is not sufficient. When men take a part of essential truth instead of the whole, leaving out some great element, or letting down its fence by philosophical refinements, they do not find that the perverted parts have a proportion of the saving power of the whole. The cross must have "Jesus," "Immanuel," uniting in himself, and sending forth to accompany the announcement of his mission, the Holy Ghost, to draw, to purify, and to save.

Thus constituted, Christ lifted up from the earth, is qualified for man's utmost need. When all obstacles are removed, he draws him into himself and they become one. But sin is an opposing influence. It is to the soul what steel is to the magnetic needle. It draws it from its proper object. As the needle, unobstructed, turns to the pole, so the soul purified from sin turns to Christ, who becomes thereby not only its justification, but sanctification and redemption.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

HOW SHOULD LITTLE CHILDREN PRAY ?

WE will answer this question in the language of some of your own age. A little boy, one of the Sunday-school children in Jamaica, called upon the missionary, and stated that he had lately been very ill, and in his sickness often wished his minister had been present to pray with him.

"But, Thomas," said the missionary, "I hope you prayed yourself."

"O yes, sir."

"Did you repeat the prayer I taught you?"

"I prayed."

"Well, but how did you pray?"

"Why, sir, I begged."

A child of six years old, in Sunday-school, said: "When we kneel down in the school-room to pray, it seems as if my heart talked to God."

A little girl of four years being asked, "Why do you pray to God?" replied, "Because I know he hears me, and I love to pray to him." "But how do you know he hears you?" Putting her little hand to her heart, she said, "I know that

he does, because there is something here that tells me so."

Ah, little children you may never fully know the power and usefulness of prayer until you find yourselves in trouble and sorrow; then you will love the m-ro-y-seat better than any other place on earth. But see to it that you never approach God in prayer, even now, unless you are sincere and in earnest; for to ask for what you do not want, would only be mocking the great Jehovah. Do you remember those little verses of the hymn, —

"I often say my prayers,
But do I ever pray?
Or do the wishes of my heart
Suggest the words I say?"

"I may as well kneel down
And worship gods of stone,
As offer to the living God
A prayer of words alone."

Take now thy son, thine only son Isaac, whom thou lovest, and offer him for a burnt offering upon one of the mountains I will tell thee of." — Gen. xxii. 2.

How hard it was for Abraham
To say God's will be done,
When he was called to offer up
His dear, — his only son!

"Take Isaac now, thine only son,"
(This was the Lord's command,)
"And offer him a sacrifice,
To die by thine own hand."

But Abraham believed that God
His Father, always knew
Just what was right, — and could not tell
Him a wrong thing to do.

He did not stop to question God,
But rose at early dawn,
Saddled an ass, and called his son
To go that very morn. —

A three days' journey to a spot
Which God to them should show;
And Isaac, with the two young men,
At once prepared to go.

At length the mount appeared in sight,
And Abraham told his men,
Yonder go to worship God,
And will come back again.

Much Isaac wondered what it meant,
But he obeyed his sire,
Bearing the wood upon his arms
To build a funeral pyre.

Upon the mountain now they stood,
And Isaac meekly cries,
Behold the fire and wood, but where's
The lamb for sacrifice?

When they had reached Moriah's top
The father told his son,
And Isaac willingly was bound,
That God's will might be done.

Upon the altar then the wood
Was all in order laid,
And Abraham took the knife in hand,
That knife with naked blade;

Then quick and angel of the Lord
Was sent from heaven above,
To gladden faithful Abraham's heart
With these sweet words of love ;

"Lay not thy hand upon the lad!"
For now, indeed, I see,
Thou fearest God — nor hast withheld
Thine only son from me.

And now, in blessing I will bless
Thee and thy numerous seed,
All those who have thy simple faith
Shall be my friends indeed.

When I shall give mine only Son
To die on Calvary,
The Lamb of God for sinners slain,
Thine offspring He shall be.

And has our Father sent His Son,
His only Son from heaven,
To die for us, that we might live
And have our sins forgiven.

Lord, help me then to read thy word,
Believing all it saith,
For I may be a friend * of God
If I have Abraham's faith.

LEILA.

SCRIPTURE CABINET.

A SAVIOUR UNTO THE UTTERMOST.

"Wherefore, He is able to save them unto the uttermost, who come unto God by Him."—Hebrews, vii: 25.

"He can save unto the uttermost," *i. e., wholly—completely.* This ability implies willingness and provisions for complete salvation. The apostle, in the connection, gives many reasons why our High Priest is thus able to save, of which the following is the sum. He is more exalted than the Jewish high priest. He was made after the order of Melchisedek, who was greater than Abraham, and greater than all the house of Aaron. He was made *perfect* (verse 11,) that the service he rendered might be perfect. Such were not the Jewish priests, for they were made "after the law of a carnal commandment," (verse 16,) that which had reference to temporal and external things; while Christ was made "after the power of an endless life," by an authority which set forth the nature of and secured fully — an endless life. He was established by an oath, as no other high priest was (verse 20-22). He was holy, and needed not to offer sacrifice for himself (verse 26). Lastly, he lives forever for us. He is an exalted, solemnly appointed, infinitely holy, ever-living High Priest. While the hungry soul cries out,

"Every moment, Lord, I need
The merits of thy blood!"

the Word of Truth replies, "He ever liveth!" "Wherefore" let none doubt that He saves "completely," "all" who come to God by Him.

* Is. xli. 8.

THE SWORD OF THE SPIRIT.

"The sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God," Eph. vi: 17.

We were passing through the Quincy market, Boston, a few years ago, and our attention was attracted by a little group of men in earnest conversation. On drawing near, we perceived a man of a bronzed, but honest face, standing in the midst, with a bold yet meek spirit, defending the truth against bitter and persistent cavillings. The replies were not in the refined language of the schools, for he was a plain and unlearned man, but in the beauty and force of well selected texts of Scripture. It was refreshing to see how every attack recoiled upon the assailants. The sword of the Spirit proved sharp, and pierced their armor at every point. With this weapon, handled evidently with the skill of a long and familiar use he vindicated the honor of religion, and "put to silence the ignorance of foolish men."

The word of God is the sword of the Spirit, because *He* uses it. He makes it "quick," "powerful," "piercing," and "a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart." Without the Spirit, the word is a glittering scabbard rather than a sword, bright with priceless jewels, but powerless. Let the man of God, then, not think to expose any deadly error, nor to vanquish his spiritual foes, nor to succor his fainting fellow-Christians, without the Sword of the Spirit.

THE UNKNOWN FOOD.

"I have meat to eat that ye know not of." John iv. 32.

When Wesley was going to Georgia, before he found Christ by faith, he was surprised at the perfect tranquility, during a violent storm, of the Moravians with whom he sailed. He himself was greatly alarmed at the thought of dying. But he learned afterwards that this devoted people derived their strength from a simple faith, by which they were able to do and suffer the whole will of God. It was the inward, hidden food by which they were prepared for every duty and danger. This was subsequently the secret — or, at least, an important part of the secret — of Wesley's ability to do the great work assigned him. Had he fed on the husks of a worldly ambition, he would have faltered.

Christ says, "My meat is to do the will of him that sent me, and to finish his work." Through this he was enabled to endure hunger, fatigue, the bitterness of persecution and the anguish of death. Those of his disciples who follow him fully in this respect, are partakers of an inward strength of which others are ignorant. The Christian merchant who lives to do the will of God, is calm amidst the vexations of ordinary business; and when "hard times" and "failures" sweep away houses and lands and stocks, laying undeserved imputations upon a good name, he is peaceful and even happy. The Christian mother who thus lives, amidst pressing responsibilities and multitudinous cares, worn down in body and exhausted

in mind, has sweet rest of soul. Thank God, there are a great and an increasing number among God's people, of every name, to whom the absorbing interest of the soul, in the will of God, is *not* an unknown food.

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

THE GUIDE A BLESSING.

A brother in the Congregational ministry writes from St. Croix Falls, Wis., May 2:—"In closing, a word in regard to myself will not, perhaps, be inappropriate. I owe to the 'Guide,' under God, the unspeakable blessing of *Perfect Love*. God blessed me last January, I think it was, and since that time has continually realized himself unto my soul in numberless loving kindnesses, and the witness of the Holy Ghost. He loves me greatly. 'He brought me into the banqueting house, and his banner over me is love.' 'His left hand is under my head, and his right hand doth embrace me.' 'He has given me a mouth to speak great wisdom, even the hidden wisdom of God.' I can look around me and see, at least, fifteen cases of well evidenced sanctification, through my poor instrumentality. Many of these have been brought—within a few weeks, up through the deepest darkness of sin, first to see the light of the gospel in justification, and then, in a short time, into the full liberty of the gospel."

QUESTIONS.

A correspondent takes some exceptions, though in a good spirit, to some parts of the article in our May issue, entitled, "The Spirit of Holiness."—The following statements, on page 131, he thinks objectionable: "The Christian is born again of the Spirit. The new nature which he receives by this birth is holy. It must necessarily be, or the product of the Spirit is tainted with sin. He is a new creature in Christ Jesus. As a new creature in Christ he must be holy, or Christ admits sin into union with him." We understand the writer to use the word *holy*, here, as the opposite of actual sin, for he immediately adds, "In none of these states of grace is he (the justified person) at liberty to commit sin." Still, we think the statements are not well guarded, and the word '*taint*,' in this connection, is not the best one, though the writer's meaning is clear and truthful. Our correspondent proceeds to propose the following questions: 1. "Can a Christian be said to be holy until cleansed from all sin?" Certainly. All regenerated persons are termed, in the Word of God, "children of God," "saints," "heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ," though not necessarily "sanctified wholly." 2. "Cannot God pardon a sinner and not cleanse him from all unrighteousness, yet not form a union with sin?"—As to the "union of Christ with sin," that is sta-

ted, of course, as an impossible thing. But no such necessity is involved in the admission that a Christian may have in his heart the remains of inbred sin. So we believe and teach, and so has the Church in general ever taught, on the authority of Inspiration.

GLAD TIDINGS.

We glean items of good concerning Zion, though there is no general revival. The large cities, those strong-holds of Satan, have been most assaulted by the King of kings. At New Orleans, the late anniversary of the daily prayer-meetings was an occasion of great refreshing to the people of God, and new plans were devised for extending the Redeemer's kingdom. In New York, the marked feature of success is in the conversions, on board the United States vessels of war. Large numbers of the sailors have become truly pious. In this city, also, we hear from some of our personal friends that the sons of the ocean are coming to God. One aged man at the Marine Hospital, in Chelsea, was visited by a colporteur, who asked him if he should bring him some good books. The sick man, stretching out his hand and laying it upon a large Bible, said, "I have *this*: this book is enough for me!" The great and wicked city of London, is sharing largely in the blessed influence of the daily meetings, and Wales is favored with a general outpouring of the Spirit. "The Lord reigneth!"

EVIL TIDINGS.

Rumors of warlike preparations have been rife in Europe for several months past, as our readers know, and ere they read these lines, they will, doubtless, be in possession of some account of the first terrible collision. Never since the first Napoleon have the foundations of States been so moved. The best informed persons seem sadly puzzled to understand the *precise* occasion of this, but all agree that the gathered cloud portends a storm of vast magnitude and importance. Let God's people pray that the wrath of man may praise Him, and that all these things may turn out to the furtherance of the gospel.

LABOR AND ITS FRUITS.

Our New York correspondent has forwarded the following letter, from Canada, addressed to Dr. and Mrs. Palmer. It is another emphatic testimony to the value of *personal effort*.

BELLEVILLE, C. W., April 1st, 1859.

DR. AND MRS. PALMER:

Beloved Friends,—I rejoice to be able to inform you that we are in the midst of a glorious revival of religion, next to that of Hamilton the best I have ever witnessed, and, in some respects, more wonderful. Our friends here have desired and prayed for a revival since my coming to this charge in July last; but the time for making a *special effort* seemed not to have come until the middle of February, at the time of our quarterly love-feast. I then stated to the people the particulars of the Hamilton revival; and the great agency which God had honored in its promotion by the *personal labors of his people, in connection with those of his ministers*.

I proposed to them to signify by the uplifted hand whether they would thus work for God; that if they would they might have a revival, if not, they must not expect great things. *Many pledged themselves to labor*, and we began our toils. Results were seen at once. The first person to whom I spoke in doing *my* work, was the first convert, and makes a *shining* and *laborious* Christian. The work has progressed steadily, and constantly increased in interest to the present time.

Bellville is a town of about five or six thousand inhabitants. We have at present but one church, and a few over four hundred members, before the revival. This must be taken into the account in comparing the work with Hamilton. Then again, we had not the assistance of our dear brother and sister Palmer. Still, the Lord was with us. "The people had a mind to work," and have continued thus far faithfully to fulfil their pledge. Young converts, too, at once begin to obtain others and bring them to Christ.

The public services have been four evenings in the week, viz.: Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, for preaching, short, and prayer-meetings for seekers. The afternoons of the same days, from three to four, have been for the church. Many believers have experienced full salvation. I distributed forty copies of "The Promise of the Father." Our sisters work well. Once in two weeks, on Monday evening, we have taken members into the church publicly. Saturday evening has been for fellowship and prayer-meeting. So has also been the Thursday afternoon. Nearly two hundred have been converted, of whom about one hundred have already joined the Church. From forty to fifty are forward every night. The body of the church is crowded every night, and the gallery about half full.—From seven to sixteen converted each evening. O that you could be with us. Pray for us, that God may extend his glorious work still more. Our success has so embarrassed us, that we must now build a new church, to hold, at least, fifteen hundred people.

Yours in Christ,

E. B. HARPER.

DR. W. C. PALMER AND LADY have taken passage on board the steamer City of Baltimore, which is to sail for England from New York, on Saturday, June 4th. We bespeak for our beloved brother and sister the prayers of God's people. May He who gathereth the wind in his fist, and who lifteth up the stormy wave, hold them in his hand, and bring them in safety to their desired haven; and in the land where they are about to sojourn as strangers, may a door of utterance be opened to them in their efforts to spread the joys of a full salvation. Sister Palmer has promised us regular correspondence, so that we hope to lay before our readers, from time to time, the progress they are making in their mission of love.

THE NEW VOLUME OF THE GUIDE.—We call the attention of our readers to the fact, that this number closes the volume. We hope to be able, by the blessing of the Great Head of the Church, to labor in the cause of holiness another year, and request the unabated coöperation of our numerous friends. We hope to continue to speak to all our old patrons, and to be introduced to many new.

BOOK NOTICES.

THE LITTLE MOUNTAIN GUIDE; OR, HOW TO BE HAPPY. BOSTON: HENRY HOYT, No. 9 CORNHILL. New York: Sheldon & Co. Cincinnati: George Crosby. Chicago: William Tomlinson. 1859.

This is an Irish story, incidentally but beautifully illustrating the picturesque scenery of the country and its cultivated social habits. The reader becomes at once interested in the Little Mountain Guide, Grace O'Gara, who through the teachings of a pious mother, is well instructed in the Scriptures, and becomes a *guide*, not only among the heights of her mountain home, but to those seeking Christ. Precious truths are taught in this attractive story.

ROBERT WALTON; OR, THE GREAT IDEA, AND WHAT CAME OF IT—is another volume by the same publishers. *The great idea* of Robert Walton is worthy of any boy of our country. He was determined to obtain a liberal education, and thus prepare himself for usefulness. The way he surmounted many and intimidating obstacles, in order to secure this end, is here related in an easy manner. It is well calculated to inspire a *right* ambition in the minds of boys.

Mr. Hoyt has sent us still another pretty book, called ROSE COTTAGE; OR, GRANDMAMA WISE. This grandmamma was one of the excellent old ladies who had not outlived her love for little children, but had on all occasions an interesting story for them, full of valuable instruction. If you would like to visit Rose Cottage and hear her talk—and the moments will fly swiftly and pleasantly away if you do so—step into No. 9 Cornhill, Boston, or some other bookstore, and buy the book.

THE NEW TEMPERANCE MELODIST: consisting of Glees, Songs, and pieces composed and arranged for the use of the various TEMPERANCE ORGANIZATIONS. By STEPHEN HUBBARD, author of Wesleyan Sacred Harp, Musical Gems, etc. Boston: J. P. Jewett & Co. Cleveland, Ohio: Henry P. B. Jewett.

The most popular airs, both new and old, are here arranged, and accompanied by words suited to the temperance cause. In its general style and spirit, this volume is similar to the Wesleyan Sacred Harp, by the same author—a work which has been the favorite of thousands. It is well calculated to give a fresh interest to the various occasions which call the friends of temperance together.

GOD IS LOVE.

Words by REV. S. LOVELL.

Music by W. McDONALD.

1. What sound is this? a song thro' heav'n resounding, God is Love! God is Love! }
And now from earth I hear the song rebounding, God is Love! God is Love! }

2. This song repeat, repeat, ye saints in glory, God is Love! God is Love! }
And saints on earth shout back the pleasing story, God is Love! God is Love! }

3. Cre-a-tion speaks with thousand tongues proclaiming God is Love! God is Love! }
And Prov-i-dence unites her voice, ex-claim-ing, God is Love! God is Love! }

4. This heav'nly love all round is sweetly flow-ing, God is Love! God is Love! }
And in my heart the sa-cred fire is glowing, God is Love! God is Love! }

Yes, while a - dor-ing hosts proclaim Love is his na-ture, Love his name,
In this let earth and heav'n a-gree, To sound his love both full and free,

But let the burden'd 'sin-ner hear The Gos-pel sounding loud and clear,
That God is Love I know full well; And had I power his love to tell,

My soul in rap - ture cries the same; God is Love! God is Love!
And let the theme for - ev - er be God is Love! God is Love!

To every soul both far and near, God is Love! God is Love!
With loud - est notes my song should swell; God is Love! God is Love!

5 The love of God is now my greatest pleasure,
God is Love!
And while I live, I'll ask no other treasure;
God is Love!
This theme shall be my song below,
And when to glory I shall go,
This strain eternally shall flow,—
God is Love!

THE
GUIDE
TO
HOLINES.

EDITORS:
REV. H. V. DEGEN, REV. B. W. GORHAM.

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THE GUIDE TO HOLINESS.

[Original.]

REV. WILLIAM HUNTER.

BY REV. WILLIAM McDONALD.

THE religious experience and triumphant death of so holy and useful a minister of the Lord Jesus Christ, as Mr. Hunter, can but be interesting to every lover of holiness. He was born in the year 1728, in Northumberland, England. He was early impressed with religious obligations, and the fear of God seemed to pervade his heart. He was favored with hearing Mr. Wesley preach, when but a youth, and earnestly sought the Lord. A sermon which most affected him was by Mr. Hopper. Under this sermon he was let into a clearer light, and to the possession of fuller joys. In a letter to Mr. Wesley, he says, "As soon as he (Mr. Hopper) began to speak, his words affected me deeply; not with terror, but with love. I had a taste of heaven. It seemed as though I was created anew. I attended preaching on all occasions, and felt much sweetness therein, and love for those that I believed were devoted to God." Being now in his fifteenth year, he was overcome by the influence and opposition of his old companions in sin, and soon turned back to the world. He remained in this state for some time, until, persuaded by a young man to attend preaching again, he was brought to see his sad state. This discovery of his condition produced great wretchedness of soul. He says, "I roared for disquietude of heart, and wept, and made supplications." His distress of soul for many months, was as though he had been for-

saken of God, and hell was already begun in him. He sought the Lord with all his heart, in all the means of grace, exclaiming,

"If I ne'er find the sacred road,
I'll perish crying after God."

"One day," he says, "as I remember, I was reading in a book, where the writer was answering that objection concerning the day of grace being past, the Lord was pleased to send me deliverance. I found springing hope, and a sweet sense of His goodness. How did I admire the love of God and the love of Christ Jesus to me. All my thoughts were swallowed up in heavenly contemplation, and I could truly say, 'The Lord is my life and my salvation, whom shall I fear? Thine anger is turned away, and thou comfortest me.'"

He now tested his conversion by the Scriptures; and from the marks there laid down, he had reason to believe that he was a child of God — that he belonged to Christ. His state of mind immediately following his conversion, is thus described: "I was very happy. I sung in His ways for joy of heart, and His consolations were not small to me. It was then

"I rode on the sky,
Freely justified I,
Nor did envy Elijah his seat;
My glad soul mounted higher,
In a chariot of fire,
And the moon — it was under my feet,
Jesus all the day long
Was my joy and my song;
O that all His salvation may see!
He hath lov'd me, I cried,
He hath suffer'd and died
To redeem such a rebel as me!"

This happy state of mind was soon interrupted by the unsubdued evils of his

heart. He saw very clearly that the doctrine advocated by many, that the corruptions of the heart are a removed at conversion, was false. He describes his state of mind at this time, as follows :

"1. I found many things in which opposed the grace of God ; so that, without continual watching and prayer, I was capable of committing the very same sins which I had been guilty of before. 2. I began to be more acquainted with Satan's devices, and found power from God to resist them. 3. I had very affecting views of Christ as my great high priest, who was touched with a feeling of my infirmities. 4. The Scriptures were precious to me, and I found great comfort in reading them. Lastly, I was conscious of the need of a far greater change in my nature than I had experienced."

He continued in this state of mind, praying for a clean heart, for some time, until he heard Mr. Wesley preach from John i: 9, "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." "This," he says, "was a precious time to me." "While you were preaching," he writes to Mr. Wesley, "a divine light shone in upon my heart with the word, and I was clearly convinced of the doctrine of sanctification and the attainableness of it. I came home with full purpose of heart not to rest till I was made a living witness of it. I had now a clear view, 1. Of the holiness of God, and saw that sin could not dwell with Him. 2. I had a clear view of the purity and perfection of His law — which is a transcript of the divine nature. 3. I felt my great unlikeness to both, and although I felt no condemnation, yet, in view of these things, I felt much pain in my spirit, and my soul was humbled in the dust before Him. Oh how I longed to be made like Him — to love Him with all my heart, soul, mind and strength."

While thus laboring and struggling for this great salvation, he was permitted to

hear a sermon from that holy man of God, Mr. Olivers. His text was, "Let us go on unto perfection." Of this sermon he says, "the doctrine was clear, and the arguments strong. My heart consented to the whole truth, and I had clear views of the way of attaining it, namely, by faith. This added new vigor to my spirit, and I seemed to be more on the wing than ever. I prayed and wept at His footstool, that He would show me all of His salvation, and He gave me to experience such a measure of His grace as I never knew before ; a great measure of heavenly light and divine power spread through my soul. I found unbelief taken away out of my heart. My soul was filled with such faith as I never felt before. My love to Christ was like fire ; and I had such views of Him as my life, my portion, my all, as swallowed me up : and oh, how I longed to be with Him. A change passed upon all the powers of my soul, and I felt a great increase of holy and heavenly tempers. I may say, with humility, it was as though I was emptied of all evil, and filled with heaven and God."

Such were the glorious discoveries made to his soul, of the power of the gospel to save from all sin ; and such the evidence of this to his own mind, that the work had been wrought for him, that it placed him beyond all doubt. And yet, he says, "I never had such a sense of my own littleness, helplessness and unworthiness, as now. So true it is, that only grace can humble the soul."

Having experienced this precious grace, his soul burned to proclaim it to others. He says, "From the time the Lord gave me to experience this grace, I became an advocate for the glorious doctrine of *Christian Perfection*, according to the light He had been pleased to give me. I bear a testimony of this wherever I go, and I never find my soul so happy as when I preach most upon the blessed subject."

Mr. Hunter concludes the account of his experience, to Mr. Wesley, thus:

"Glory be to God, I find my soul united to Him, and my heart cries, on but Christ! I am kept by His power; I enjoy salvation. My heart is fixed, and my anchor is sure and steadfast. I believe nothing shall separate me from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus. O, precious salvation! let me ever be a witness of it."

The fact seemed ever to impress the soul of Mr. H., "Thou God seest me." His deportment was grave and serious. His humility was without affectation. He was a living illustration of our Lord's words, "He that is greatest among you, let him be as the younger, and he that is chief, as he that doth serve." His preaching was peculiarly energetic. Few could hear him without being deeply affected. In his intercourse with the people, he was a pattern to all; manifesting a uniform piety, a deadness to the world, and a conversation that, in all things, adorned the doctrine of God our Savior. Such was Mr. Hunter in life. How was it with him in death? As he lived, so he died. The triumphs of grace, in the last hours of this holy man, were remarkable.

In Jan, 1797, Mr. Hunter took charge of a small society for a short time, in the absence of its regular pastor. On the return of his friend, whose pulpit he was supplying, Mr. H. was found in a condition greatly altered from what he was when he left. On the following night he preached, for the last time, from "Be ye also ready." His word was with power, and the people gave attention to it as to the counsel of a dying man. The following day found him, in appearance, somewhat improved; but towards evening he began to breathe with greater difficulty. During this, his last sickness, his humble, quiet, composed confidence in God greatly affected his friends. The Christian and the Preacher here shone with peculiar lustre. That holiness which he had so fully possessed and so faithfully inculcated,

possessed his soul in an eminent degree in the last hour.

Death was now doing its work in a most rapid manner. Frequently he would say, "I am a monument of the goodness of God. Glory be to His name forever and ever." A person present happening to say, "Mr. Hunter gets no sleep," he replied, "Sleeping or waking, all is well; glory be to God forever." About 10 o'clock, he gave out his favorite hymn,

"I long to behold Him array'd
With glory and light from above," &c.

He then prayed with great fervor. The pitcher was evidently breaking at the fountain, and the valley of the shadow of death was being entered. He attempted to say something to his host about the divine law, but was not able to speak. At length he cried out, "Glory be to God! He hath fulfilled all righteousness; if this was not included in his obedience, it would be imperfect, and then what should we do?" While his bed was being made, he desired them to sing his favorite hymn again, which they did, in a solemn manner, during which his happy soul was swallowed up in the love of God. He frequently repeated Mr. Wesley's favorite hymn, —

"I'll praise my Maker while I've breath," &c.

and would then burst into tears of joy, and cry out, in ecstasy, "O precious Christ! precious Jesus! What a sight is this! A poor, unworthy creature, dying full of faith and the Holy Ghost!" and then add, —

"A feeble saint shall win the day,
Though death and hell obstruct the way."

He desired that his brethren who were then assembled in Conference, might be made acquainted with his condition. "Tell all of them," said he, "that I have never varied from the Methodist doctrine and discipline, from my first setting out."

A friend remarked, "You are very feeble." "Yes," he replied, "but the

Lord is strong; glory be to His precious name forever."

The children who were present, he blessed in the name of the Lord. Looking around upon those who stood beside his bed, he said, "All is well; there is nothing wrong," and in a few moments his happy spirit took its flight to the regions of eternal repose. Thus died William Hunter; full of faith and the Holy Ghost, witnessing in life and in death, that "the blood of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, cleanseth from all sin."

Two things are clearly proven by the experience and death of this holy man:

1. That there is a marked distinction, in point of time, between *regeneration* and *entire sanctification*. Mr. H. had a clear conversion—few more so. From this point he pressed on to the attainment of Christian perfection, which blessing he obtained, having as clear a witness of the one as the other. Such an experience is not to be put aside by philosophy, falsely so called. 2. Ministers of the gospel may add immensely to their usefulness, and make their last hours unspeakably glorious, by a life of holiness. Such was the case with Mr. Hunter. No persecution could quench the holy fire that burned in his soul. No amount of hardship could deter him from engaging in the work of God. No cry of false doctrine could prevent him from proclaiming to all the perfect love of God, attainable, as a distinct blessing, in this life. May all of God's ministers be as pure, as bold and as useful.

PROVIDENCE, June, 1859.

POETRY OF THE BIBLE.—"The poetical books of the Bible have a poetic force and flame, without poetic fury and fiction, and strangely command and move the affections, without corrupting the imagination, or putting a cheat upon it; and, while they gratify the ear, they edify the mind, and profit the more by pleasing."—*Henry.*

THE DIVINE LEADINGS.

BY MRS. M. W. RUSSELL.

He leadeth me beside the still waters.—Ps. 23: 2.

ELEVEN years have passed since I gave my heart to Christ. It was near the close of a series of meetings, which had been in progress several weeks, that I obeyed the silent voice of the spirit, saying, "Give me thine heart." I yielded all to Christ, up to the light I had, and soon found peace in believing. On my way to school the following day the light of God's reconciled countenance suddenly shone upon me; I found myself praising God, and the face of Nature seemed unusually bright and joyous—it seemed as if everything was praising God. For some days I remained in this happy state, then the fiery darts of Satan came upon me in the form of unholy thoughts. I attempted to resist them, but it seemed in vain. I asked permission to leave the school-room a few moments, and went away to pray for strength to resist temptation. I did not like to express my feelings to any one, so I struggled along for several days, sometimes leaving the room many times during the day for prayer,—until the Lord graciously delivered me. The tempter has assailed me many times since in the same way; one day in particular, I recollect opening the Bible three times after praying, to this passage; "Resist the devil and he will flee from you." I had determined to be a whole-hearted Christian, and having been surprised many times to see those who professed to love the Lord, living in a careless manner, I determined to be a Christian in *heart* and in *life*, and not in *name* only. Years glided by, and I had many happy seasons of communion with God; but I, like many others, often had to mourn over time mispent, and opportunities misimproved. My conscience being tender, I was often led to think I was not a Christian—so I struggled on, my feelings alternating with hope and fear, until the winter of 1856, when I was permitted to hear Mr. Finney. At

first I did not like him, but after hearing him a few times, my heart began to feel the force of the truths he uttered, and before the winter closed, I felt that his sermons were just what I needed, especially those of Friday morning, on Entire Consecration. It was a doctrine that was recognized by the Methodist church with which I was connected, but seldom hearing it preached, I knew but little about it. I did not fully understand what the Lord required of me, and having always thought it too much for me to expect, the winter passed away, and I still felt unsatisfied, but was conscious that having once tasted of the love of God I could not be satisfied with anything short of its fulness. The Lord in his infinite mercy spared me, and permitted me to hear Mr. Finney a second winter. Then I seemed to see my duty more clearly, until I hungered and thirsted for righteousness. I began to look over my past life, and saw that I had not been directly instrumental in leading one soul to Christ, and felt that if I died I should be called an unprofitable servant. I saw God's mercy in sparing my life, and determined to consecrate myself entirely to the Lord. I was not actuated by motives of fear, but my greatest desire was to be an efficient laborer in his vineyard—besides, I wanted to know without a shadow of a doubt that I was a Christian.

Near the close of Mr. Finney's labors I began to consecrate myself to Christ, and after many struggles I felt that I could give up all; but the next step I found still more difficult, which was to commit myself to Christ *fully* to do his will, whatever it might be. I thought that would be impossible, and while the Spirit was urging me to surrender, Satan seemed to say, "if you promise to do every duty, and then fail to obey, you will lie to God, and that will be worse than not to commit yourself at all;" but something seemed to say, "I am thy strength—my grace is sufficient for thee." I said, "Lord, I will surrender all." The next thing was to believe that God accept-

ed the sacrifice. But oh, I thought, *is it possible for me to receive so great a blessing?* I knew I must exercise faith if I would have it, but I had lived so far from Christ, I could not believe, so I began to pray for faith. I prayed one day, but it seemed that if my present life depended on believing, I could not have believed. I continued to pray for three days with a burden upon me that seemed too heavy to bear. I could neither eat nor sleep. The third day I was tempted to believe that it would be no use for me to pray any longer. Satan seemed to say to me, "you have never had any religion, it is all imagination; you might as well give it up." Oh, the agony of that moment! It seemed as if there was no hope *for me*. For a moment I seemed to hesitate, not knowing what to do, but at last I said with the poet,

"Hoping against all human hope, self-desperate,
I believe."

I ventured to believe that God had accepted the sacrifice, and as I took hold of the promises, tremblingly though at first, I began to praise God for what faith I had, and as I continued to praise Him, my faith increased and my burden grew lighter. But I did not feel satisfied; I wanted a clearer evidence, so I continued to pray for the baptism of the Holy Ghost. I prayed very earnestly before I retired, and at first thought I would continue all night in prayer, but fearing it might injure my health, (feeling very weak from fasting,) I concluded to wait, feeling I had done all that I could.

After retiring, on the 24th of March, 1858, I had an unusual spirit of prayer. I prayed if possible, more earnestly than ever for the baptism of the Holy Ghost. I did not pray in vain. A solemn awe rested upon me, amounting almost to fear. I felt as if in the immediate presence of God; the language of my heart was that of Jacob, "How dreadful is this place." But soon such a sweet peace filled my soul, that all I could say was, "Glory to God! Glory

to God!" It seemed as if I could not praise him enough. I was abundantly satisfied; I could ask no more. Surely, I thought, the secret of the Lord is with them that fear him, and he will show them his salvation. I awoke the next morning with my mind very calm and peaceful, such as I had never known before. This continued for a few days, when I began to think what I could do for Christ. I thought of a friend who was a great lover of fashion and the world, and who was not a Christian. I resolved to go and talk with her, but it seemed at first a great cross; then I thought how much Christ had done for me, and felt that no cross would be too heavy for me to bear, because he was my strength. The afternoon of the same day, that person called to see me. She had not done so for months before. I thought, Surely the Lord has sent her, and I must do my duty. I soon told her that I had been greatly blessed—that I had given up the world, and was determined to be a Bible Christian—that I was perfectly willing to live or die. She thought it a very desirable state to be in, and said she had often thought that if she could feel like that, she would be willing to give up all. So the Lord prepared the way before me.

The next day I felt such a strength, it seemed as if I could defy all the arts of Satan to move me. I felt as if my feet were on a rock, and that I would sooner die than sin. In the afternoon I said a few words in an unguarded moment that I felt to be wrong. I was immediately "shorn of my strength." I felt that was the greatest sin I ever committed in my life, although ordinary Christians would not have considered it any sin at all; but the mountainous form in which these little errors appear, forms one distinguishing feature between a soul that is fully united to Christ, and one that is not. This passage came to me, "Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall." I thought I had fallen, and dared not so much as lift my eyes to the Saviour, and

for several hours the tempter kept me from praying; but the Lord knows our infirmities, and gradually the light of his reconciled countenance shone upon me in answer to prayer. I found I had some erroneous ideas in regard to the blessing. I had thought it absolute perfection, but I saw that it was not the perfection of God or of Angels, but *Christian perfection*, doing the whole will of God; and that although we may sometimes, through the infirmities of the flesh, let go of Christ for a moment, yet he will graciously lift us up again.

"I feel that the Lord still keeps me, although I brought darkness upon my soul once in listening to a person, who, I thought, knew more about the way than I did, and who told me I was over-scrupulous in little matters. I afterwards seemed to lose that carefulness I was exercising, so I was led into the dark. But it was all for the best, and only seemed to establish me more firmly at last. I know not why the Lord condescended to give me such a glorious manifestation of his power, but I hope I shall ever praise him and glorify him in my body and spirit, which are his.

Fellow Christians, let us not be satisfied to stand on the shore, now and then catching a glimpse of the promised land, by a wave of mercy that may occasionally refresh our weary feet; but let us launch out into the broad ocean of his love, that we may be filled with all his communicable fulness; and when at last the Angels of God shall unfurl their pearly wings to waft us to their spirit-home, we may each be one in the constellation of never-failing luminaries that shall shine forever around the Sun of Righteousness, gathering increasing brightness from his beams.

Marion street, Boston.

TRUE RELIGION shows its influence in every part of our conduct; it is like the sap of a living tree, which penetrates the most distant boughs.

[Selected.]

DEATH OF SISTER BARTLETT.

PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.

"ANOTHER star has set!" Sister Bartlett died at her residence in Lima, N. Y., on the 18th inst., after an illness of a few weeks' duration. In her death the Church of Christ has lost one of its brightest ornaments and strongest pillars. She was converted in early life, and from that time until her decease, a period of fifty years, she was a most devoted and exemplary Christian. For forty years preceding her departure, she professed and enjoyed the blessing of perfect love, and rarely has the Church of Christ possessed a brighter example of sanctifying grace. She was indeed "a burning and shining light" in the Church and in the world. Her light was not meteoric and fitful, but constant, "shining more and more unto the perfect day." She possessed a beautiful symmetry of character, a superior, well stored and disciplined mind, a heart full of sanctified affection, ever pulsating in sympathy with the sons and daughters of sorrow everywhere, and an enlightened and ever controlling conscience. Her closing scene was what might have been expected as the termination of such a life. "At eventide" there was "light." Death cast no "shadow" upon her dying hour. Her sun set,

"As sets the morning star,
That goes not down behind the darkened West,
Nor hides obscured amid the tempests of the sky,
But melts away into the light of heaven."

The funeral services were conducted by Br. Dennis, assisted by several ministerial brethren.

He preached an appropriate discourse on the occasion, and paid a just and eloquent tribute to the departed. Her remains were followed to the cemetery by a large company of friends and citizens. At the grave, at the close of the burial service, in accordance with her request, "Home at last," was sung by a number of brethren and sisters, with thrilling effect.

We are happy to learn that a memoir of our departed sister will be published shortly. Her journal and papers have been put into the hands of a friend for that purpose. The materials are rich, and the biographer will do justice to the subject.

[Original.]

THE TIMES.

BY MRS. E. R. WELLS.

WE live in a wonderful age, and an age of wonders. Science and the arts are making rapid strides, and he who keeps pace with the times must be active, every nerve, muscle and limb, stretched to their utmost tension. The Californian's thirst for gold may be gratified by a few months' labor, while in the accumulation of wealth, the slow, patient toiling of years has become comparatively unnecessary. To-day a beggar, to-morrow a millionaire! The stage coach has been supplanted by the rail-car, and the lurid glare of lightning transmits messages of business, love or woe, to all parts of the land. Progress is the watchword of the age. Schools, academies and colleges, are springing up, like Jonah's gourd, in a single night, and the means and appliances for general intelligence are constantly increasing. Men of large hearts and open hands devise and sustain liberal things, while the great heart of the people pulsates with increased velocity as it sees the glorious "good time coming," when ignorance shall be banished from the land, and science and the arts hold undisputed sway. * * *

Error, too, is on the alert, plying all her energies to defeat the triumph of truth. Taking advantage of the rush in the race of progress, when men, in breathless haste, stop not to examine closely or discriminate wisely, she presents her poisoned chalice to every lip. The day of sober thinking and sound reasoning has given place to noonday dreaming, and wild, incoherent babbling, and the landmarks of religion, morals and politics, which have been plant-

ed by Christian and enlightened statesmen, are violently assailed by enthusiasm and wild speculation.

"Ism succeeds ism." Now she portrays the promised land, and points her votaries to Utah in the desert, as the Eden of their hopes, the Beulah of their hearts. Multitudes take up their line of march, and, like the Israelites of old, leave for this modern land of Canaan.

Again, she comes arrayed in robe of spirits bright, and offers to open communication 'twixt earth and heaven. With sweetest tone she exclaims, "Are they not *all* ministering spirits?" and comes to earth to bring messages from the spirit land. Hearts rent with anguish at the sundering of friendship's ties, and the most touching affinities of earth, listen with joy to such welcome intelligence, and hasten to receive tidings from the loved and lost. Surely Folly has become full grown, and Imposture flourishes in verdancy!

Never was there a time since the world began, when the wonder-loving and curious could so revel in astonishing delights. One vagary succeeds another, until the poor deluded victims, struggling amid the eddies and whirlpools of delusion, are wrecked, forever wrecked, upon the rocks of hopeless despair.

The press, too, pours upon the world floods of publications, breathing *death*. *Infidelity*, assuming the form of truth, wields this mighty power, to the propagation of its soul-destroying literature, distilling death in all ranks of society. * * * *Fiction*, in garb of loveliness and beauty, goes beside all waters, and pollutes the stream, hangs on every tree its poisonous, soul-ruining fruit, and fills the atmosphere with perfumes that lull the senses to deathly repose.

Onward, onward! is the march of the hosts of Evil, and soon the conflict between truth and error will ensue. The world is rapidly verging to mighty contest. Is this a time for the church of God to be *asleep*? Shall "the children of this world be wiser

than the children of light?" Are we ready for battle, girded with panoply divine — having on the whole armor? That the outward appliances of the Church are mighty and vast, is true. At thought of her Bible, missionary and tract operations, every Christian heart burns and bounds with holy joy. Her army of sons, preaching the unsearchable riches of Christ, and leading on the hosts of God's elect; her living missionaries, traversing almost the entire globe, pointing the heathen world to God; her Christian steeples and "schools of the prophets," directing the masses on to the church above; present a scene at once astonishing to earth and heaven.

But, notwithstanding all this, does she meet the demands of the times, or do the results keep pace with the increased appliances? Is there not needed something which nothing outward can supply? Is she not wanting greatly increased power to hasten the day of victory?

The open and avowed design of the church of God is the *salvation of the world*. And though, since the dawn of the Gospel dispensation to this hour, we hear the taunt of the scoffer, "What do these feeble Jews?" still, glorious has been her onward march, and mighty the results of her efforts. In her early history, her strides were more vigorous and rapid, for from a few fishermen, in less than three centuries she planted her foot upon the throne of the Cæsars. And though frequent have been her declensions, still never was there a period when there were not some who had not bowed the knee to Baal. In vain the edicts of Kings and Emperors, in vain was the rack constructed, the fagots gathered and the fire kindled; there was always yet another heart so consecrated to Christ as to be willing to follow Him to prison and to death.

And now everything favors the triumphs of the cross. Would the branch of the Church with which we are connected, but come up to her standard of piety — would she practically demonstrate the

principles of her book of discipline; what a revolution in the moral world would ensue! Thus robing herself with earthquake power, and winging her way with lightning speed, soon would be heard the song, "Now has come salvation, and the tabernacle of God is with man!" Bowing with one impulse and burning with holy zeal, a world redeemed would be the stupendous achievement of a near future.

This is not the enthusiastic day-dream of an excited fancy or of deluded fanaticism, but sober reasoning, founded upon the word of God. Was every department of the Church sustained, as *directly* leading to the conversion of souls—were the author, editor, and publisher, so consecrated to Christ as to have the one desire and design, to glorify God in the *direct* salvation of sinners—did he who ministers at the altar always preach Christ Jesus the Lord, and himself his servant, knowing nothing among his people but Jesus and him crucified, the pulpit never made to utter moral essays and dry theological discussions, but the armory whence comes the living, breathing, burning truths of God's Word; never compromised, but always maintaining its true dignity, devoted to its one work, the direct salvation of men—did the class-leader always feel his responsibility, and the official boards act for God and his cause, independent of personal or relative results—did the Sunday school teacher labor to bring the young flock to the fold of Christ, as an *immediate* and certain fruit of effort—and was the wealth, the talents, the time of those who are called Methodists, held subservient to this one object; then should we soon realize all that we have described.

But yet, *the times are hopeful*. The character of the literature of the Church is not among the least favorable indications of a glorious advance. Its great variety and increasing demand is a source of devout gratitude. Our family of "Advocates," with their cotemporaries, stamping

weekly their impress upon a million hearts; our Monthlies, breathing the hallowed influence of religion over truths varied and mysterious, imparting to thousands a sacred charm to the very name of Christianity; our Tract publications, scattering leaves, as the winds of autumn, which are for the healing of the nations; our Sunday school press, sending forth numberless messengers of truth and mercy, who go breathing the mild authority of heaven over countless households; all this is a power mighty, almost omnipotent, for good.

And then our standard works—works unequalled in all the world for sound theology and beneficial tendencies, works which will live while time lasts, and daguerreotype their immortal sentiments upon millions yet unborn; our miscellaneous publications, multiplying as the sands upon the shore, causing the Christian heart to pulsate with holiest joy; biographies of holy men and women, recording their conflicts and their victories, telling how they fought and triumphed, how fields in their day were won; numberless essays urging on to mightier effort and increasing power—all combined are moving the world.

An *increased spirituality* is observable in this department, more especially, "The Central Idea," causing hearts to pant for one thing: "Christian Purity," firing with zeal and determined resolve. "The Tongue of Fire," infusing an unquenchable desire for Pentecostal times, "The Gift of Power," impelling to energetic onsets, to the taking of the kingdom of heaven by violence, "Duties' Tests and Comforts," laying the keen edge of truth alongside the heart, and binding up its wounds; *all these*, with numerous others, are moulding the very heart of the Church into the primitive stamp of Bible Christianity.

And then Caughey's rapidly multiplying list, causing "Showers of blessings from clouds of mercy," and last, though

not least, Mrs. Palmer's inestimable works, scattered throughout Christendom, silently swaying millions by their, unpretending exhibit of the "Way of Holiness." O, if ever, in the history of the Church, Zion should cry out and shout for joy, it is now! All through her borders there is an inquiring for the old paths, a coming back to primitive simplicity and power. The great heart of the Church is being stirred. Revivals are more frequent, extended, and lasting, and energy is being diffused throughout her majestic form.

Now, active, earnest laborers are in demand—men of might and principle, who will sacrifice all for God; men of a determined will, uncompromising, unyielding; who, seizing the standard of the cross, will rush on death, rather than yield a principle or usage that advances the triumph of truth. Women are needed like the Marys, close by the cross, early at the sepulchre, and first to proclaim a risen Jesus; like Anna, daily in the temple, praising God, and like Dorcas, active in all the benevolent designs of the Church and humanity. Men and women are required who have laid their *property* upon the altar of God, to be used *first* for his service; their *time*, causing *everything* to bend to the advance of Christ's kingdom; their *talents*, sacrificing all ambition save that which is associated intimately with the cause and cross of Christ.

When the mass of Christians shall thus put on strength, then will Zion arise as brightness, and her goings forth shall be as the morning, and error and infidelity shall flee before the light of truth, and all men acknowledge, *God is in the Church.*

St. Albans, Vt.

FAITH.—"Faith elevates the soul not only above sense, but above reason itself. As reason corrects the errors which sense might occasion, so supernatural faith corrects the errors of natural reason, judging according to sense."—*Leighton.*

[Original.]

EPISTOLARY ILLUSTRATION OF CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

BY DORA.

MY DEAR SISTER S.:—

I THINK I see your difficulty. You want to feel in your heart, by some inward manifestation of the Spirit, that God bestows upon you the blessing asked, before you believe it. You admit that you have consecrated yourself fully, so far as you know; perhaps you have, all except this one thing, viz., *your feelings*. Let me tell you an incident just here, that is illustrative, I think, of your present position.

While on a visit to a neighboring town, I strayed into a female prayer-meeting. During the exercises I became much interested in the case of a young lady, who, with much earnestness, besought the Lord for a pure heart. The Spirit truly seemed to make intercession for her, and she approached the hallowed altar, and thereon, presented herself a "living sacrifice;" but, instead of believing just then, that while thus presented, it became a "holy and acceptable offering through Jesus Christ," she plead with intense fervor that she might be accepted and saved. Not exercising faith, she of course failed to receive, and arose unblest.

A week from that time, I again went to the prayer-meeting. The sister was present, and with still more intense desire, she poured forth her supplications for a pure heart. Again she presented her offering, and, seemingly, with an importunity not to be denied; she entreated God to receive and bless her. If "fervent" prayer were alone requisite, the blessing would surely have been granted; but it must be rendered "effectual" by the addition of *faith*, a faith that *appropriates* the promise and claims the proffered gift. I saw the blessing just within her reach,—it was but to extend the hand of faith, and it was hers.

O how the Spirit helped her infirmities

and urged her to the receptive point; so easy did it then appear to me for her to believe, and so intense was my anxiety for her to take the one important step, that I sought to bear her on by my own faith to the fountain, or rather to lead her to *plunge* therein, for she already stood upon its brink. I mingled my petitions audibly with her own, the Spirit made intercession, but, alas! she hesitated, she feared to venture on the simple promise, "I will receive you;" but waited for God to seal the witness of adoption on her heart, and then, without any risk, she could believe the work was done.

She turned from the point, and began to pray for other objects,—the Spirit grieved, no longer aided her supplications, and with a deeply burdened heart, she arose from her position and sat down. When the meeting closed, I passed with her from the house, and addressed to her the question: "Why did you not believe when you made the consecration, and asked God to accept it, that he did so?" She replied, "I want to *feel* that God accepts me, before I can believe it." "Then you want the inward evidence, before you comply with the terms upon which it is promised," said I. God has said, "He that believeth, hath the witness in himself;" but you want the inward witness first, and then believe afterward.

Now you consecrated yourself to God fully, so far as you had light, and he has promised that when you do this, he will receive you, and be a Father unto you, and you shall be his daughter. It is for you to believe this declaration, and when you dedicate yourself to him, believe that he *does receive you*, because he has promised thus to do.

"But I want some other evidence than that, before I can believe," was her reply. "My dear friend, said I, "supposing you were in very destitute circumstances, and I have it my power to alleviate your wants; I say to you, If you will go home with me, I will give you ten dollars, — would you go?"

"O, yes," was the reply. "But why would you go?" "To obtain the money." "What evidence have you, that you would obtain it if you went?" "The evidence of your word." "What! would you go with no other evidence than my simple promise?" "Yes, I do not believe you would tell me a lie." "Now, my dear sister, look at it. Here I am an entire stranger to you, and might deceive you, yet, on the simple evidence of my word, you would accompany me to my home, confidently believing that I would there bestow upon you the sum promised. Now, God makes you a promise; *He cannot lie*, yet you ask of him additional evidence before you can believe. Just exercise the same faith in God's promise that you would in mine, and the blessing is yours."

We parted a few steps from her house, and ere I reached the place of my destination, I obtained the witness that she was blest, and shouted aloud, "Glory to God!" A few evenings after, we met again in a social meeting, and there, with a joyous heart, she gave praise to Him who had redeemed her. "When I reached home," she said to me, "I went directly to my room, and there took God at his word, and the blessing came, and my soul was filled." From that time she loved to testify to the short and simple way of faith.

And now, dear sister, have I touched the point at which you are halting? if not, I have much mistook, and must wait for you to speak again, and give me farther light. Believe the *outward* evidence afforded you in God's promise, and then the *interior* evidence afforded by the witness of the Holy Spirit will be granted you. This is God's order, and from it he never diverges.

FAITH. — "Faith builds in the dungeon and the lazar house its sublimest shrines; and up through roofs of stone that shut up the eye of heaven ascends the ladder, where the angels glide to and fro, prayer."

Original.

TRUE DEVOTION.

BY EVA.

How frequently do men deceive themselves by that vain religion which St. James warns us of (c. i. 26). Some think it consists in saying over many prayers, others, in doing many outward works to the glory of God and service of our neighbor; some place it in continual desires of salvation, and others, in great mortifications. These things are all good, and even necessary, to a certain degree, but none of these is the principal thing, or essence of true piety. That piety by which we are sanctified and entirely devoted to God, consists in doing his will precisely in all circumstances of life. Take what steps you please, do what good works you will, yet shall you not be rewarded but for having done the will of the Sovereign Master. Although your servant should do wonders, yet if he did not that very business which you would have done, you would not value his performances, and might justly complain of him as a bad servant.

That perfect devoting ourselves to God, from which devotion has its name, requires that we should not only do the will of God, but also that we should do it with *love*. He loveth a cheerful giver, and without the heart, no obedience is acceptable to him. We ought to think it a happiness to serve such a master; let me add, that this devoting ourselves to God must be habitual. We must be alike resigned to him in all circumstances, even those that are most opposite to our views, our inclination and our projects. It must put us in a constant readiness to part with our estate, our time, our liberty, our life and our reputation. To be effectually in this disposition, is to have true devotion. But as the will of God is often hid from us, there is still one step farther to make in this renouncing ourselves: it is, to do the divine will with an unquestioning obedience; this is what all

men are required to do; even those who are most enlightened and qualified to lead others to God, must themselves submit to be led by him. "Pray without ceasing." Such is our dependence upon God, that we are obliged not only to do everything for his sake, but also to seek from him the very power. This happy necessity of having recourse to him in all our wants, instead of being grievous to us, should be our greatest consolation. What happiness it is, that we are allowed to speak to him with confidence, to open our hearts and hold familiar conversation with him by prayer; He himself invites us to it, and, as St. Cyprian well observes, we may judge how ready he is to give us those good things which he himself solicits us to ask of him. Let us pray then by faith, and not lose the spirit of our prayers by a wavering uncertainty, which, as St. James testifies, hinders the success of them. The same apostle advises us to pray when we are in trouble, because thereby, we should find consolation; yet, we are often so wretched, that this heavenly employment is a burthen instead of a comfort to us. The lukewarmness of our prayers, is the source of all our other infidelities. "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and you shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you," (Matt. xi. 7). If riches were to be had for asking, with what earnestness, assiduity and perseverance, would men ask for them. If treasures were to be found by seeking, what place would escape their search. If by knocking they could gain admittance into the king's council, or the highest places of preferment, what a knocking should we hear; but what reproaches, pains and disappointments we undergo, in search of false happiness, vain honors and wretched pleasures of this world, of which nothing will remain to us besides remorse. Divine grace is the only true good, yet the only thing men neglect. The Promise of Christ is infallibly certain, and it is our own fault if we do not receive its fulfilment.

[Original.]

THE PRIVILEGE OF PRAYER.

BY ABDE F. EMERY.

"CAN it be possible that I have lived sixty years and never till now have known what a privilege it is to pray? Sad thought, that I have lived sixty years in open rebellion against God and his most wise and holy commands, never bowing to that perfect and adorable Being who, in his great mercy, has waited upon me till the present hour; who hath guided my feet over life's slippery places, invisibly but firmly holding me when my wayward, wandering spirit led me on to the very verge of the precipice whose heights are gilded with show, and dazzling with ten thousand brilliant but false and fatal allurements, but whose depths are even the depths of misery, of wretchedness, of the eternal night that awaits the too wayward and yielding child of sin! But with all this boundless forbearance and mercy, I did not turn to Him, I did not acknowledge that saving power; I did but resist the powerful pleading of the holy and insulted Spirit, keeping my stony heart closed and barred against all entrance of all softer or better emotion; and never till now, when the frosts of sixty winters have whitened my hair, and the work of time has bowed my form, and made my step slow to carry the blessed tidings of eternal salvation, and my voice almost too weak to proclaim the glorious news that might stimulate *one* poor sinner to seek and be saved; have I turned to Him in penitence and contrition, and found what a high, what a priceless privilege it is to pray!"

These were the words of an aged but contrite pleader who had, feeling his own weakness and complete need of Christ, sought and found free pardon and forgiveness, a complete absolution; had sought and found a *home* at the holy feet of Jesus.

But how great his sorrow, in the retrospect of his past life, to feel that so many

priceless years, so many golden hours, had flown to return no more forever; and not one day, not one little hour, could be reviewed with the pleasing thought, the glad assurance that it had been well and praiseworthily passed. And now, when the time for healthy action and labor had well nigh passed, when he could see around him work of a character to awaken every sacred emotion, to stimulate even in the last moments of this poor life, work that calls for all our powers of genius, of love, of delicacy and energy of thought; even that of bringing the wretched, the poor, the blind, from their state of darkness and misery, and leading them to the feet of Jesus. And now, how bitterly could he lament that the bright morning of life had passed and nothing but sin and iniquity to show that he had so long held a place among men, so long been permitted to live accomplishing no good, fulfilling no duty which would result in good.

O, that we might each and all cull from the preceding, the valuable lesson which it is designed to give. O! that we may look upon our past shortcomings and tremble, for the day surely cometh and is not far distant, when our term of probation here below shall have closed, and then, if we have not labored with our whole heart and soul for the cause of Christ, if we have been indolent and inactive when the work before us was so great, so arduous and impressive, then will the pangs of regret sting even deeper, deeper than the pangs of dissolution, for the approving smile of Jesus will not linger near to irradiate the scene, nor will his holy and divine presence hover within the vision of death, dispelling each shadow of fear and gloom. But when the days have been passed in love, when each duty has been well and fully performed, then is the final close calm, ay, glorious, too, with rays from realms immortal, that flit within the pale of dissolution, guiding, guiding and luring the spirit upwards, upwards to their fadeless and never-ending source. How many,

ah! how many bow the knee in prayer daily, with unbroken regularity, but with little feeling, little heart in the petition? As well might such remain at their round of pleasure or of toil; for the *form* of worship, devoid of heart or soul, is unacceptable to God, and unheeded by him! Then let us worship God with all our powers of being; let us bend to the glorious task with tireless energy; and when we turn from the God-imposed task of aiding *one* poor sinner to find the straight and narrow way, when we have placed the beacon light of truth so it will shine upon his hitherto darkened pathway, and guide him onward, upward to the eternal mansions, may we be enabled to say, I have made a sure step towards God and Heaven, and an inheritance of lasting peace and joy. And when we rise from our closets, may we say with God-given truthfulness, "*I have, indeed, found what a priceless privilege it is to pray!*"

Newburyport, Mass.

[Original.]

HEAVEN OUR HOME.

BY Y. J.

THERE is something so grand in the idea of heaven, which comprehends more than can be reached by any finite mind. However we may extend our conceptions, or load the mind with figures in which scripture represents that place, there is still a mine of thought to be explored, a summit of knowledge yet out of sight. But although our poor frail powers of thought refuse to grasp all the characteristics and the majestic splendor of heaven, the mind feasts on the knowledge within its grasp. There are some features of heaven which appear plain to us, — for instance, we are reminded in the Word of God *that it is a "rest."* O, how sublime the thought. — After a pilgrimage of toil and difficulty, to be permitted to rest forever! The hardy son of toil labors early and late, and enjoys the rest afforded him at the close of

the day. The mariner appreciates the stillness of the harbor, after the rough passage, and the warrior's heart flutters with joy, ^{as} he lays on his shield, after the fort has been taken and the battle won. But no comparison can be drawn between the rest of the body here and the rest of the soul hereafter. *Heaven is eternal rest.*

Heaven is not only rest to the soul, but an abode of eternal joy. Every emotional capacity will be in active engagement. — The flood of light and brilliant glory will enrapture the soul, and call forth continual praise. There will not be a period when the cup of joy will not be full. On earth, the joy of the Christian is fluctuating, however settled may be his peace. But in the promised rest above, all is joy and calm and peace; and it will be eternal.

We know that we shall see Jesus there. We have often thought of Jesus. We have often wished we had heard him teach while on earth, and beheld his exemplary and unquestionably holy example. Perhaps we have wished we had been by the cross to sympathize with him; or with his disciples when he met them in Galilee. But we shall see Jesus — the same pierced body, the same kind but more brilliant expression, the same love for His own. O, what a privilege. How the soul will swell with joy as it reverts back to the transactions of Calvary!

There are no unholy beings in heaven. The devoted Christian is often hindered in gaining his ends, or expressing his feelings on earth, from the state of society around him; and his mind is often pained by the unsympathizing treatment he receives from the unconverted friend, — and without exception, the Christian's happiness is shaken by the scenes of wickedness around him, — but there will be no such sources of sorrow in Heaven. All who have ever reached there were holy. All who are now entering are holy; and if we ever expect to enter there, we too must be holy; and we may expect that the so-

ciety to be admitted after us will be holy too. God prizes too highly the devoted followers of Jesus, to bring into His society one who is not holy; and, indeed, such could not dwell in Heaven's atmosphere.

All the privations to which we are subjected here, will not be felt in Heaven.—Heaven knows no want. The true Christian may be perplexed about his calling, and be injured mentally by the stroke of poverty or bereavement. But *there is no poverty in Heaven. There is no death there. There is no sin there. There is no night there. There is no sorrow there. There is no pain there.* Who would not stretch every nerve to serve such a God, who would, solely for our eternal comfort and happiness, provide such a home?

But we must be holy! A desire for Heaven will not bring us there. An outward profession of religion may induce the world to think us candidates for Heaven; but it is not recognized in Heaven if the heart is not engaged. *No holiness, no Heaven.*

We ought to be thankful, that however unable we are to form a right conception of Heaven, we may lay claim to the reality, and one day experience the glory itself, however humble our earthly capacity. Let us live for it.

Woodstock, C. W.

THE CROSS REFUGE FOR THE GUILTY.—"A tasteful and sentimental theology will not quell the agitations of a spirit laboring under a sense of guilt, and the high demands of the law. You may as well think of lulling it to repose under the reelings of an earthquake, or the loud discharges of an impending volcano. It is in the atonement that the sinner meets a solution of all his difficulties, and so all his fears. It is at the cross, where justice and mercy have met in harmony, and where the exercise of the one casts on the awful sacredness of the altar its highest irradiature."—*Chalmers.*

[Original.]

THE RETURN REQUIRED.

BY. M. O.

THE heart that has come under the influence of religion, that has been transformed into the likeness of Christ, longs to do something that shall meet with approval from our Heavenly Father. The wonderful change wrought in the human heart by pardon, and the regenerating influences of the Holy Spirit, inspire gratitude to the Giver of such untold blessings. When our fellow men bestow marked favors upon us, we are to a greater or less degree, prompted to some returning act of gratitude. We look up to the Infinite One, and he needs none of our returns. All-powerful, holy and just, there is nothing He cannot perform, for "He speaks, and it is done." What, then, can we do? Must we be ever receiving favors at the hand of God, and can we make no return? He who formed us knew that to be the mere recipients of favors, with no power of bestowing them, would detract from our happiness. So He deigns to accept of our imperfect returns; but not for Himself. He says "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." How beautiful, how touching! If any one of the plans of God exhibits His love to us more than another, is it not this? We are directed to go to the suffering sons of earth, and cheer them with our love and sympathy; and even as we have received good at the hands of our Heavenly Father, just so to give to others. What a responsibility! Every hour, every moment we live, we are receiving blessings. Mercies freely descend upon us, but O, how sparingly we deal them out to our fellow men. We incase ourselves in an armor of ice, and both deprive others of the sympathy and kindness we ought to bestow, and ourselves of that we might receive. The most precious gift that Heaven could bestow was not thought too costly to give that man might be redeemed. Is this the

measure we are to mete to others? What enlargement of heart; what strengthening of faith; what fervency of love we need to meet such obligations!

The barrier of self must be overcome before we can even meet those requirements that are comparatively easy. It is not 'thought a difficult task to love our kindred, for the mother to love her child, or children their parents; yet, truly to love, truly to sympathize, requires more self-denial than many suppose. The mother, in view of the immortality with which her children are endowed, has duties to perform, which, unaided, she can never do. But if mortals are in danger of failing in such duties, how shall we fail in rightly meeting our requirements to the stranger, the erring, the degraded. This is the work that the Saviour has, by His example, pointed out to us. Here we tread nearest in His footsteps. Religion transforms the relations of man to man, from a cold system of self-interest, to

"A sweet expansive brotherhood of being."

What is the greatest victory that can be achieved by grace in the heart? Is it not when nature is so far subdued that we can do good to those who hate us? Here, then, is the mission of the child of God. Here is work ready to his hand. Whenever he comes in contact with a human being he is under obligations to do him good. He must minister to his necessities both of mind and body. Has he the light of knowledge? Then those who are groping in the darkness of ignorance have claims upon that. Has he gained experience in the conflicts the Christian has to pass through? This also belongs to those who are "heirs of the self-same heritage" with him. Has he temporal blessings? He ought to impart a share of these to the needy and destitute. The ideas of duty that prevail in the world are apt to be narrowed down by custom. But the command of the Bible is, "Freely ye have received, freely give." Our great Creator

above, bids us freely impart to others the good that we receive. Happy will it be, if, when the final accounts shall be settled, it shall appear that we have not "wasted our Master's goods."

[Original.]

JESUS.

BY S. A. P.

Jesus,—the only name that's given,
The name all-powerful to save;
The only name in earth or heaven,
By which we life eternal have.

Jesus,—the Christian's only hope,
The sinner's all-prevailing plea;
Their life, their joy, their heaven, their all;
In time, and through eternity.

It fills the soul with peace and love,
So lately bound by Satan's chain;
It sweetly points to joys above,
Beyond earth's care and toil and pain.

And when temptations thickly stand
Around us, and our way is dark,
'Tis Jesus reaches out his hand
To steer and guide our trembling bark;

And as 'tis wafted o'er life's sea,
No storms, we know, can overwhelm;
Let dangers come, we will not fear,
For Jesus still is at the helm.

Soon we expect to gain the shore,
And join that holy, happy throng;
Unite with loved ones, gone before,
And sing, with them, redemption's song.

And while eternal ages roll
Their ample rounds, we still will sing
Of Jesus, our all-glorious Lord,
Our Saviour, Prophet, Priest, and King.

Hartsgrove, Ohio, May 10, 1859.

TOLERANCE. — "Tolerate no belief that you judge false, and of an injurious tendency; and arraign no believer. The man is more and other than his belief; and God only knows how small or how large a part of him the belief in question may be for good or for evil. Resist every false doctrine, and call no man heretic. The false doctrine does not necessarily make the man a heretic; but an evil heart can make any doctrine heretical." — S. T. Coleridge.

GROW IN GRACE BY FEEDING
ON THE WORD.

BY A. P. J.

Until we come unto a perfect man. Ephes. iv. 13, 15, 24.

Desire the sincere milk of the word, that ye may grow thereby. For he that eateth me, even he shall live by me. 1 Peter ii. 2; John vi. 57, 63.

WE may well ask how shall we do this? — but not in the skeptical manner of the Jews, when they said, "How can this man give us his flesh to eat?" This is a most important query, indeed, since upon the results of the right answer hang the issues of all spiritual life; "For except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink his blood, ye have no life in you." The Scriptures give a satisfactory solution of this apparent mystery, as well as of all others that concern the highest interests of man. There are no unfathomable mysteries in the Word of God, that may not be comprehended by those for whom it was written; or wherefore was it written if it was intended that it should remain a mystery; and how could it be a rule of life to us if incomprehensible? The Bible is the revealed (not the hidden) will of God; it is a revelation, and not a mystery; and by taking Paul's rule of comparing spiritual things with spiritual, we may understand every relative point of duty and privilege, as well as every principle of doctrine. But man's will is often more defective than his understanding. It is not because he does not understand what he ought to do, but because he will not do according to his understanding. Now let us examine the text, at the head of this article, with other Scriptures, by St. Paul's rule, and see if we cannot arrive at a satisfactory solution; but it is one at which those who prefer the will of the flesh, will ever be found exclaiming, "This is a hard saying, who can receive it?" Yet this very word, against which the flesh always makes an outcry, is that by which "they shall be judged at the last day." First, let us inquire what is the sincere milk of

the word, and how can we eat this milk so that we may grow thereby? We will collate the texts that throw light upon the subject, and see how they will aid us in arriving at the scriptural definition of this important truth. "Desire the sincere milk of the word, that ye may grow thereby." "For he that eateth me, even he shall live by me." It is not the flesh, "for the flesh profiteth nothing; the words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and life." It is the word, then, that must be eaten. The word, "whereby are given us exceeding great and precious promises, that by these we might be partakers of the divine nature." These exceeding great and precious promises are given us, as we learn from this text, to induce us to become "partakers of the divine nature." The means are furnished us "according as his divine power hath given us all things that pertain unto life and godliness." And we must give all diligence in the use of these means, to make our calling and election sure, being incited thereto by these "exceeding great and precious promises." "Having therefore these promises, let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of the Lord." (1 Peter ii. 2; John vi. 57, 63; 2 Peter ii. 34; 2 Cor. vii. 1.) Thus by comparing scripture with scripture, we arrive at the following conclusions: that we grow in grace as we eat the sincere milk of the word, that this milk is spiritual life, that the way in which it is eaten is by cleansing ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness, according as his divine power hath given us all things that pertain unto a godly life, that we may work out our own salvation with fear and trembling, lest we should resist the "power" or "spirit" that worketh in us, and yield to the sin of self-indulgence which doth so easily beset us. Then, "let us lay aside every weight, and run with patience the race set before us," since the end of these promises is happiness, "such as eye hath

not seen nor ear heard, neither hath entered the heart of man what he hath prepared for them that love him." Surely our ideas of this prepared glory are not elevated enough, or we would not think so hard of the trials that prepare us. For it is only "after we are tried that we shall receive a crown of life." "For he scourgeth (or trieth) every son whom he receiveth. And if ye be without chastisement, of which all are partakers, ye are not sons. For he chastens us for our profit, that we may be partakers of his holiness." "For without holiness no man shall see the Lord." These truths cannot be too often repeated in this day of spurious Christianity, when the name is put in the place of the substance, and when so many delude themselves with the hope of being made partakers of the benefits of the atonement, without being made partakers of the divine nature. But God is not mocked; he knows whether we are sowing to the flesh or the spirit; whether we are leading a life of self-ministering or mortifying the appetites of the body through the spirit; and however we may delude ourselves with hopes based upon our desires, rather than the true knowledge of God's word, we shall reap whatever we sow. There can be no growth in grace while we sow to the flesh or to the world; and it is to be feared that those who do so have never been renewed in the spirit of their mind, or have become greatly ensnared. There can be no adequate apology for those who turn again to the beggarly elements of the world, "after they have tasted of the good word of God and the powers of the world to come." For it is only as we live holy, harmless, separate and undefiled, that we grow in the likeness of Christ and become partakers of the divine nature. A man cannot immerse himself in worldly elements, and surround himself with temptations to a life of self-indulgence, without receding from Him who lived holy, harmless and separate from sinners and rejected

every mere worldly advantage. Neither can he obey the injunction, "As ye have received Christ Jesus, so walk ye in him. For he that saith he abideth in him, ought himself, also, so to walk even as he walked." Let him but get the spirit of Christ within, which every one that asketh receiveth, and his walk will not be so near that of the world as to be scarcely distinguishable from it. Can a believer who feeds on the sincere milk of the word be a worldly Christian? No, for by feeding on the word he will grow in the likeness of Christ, and the Prince of this world had nothing in him. It is thus that he overcame the world, by renouncing it; and said, "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit on my throne, even as I also overcame. And this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith. For whatsoever is born of God, overcometh the world." That faith that does not enable the believer to overcome the world is spurious, and when weighed in the balance of the sanctuary will be found to be a foundation of sand. The world is the enemy of God. (James iv. 4.) Therefore the faith that leads to a profession of Christ and a walk with the world, must be spurious. "For if any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him." The same sentence is passed upon the things of this world. Therefore it is said, "love not the world, neither the things that are in it." (1 John ii. 15, 16.) The professor who has not come practically to the knowledge of this truth has not commenced to eat the sincere milk of the word whereby he may grow in the divine nature. He may be foremost in religious proprieties and charities, and yet not grow in the divine nature. He may be upright in religious principles, and yet not be actuated by religious affections. And He who said, "Son, give me thy heart," will not receive the services of the outer man without the devotion of the inner man. Every worldly, carnally minded professor is included in the sentence pronounced

upon the backsliding house of Israel. "They come unto thee as the people cometh, and they sit before thee as my people, and they hear thy words, but they will not do them; for with their mouth they show much love, but their heart goeth after their covetousness." There is a warning message also to ministers, which those who admit worldly members should take to themselves. "Ye have brought into my sanctuary strangers, uncircumcised in heart, and uncircumcised in flesh, to be in my sanctuary, to pollute it, even my house, and they have broken my covenant. And ye have not kept the charge of mine holy things; but ye have set keepers of my charge in my sanctuary for yourselves. Thus saith the Lord God, because they minister unto them before their idols, therefore have I lifted up my hand against them, and they shall bear their iniquity. And they shall not come near unto me, nor near to any of my holy things in the most holy place; but they shall bear their shame."

It is in part the low standard of piety from the pulpit that has lowered the standard among the people, until they will no longer bear "sound doctrine," but heap up to themselves teachers that will please their ears with an easier salvation than that of the cross of Christ. Hence we see a church of professed Christians growing in the likeness of the world, the enemy of Him whom they profess to follow. And we see many who have tasted of the good word of God living upon their past experience, until their light has become almost extinct. But there is much hope for such, if they will be prompt in their return unto Him who said, "I will heal their backsliding, and love them freely." Their backslidings have in part resulted from their not recognizing the necessity of growth in grace, for there is no stationary Christianity; we either climb or slide. We only grow in grace as we increase in the likeness of Christ, in his meek tempers and holy dispositions. The

Scriptures recognize no other but spiritual progress; not that the externals of religion are unimportant, "For this ye ought to have done, and not to have left the other undone." But however excellent we may be in an outward Christianity, yet, "if any man have not the spirit of Christ he is none of his." This spirit was manifested at the cross in pitying and praying for his executioners, even while actuated by savage fury against him, and in the very act of inflicting the injuries, insults, and appalling sufferings of the cross. It is this spirit of meekness we must grow in by eating the sincere milk of the word, until we come unto a perfect man, the full measure of the stature of Christ. For meekness is the crowning grace of this measure. The other fruits of the Spirit, love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness and faith precede it, or rather meekness is the result of the combination of all these graces. Meekness, after the pattern of the cross; not the counterfeit, that sometimes passes for the genuine fruit of the Spirit. If a man therefore is not growing in the pattern of this meekness, both in his inward dispositions and outward life, he may well conclude that he is not "eating the sincere milk of the word, by which he becomes a partaker of the divine nature." It is a beautiful simile that represents the process by which we grow in the divine nature, as eating the spiritual body of Christ. And it is in fact just what it professes to be. We can understand by the process of digestion how other bodies can become incorporated into our bodies so as actually to become our flesh and blood. Both the animal and vegetable food that we eat becomes incorporated into our bodies, and without this constant process of incorporation they would waste away and perish. So that we can see that this simile is a very powerful argument for the necessity of the positive eating, or partaking of the divine nature, if we diminish in spiritual life in the same ratio that we would in corporeal

proportions, when we cease to eat; and the supply must be as constant, for our bodies cannot be sustained to-day upon the food we ate yesterday. In this view we can understand what Paul meant, when he spoke of the "supplies of the Spirit;" for we can no more live upon past experience than our bodies can be sustained without daily bread. "The bread of life" is a term peculiarly dear to experimental Christians. "He that eateth this bread shall never hunger." "Open thy mouth wide and I will fill it." "Eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fulness." "For my people shall be satisfied with my goodness, saith the Lord." But there is a condition to this. "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, and he will abundantly pardon." The wicked man must forsake his way, and the unsanctified man his thoughts, before he can grow up into that fulness that finds the goodness of the Lord a perfectly satisfying portion. "For every thought must be brought into captivity to the obedience of Christ," before we can "grow up into him in all things."

Believer, have you eat the sincere milk of the word, until the fruits of the Spirit are grown up into the fulness of the measure of the stature of Christ? If so, you find your religion a satisfying portion, and you are enabled to rejoice in the most harassing trials, and in every variety of vicissitude. It is your privilege to have "joy and peace in believing" alone, when all things else have failed.

If you have not attained this, it is your privilege; and you will consult your own happiness, here as well as hereafter, by seeking it without delay. "For every one that asketh, receiveth." That is, every one that asks earnestly and perseveringly, as illustrated in the parable of the importunate friend, who would take no denial, but received for his importunity's sake.

(Luke xi. 8—13.) "Desire the sincere milk of the word" in this importunate manner that "ye may grow thereby unto a perfect man unto the fulness of the measure of the stature of Christ."

[Original.]

LETTER TO A SISTER.

BY G. B. P.

MY DEAR SISTER:

I never loved every being as truly as I now do, unless I except the time of my conversion. You may remember my speaking of how much the *love of God* filled my soul for months then. Afterwards I fell, and, until now, never thought I could again be so happy: yes, I left my Father's banqueting house, where his banner over me was love. Now I can see how He hath even made the wrath of man to praise Him, and the remainder restrained. Glory! my Savior is with me, praised be His holy name of *Love!* It is unceasing, infinite Love. I am *re-converted, sanctified*. I cannot doubt it. I am as fully assured of it as of my conversion, which you know I never doubted. My certainty is not so much a feeling as a blessed consciousness that Christ is now my all. "For me to live, is Christ, to die is gain; yet it is no more I that live, but Christ that liveth in me." O! I must say with sister Ann, (now in glory,) It is wonderful! It is wonderful! my faith is mighty. The Spirit leads me, and life is love to God with *my whole heart*, and love to my neighbor as myself. My heart is to be continually enlarged and keep pace with my head, that as fast as I see the new beauties in Christ I am to grasp *them*, and love him more. I can now claim the *promises*, and the precious Bible seems all mine—written purposely for me. You may think me raving. Forgive me, if I say you seem so *blind*, my sister. The way is so simple and plain you may walk therein by faith, simple faith in the

atonement blood of Christ. The circumstances which led me into this large place were ordered by Providence mysteriously. Ever since I left God he has tried me severely. I murmured, I prayed and groaned beneath the weights. At length, becoming alarmed at my position, remembering, too, the sweet peace I once enjoyed, I resolved to submit all into the hands of my Creator, feeling that I must be His entirely — willing, too, that God should use any means for my restoration. I would not term it sanctification, for I did not fully believe in that. I sought for it, however, in Oberlin, but failed in the effort. Praise the Lord, he led me in a straight path, though I knew it not. He kept tearing off pieces of my selfhood and self-heart, until he had it *all*, then gave me his own blessed self and heart. Mine eyes are now open and I now see the true Light. Trials lately came heavier, faster, strewed with anguish; but they drove me to the Cross; there I left them. Still I desired to see persons converted, and set apart one day every week for fasting and prayer. I was led to see the perverseness of my own heart, and darkness was coming upon me; but, just at this juncture, I received the January No. of the "Guide," containing the "Baptism of Fire," (thanks to my friend Miss M.; the Lord bless her;) it came so opportunely I could but recognize the hand of the Lord. I was therein reminded of the lights and shadows of my experience, how I had sought this blessed baptism by following Mrs. Palmer's "Way of Holiness," but was defeated. I then and there came to the firm conclusion that I would believe for full salvation, seeking the aid of the Spirit while searching the Scriptures — appropriating its teachings to myself alone — believing that God's honor would not allow me to reject truth or receive untruth — "He that cometh to God must believe that He is, and is the rewarder of all that diligently seek him"; I acted upon these

convictions, was forced to yield — saying, I will believe. But O, the anguish of that hour! Felt that the Spirit was helping my infirmities with groaning which could not be uttered — realizing I must be saved from sinning just as I had been from sins *past*, by grace, the mere favor or gift of God by means of my faith. Yes, by grace through faith are we saved, even now; then I saw faith as the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen; that the just shall walk by faith; in the full merits of Christ. I am now nothing, but through Christ can reckon myself dead indeed unto sin and alive unto God. Now abideth Faith, Hope and Charity, but the greatest of these, *love*. God will give me more and more, for his word says it. If our hearts condemn us not then have we confidence, and whatsoever we ask, according to his will he heareth us, and perfect *love* casteth out fear. Can I not do all things through Christ strengthening me? I am nothing only through Him, and I count all things loss for the excellency of this knowledge. We do not limit the *power* of God, let us not limit His *love*; for God is love. Ask and receive, my sister, that your joy may be full. Am surprised at my own boldness, but cannot refrain, nor will I shrink from the Spirit's power.

"O, that the world might taste and see
The riches of His grace;
The arms of love that compassed me
Would all mankind embrace.

St Croix Falls, Wis., Feb., 1859.

THE THEME OF THE PULPIT. — "The central idea is that of the cross. Here is the point from which the preacher must always start, and towards this point, as a centre, all his thoughts must converge. The right and legitimate relation of the matter he proposes to handle to this vitalizing centre is the great secret of his method, and furnishes the key at whose turning touch fly open the ample doors of the treasury of the new and old." — *Presb. Pease*.

[Original.]

WHAT IS YOUR BLESSING?

BY E. W.

THIS question is suggested to my mind by a circumstance, or perhaps more properly, an incident in my experience during the past year. I was to conduct a prayer meeting in the evening, and before going to the place, sought the blessing of God to rest on all who might come to unite their petition before the Throne of Grace. Not many were present, nor was there anything peculiar in the exercises. The first two verses of the 32d Psalm were made the topic of remark.

Before the close of the meeting, the thought arose, Your prayer for a blessing has not been answered, has it? The conviction came across my mind, No, it has not. The inquiry arose, What have you done; where is the fault; is it in your words or motives? I had then begun to believe the promise, "Ask, and ye shall receive," meant just what it says, and that if I was not blessed the hindrance must be in my heart and not in God. I was filled with fear lest I had grieved the Holy Spirit. In searching for the cause, I found no response in the revelation of memory, or the accusations of conscience. I could see enough reason why God might refuse a blessing, but what had I done to provoke Him? I drew near in prayer, and besought my Saviour to show me my sin by which I had grieved His love. There was no more light given me, nor was my anxiety removed. I tarried long in entreaty with a heart well nigh broken with anguish. I arose from my knees, and read the verses over, "Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered. Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity, and in whose spirit there is no guile." I was not allowed to say, "I believe the Lord has covered my sin," and feel satisfied. I tried to recall what I had said at the meeting, but found nothing to relieve my anxiety. I

again spread my case before my Saviour, when His Spirit said within me, "Why are you so anxious for your sins just now? This is new and different from your past life. Is not this the blessing, that you have a greater fear of sin?" If there was not a great increase of love in your heart, you would not be so afraid of sin, lest you should grieve me." Then it was suggested that my sins were hid. What a flood of love, joy and peace filled my soul.— "Thanks be to God for his unspeakable gift!" O, for the tongue of an angel to witness for the transforming power of the love of Jesus. "Let us draw near with a true heart, in full assurance of faith, having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience, and our bodies washed with pure water."

"Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,—
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee."

[Selected.]

WHAT IS THE BIBLE?

'T is a fountain ever bursting,
Whence the weary may obtain
Water for the soul that 's thirsting,
And shall never thirst again.

'T is a lamp forever burning,
By whose never-dying light,
Sinners, from their errors turning,
Are directed through the night.

'T is a mine of richest treasure,
Laden with the purest ore;
And its contents, without measure,
You can never well explore.

'T is a chart that never fails you,
Which God to man has given,
And, though rudest storms assail you,
Will guide you safe to heaven.

'T is a tree whose fruits unfailing,
Cheer and stay the fainting soul,
And whose leaves, the nations healing,
Scatter joy from pole to pole.

'T is a pearl of price exceeding
All the gems in ocean found;—
To its precepts ever listening,
In its truths may I abound.

American Presbyterian, Va.

(Original.)
WORKING FOR GOD.

BY Y. J.

LOVE to God, and indifference toward His cause cannot exist in the one heart. Love to God not only implies, but is inseparable from an interest in the designs of God; and that interest cannot be contained within the heart, or merely expressed by the tongue; but its influence will be visible in the actions of life.

Whether it is easy to work for God, or difficult, — whether we experience immediate results to our effort or not, — the responsibility resting upon us as Christians, as servants of the Most High, is unchangeable in its character, and always binding upon us. Christian reader, think of that responsibility! If you were a servant to your country, you would feel the responsibility, as well as the honor conferred. — But you are a servant of the God of Heaven; the King of Kings, the Omnipotent, Omniscient Ruler of the Universe! You are a candidate for Glory! Can you sustain such a relation to Eternity, and walk among perishing souls without being responsible? You say no. You are responsible in the sight of God, and the faithful devotion of your undivided heart to God, the faithful exercise of a wholesome influence in your example, and a readiness to be found in the performance of every known duty, alone can meet that responsibility.

It is not optional with the Christian whether he should work for God. *God expects it. The Church expects it. The world expects it.* Identity with the church implies an interest in its welfare as well as a desire for the protection of its laws. The church does not merely extend the hand of fellowship to offer us its sympathy and assistance, but to solicit our influence. The world looks for the "anxieties of the Christian in his Master's cause" to be manifested in our life, as well as the flowings of joy in our anticipations of the future; and if the world does not see this in us, we

think it is justified in doubting our sincerity, and the church has a right to look at us as unworthy a place within its pale, if thus negligent of her interests.

Not merely does the responsibility which rests upon us as Christians, or even the claims of perishing souls act as motives to lead us to work for God; but the fact that working for God promotes our spiritual enjoyment here, and no doubt our glory in eternity, should stimulate us to act in the cause of religion. It must promote our happiness on earth to behold our fellow creatures rejoicing in religious freedom, exulting in an intimation of their acceptance with God, and looking forward in anticipation of Heaven. And will it not make Heaven sweeter, and our crown brighter, if, in looking around in Heaven, we see those, who, through our instrumentality, had been brought to Jesus? Could a Wesley, a Fletcher, a Carey, and others who stood nobly beneath the waving banner of Emanuel on earth, return to give us an account of their seats, their crowns, their palms of victory, we should at once conclude, that if not all, some of their works had already followed them.

Then, if the lives of our forefathers have been of use to the world, cannot ours? If that fact soothed their dying pillow, cannot we find similar comfort? If they overcame obstacles to which we may never be exposed, cannot we overcome? If they have left testimony behind that they have gone to their reward, have we not encouragement to work for God? Then let us work, speak and think for God. Let us not be afraid to speak about religion to those around us; and not only will the church be blessed, our neighbors be blessed, our own Christian experience be strengthened, but Heaven will to all eternity reward us. Let our conclusion be expressed in the language of the poet:

"Give me thy strength, O God of power,
Then let winds blow or thunders roar;
Thy faithful witness will I be;
'Tis fixed; I can do all through Thee."
Woodstock, C. W.

[Selected.]

CAUGHEY IN ENGLAND.

DR. STEVENS:—From a communication by the last mail, I find the following notice of a work of grace which will be matter of rejoicing to many, and afford matter of praise to God for the extension of His kingdom:

"On the 3d of April, Rev. James Caughey, of America, commenced a series of revival services in this circuit, (Manchester, Grosvenor street circuit,) which have continued to the present with remarkable success, (May 2, 1859.) Hundreds have testified that the Gospel, pointedly applied, has been the power of God to arouse to anxious inquiry the most careless, to save even the vilest, and to cleanse from all sin. Some who are unused to the peculiar fervency of his appeals are somewhat prejudiced at a first hearing; but the preacher is sure to bring them back again, and every service gives him a greater hold upon them.

"His discourses present the truth in such a way as to arrest attention. They are illustrated by incident, and rich in graphic delineation of character, and many times during the delivery the people are constrained to express their emotion: He possesses the rare talent of leading his audience from the preacher to the subject. He is serious, deeply interesting, and when the discourse is ended, you find yourself irresistibly desirous of staying to the prayer-meeting, which always follows.—The Holy Spirit has honored this man of God greatly since his arrival in England, and his peculiar mission appears to be to the Methodist churches preparing for an extensive revival of religion."

In another communication: "From Dec. 31, 1858, till March 18, 1859, 1,400 were saved in Grosvenor street church, and the work still going on with power."

To God be all the glory. Amen.

Yours truly,

New York.

JOHN CAUGHEY.

—*Christian Advocate and Journal.*

[Selected.]

THE DIVINE CARE.

BY REV. J. HOWE.

CONTINUED commerce with God, agreeably to the tenor of that league and covenant struck with him, how pleasant and delightful it is! To be a friend of God, an associate of the Most High; a domestic, no more a stranger, a foreigner, but of his own household; to live wholly upon the plentiful provisions, and under the happy order and government, of his family; to have a heart to seek all from him, and lay out all for him! How great is the pleasure of trust, of living free from care; that is, of anything but how to please and honor him in a cheerful unsolicitous dependence, expecting from him our daily bread, believing he will not let our souls famish; that while they hunger and thirst after righteousness, they shall be filled; that they shall be sustained with the bread and waters of life; that when they hunger, he will feed them with hidden manna, and with the fruits that grow on the tree of life in the midst of the paradise of God; that when they thirst he will give water, and add milk and honey without money and without price, feeling assured that He, who feeds ravens and clothes lilies, will feed and clothe them.

To be so taken up in seeking his kingdom and righteousness, as freely to leave it to him to add the other things as he sees fit; to have no thought for to-morrow; to have a heart framed herein according to divine precept; not to be encumbered or kept in an anxious suspense by the thoughts and fears of what may fall out, by which many suffer the same affliction a thousand times over, which God would have them suffer but once; a firm repose on the goodness of Providence, and its sure and never erring wisdom; a steady persuasion, that our heavenly Father knows what we have need of, and what is fittest for us to want, to suffer or

enjoy; how delightful a life do these make! And how agreeable to one born of God, his own Son and heir of all things; as being joint heirs with Christ, and claiming by that large grant, that says "all things are yours;" only that in minority it is better to have a wise Father's allowance than to be our own carvers.

[Selected.]

GLORIFYING GOD IN EVERY ACT.

THAT we can glorify God in any single act of our lives is a matter of wonder and gratitude. How much more wonderful that we can glorify him in every act we perform! Shall we complain of the strictness of the command, "Whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God?" Or shall we rejoice at the free range of privilege this law extends to us? Shall we not "thank God and take courage" that his "commandment is exceeding broad," covering every condition and state of life, and giving us constant employment that shall be honorable to God? What an interesting view does this give of our relation to God, as *his glorifiers*! And how does it invest with unearthly dignity the smallest deed done with an eye single to the glory of God! We speak of our services as unprofitable, we call our best performances poor and unworthy; and so they are in one aspect of them; but when we reflect that our least acts of faith and love glorify God, we must feel that they are important *in this aspect*. Why, then, should we disparage what we do in the name of Christ? How can we disesteem our good works, and yet realize that they are done for the glory of God?

If it is practicable to glorify God in every act, we must have such ideas of what does glorify God as will consist with the simplest and smallest act that a good man can do. If we err in depreciating our works, we err, also, in exaggerated notions of the way to honor God. We

assume that we must do some *great thing*, that we must perform some imposing act of homage, that we must join with others in some grand devotional demonstration, or go on some foreign mission, or lead a life of special sanctity and seclusion, or give half of our substance to some religious object, or exhibit intense fervor or superhuman zeal. In a word, we must do something that is extraordinary, and that cannot be often done by any mere mortal. Now, we must so modify our notions as to adapt them to the practicability of glorifying God in every daily act. How much more rational this view! It is that of an habitual walk with God, of doing everything from love to God. How much more for his glory is a fixed purpose of heart to serve and please him, than an occasional display of zeal! How satisfactory to think that glorifying God is compatible with a calm, quiet tenor of life—the normal state of the regenerate soul. That it accords with all the *moods and tenses* of a soundly spiritual mind. The most intense excitement, and the gentlest emotion, and the deep repose of faith, and the languor of exhausted nature; that all these may be equally well pleasing to the Lord who knoweth that we are but dust, and who was touched with a feeling of our infirmities. So simple an act as eating is an occasion of glorifying him who giveth us our daily bread. *Drinking* a cup of water may be as honorable to God as *giving* it, if done in the spirit of a disciple.

It is blessed to have such views of what will glorify God, as comport with the practicable, the plain, the common-place, the noiseless currents of every-day life; as well as with the eventful deeds of great and rare crises.—*Oberlin Evangelist*.

"I CAN never believe that a man may not be saved by that religion that brings him to the true love of God, and to a heavenly mind and life; nor that God will ever cast a soul into hell that truly loveth him."—*Baxter*.

[Selected.]

THE SPIRIT GLORIFIES CHRIST.

He shall glorify me, for he shall receive of mine and shall show it unto you. John xvi. 14.

THIS is what the Comforter does through the whole of his three-fold work. In every part of it he glorifies Christ. In convincing us of sin, he convinces us of the sin of not believing in Christ. In convincing us of righteousness, he convinces us of the righteousness of Christ,—of that righteousness which was manifest in Christ's going to the Father, and which he received to bestow on all such as should believe in him. And, lastly, in convincing us of judgment, he convinces us that the prince of this world was judged in the life and by the death of Christ. Thus, throughout, Christ is glorified; and that which the Comforter shows to us relates, in all its parts, to the life and work of the incarnate Son of God. In like manner, all the graces which the Spirit bestows are the graces which were manifested in the life of Christ. It is Christ's love that he shows to us and gives to us, the love through which Christ laid down his life for his church; and Christ's joy in his communion with his Father; and the peace which Christ had when he overcame the world; and Christ's long suffering in praying that his murderers might be forgiven; and Christ's bounty in giving all the treasures of heaven; and the faithfulness of him who is the faithful witness, himself the truth; and the gentleness with which Christ took up little children in his arms and blessed them; and Christ's meekness in never answering again; and the temperance of Christ, who made it his meat and drink to do the will of his Father.

All these graces were manifested upon earth in their heavenly perfection, when the fulness of the Godhead dwelt in the man Christ Jesus; and all these graces the Spirit of God desires to give to every one, so that Christ may be formed in us, and that our life may be swallowed up in

his life. Thus shall we, too, glorify Christ; and with him we shall glorify the Father. Let us seek this glory, and not our own vain, fleeting glory, but the glory where-with we may glorify Christ and the Father; and this glory shall abide with us forever.

HARE.

[Original.]

PERPETUAL PRAISE.

"Thy praise shall be continually in my mouth."

So said the devout singer in Israel, and notwithstanding he was pursued by enemies who sought to take his life, suffering by the treachery of professed friends, and even his own son conspired to take away his kingdom, yet he seems to have had an unshaken trust in the Lord, and a full assurance that whatever He had promised would be faithfully performed. True, at one time he tells us, that when he saw the wicked prosper, and that they were not in trouble like other men, he was *envious* until he went into God's sanctuary, and learned their *end*; then he saw how foolish and ignorant he was, and no doubt was ready to praise God that *his portion* was not an *earthly* one, "for," said he, "the Lord is the *portion* of my inheritance, and my cup." How often, when in the midst of danger, and his heart filled with dismay, he encouraged himself in God. "What time I am afraid, I will trust in thee."—"Why art thou cast down, O, my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me? hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise *Him*, who is the health of my countenance, and my God." Truly, his hope was an anchor to his soul. How much more then, should *our hope*, under this dispensation of grace, and in the full light of the glorious gospel of the Son of God, be an anchor to the soul, sure and steadfast, entering into that within the veil, whither the Forerunner is for us entered, even Jesus, &c., &c.

This is the hope we need; all others are of little value; and "he that hath this hope in *Him*, purifieth himself, even as *He* is pure." When the soul is thus anchored in

Christ, His praise *will* be continually in the mouth. Though "foes may hate, and friends disown," yet "the name of the Lord is a *strong tower*, into which the righteous run, and are safe." The poet has said, perhaps truthfully, that there has been found,

"No sting so strong,

As to tie the gall up in the *stander's* tongue."

Yet David says, "Oh, how great is Thy goodness which Thou hast laid up for them that fear Thee; which thou hast wrought for them that trust in Thee before the sons of men. Thou shalt *hide* them in the secret of Thy presence, from the *pride of man*. Thou shalt keep them *secretly* in a pavilion, from the *strife of tongues*."

It is our privilege to rejoice in the Lord *always*, and praise His *holy* name. Let all, then, who hope in His mercy, put on "the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness," and "rejoice evermore," in Him "who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

[Original.]

EXPERIENCE.

BY E. D. NORRIS.

IN early life, I often felt deeply the necessity of the pardoning grace of God, which I did not obtain, however, until the twenty-third year of my life, at which period I united with the M. E. Church, and commenced "giving all diligence to make my calling and election sure." Soon, however, I found a "law in my members warring against the law of my mind, bringing me into captivity to the law of sin and death." This state of things brought on a fearful conflict. I was fighting, indeed, but not conquering. Sometimes I was overcome, and in great heaviness; again, I seemed to overcome, and have joy and peace. During this period, which lasted over sixteen years, I sat under the ministry of a gospel that proclaimed a full and free salvation. Indeed it was often reiterated from the sacred desk, that "the blood of Christ cleanseth

from all sin." It is true I often felt it to be my duty and privilege to come directly to the fountain, but then, whenever I made an effort in that direction, various doubts would suddenly arise, thwarting my purpose and, seemingly, throwing me farther from the point than I was before. There were two obstacles, however, that seemed to my mind more formidable than all the rest. The first was of a metaphysical character, the peculiar windings of which I will not attempt to describe. The second was the *gradation* plan, fixing a point in the future, in the form of a mathematical line, toward which we may approximate forever, without a possibility of arriving at it.

While in this state of mind, I read Fletcher, and others, on Sanctification. Their arguments appeared to be both scriptural and logical, and yet I felt a strange unwillingness, in my own case, to put them to a practical or experimental test. Soon, however, I found that something must be done; for, "lo! a horror of great darkness fell upon me," and more than once I almost wished in my heart that I had never "put my hand to the plough." I now felt like one who had ascended a short distance up the steep and difficult side of some beautiful promontory, whose overhanging cliffs seemed to mock my feeble efforts. I then turned my eye downward, when nothing but the fearful form of fallen rocks awaited my fall. But I did not long remain in this seemingly terrible condition, for I now began to let go of every earthly hold, and while the sainted brother L. was struggling with me at the "throne of grace," my chains fell suddenly off, and my soul seemed to escape "like a bird to her mountain." I now felt that I was made "every whit whole." And O, what sweet *peace* and *love* filled my soul. Now, whatever may be my lot on earth, or my destiny beyond, I can never forget the great work that has been done for me.

Hart's Grove, Ohio.

The Guide to Holiness.

JULY, 1859.

EDITORIAL PAPERS.

THE WAITING OF A PURIFYING FAITH.

It has pleased God to test our faith in his word, by withholding for a time what he hath promised. Or rather, we might say, it is the very nature of saving faith to accept God's word, indulging in no concern and admitting no doubt in reference to the good sought. It makes no haste to grasp the prize, but regards it as secured in the divine pledge.

This truth is clearly asserted in the Scriptures: "He that believeth shall not make haste." "Ye have need of patience, that, after having done the will of God, ye receive the promise."

It is a general fact, with regard to God's method of communicating essential truth in the Scriptures, that it is both directly declared and forcibly illustrated by examples. Thus we have the solemn announcement that "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God," illustrated by the perpetual sterility of the earth, cursed for man's sin; by the flood which drowned the world; by the fire and brimstone rained upon the wretched cities of the plains, and by the history of God's ancient people, scattered and a derision among all nations. So we have the statement that "Without shedding of blood is no remission," illustrated on a thousand Jewish altars.

In the same manner God illustrates and enforces the truth that "He that believeth shall not make haste." Abraham had the promise of an innumerable seed, but waited long before a child was given to him. He had the promise of the land of Canaan for a possession, but he wandered in it as a stranger, and died while it still remained in the hands of God's enemies. Yet Abraham believed God. Moses remained steadfast in the assurance that God would deliver the Israelites from Egypt by him, though he waited in exile forty years before he received the divine commission to enter upon his work. God told David that he had chosen him to be the King of Israel, but it was many years before he sat upon the throne—years of severe disciplining in suffering and danger. The disciples received from Christ himself the promise of the Comforter, but they were commanded to wait for him.

It was, undoubtedly, the opposite frame of mind—*unbelief*—which caused Rebecca to endeavor to anticipate, by fraud, God's time of putting Jacob in possession of his father's blessing. It was unbelief that hurried Saul to offer sacrifice in Samuel's absence, and thereby lose

his kingdom and crown. And it was the impatience of unbelief which urged the disciples into a timid flight when death threatened their Master.

Faith waits for its divine commission in peace, and, when bid, goes on its errands of duty, whether of pleasure or suffering, with readiness and strength. Unbelief hesitates when commanded, or runs before it is sent, and miserably stumbles in the way. It bears burdens not imposed upon it, and endures heaviness when it should receive comfort and peace.

The late remarkable Christian warrior, Gen. Havelock, appointed an interview, one day, with his son, to take place on London bridge, at four o'clock in the afternoon. But, being busy during the day, he forgot the engagement until late in the evening. He then instantly started for the bridge, where he found his son waiting, amidst a pelting rain, for his father's coming.

So faith takes the Father's word, and calmly waits his promised meeting with the soul, neither dismayed when assailed by fierce tempests nor allured to other good by flattering prosperity.

The truth we are considering is apparent in the experience of Christians, especially of those who are seeking entire holiness of heart. How often, when all is laid upon the altar, does the seeker, instead of waiting in humble trust, assured that God's word for his acceptance cannot fail, become impatient for the witness, or for some pre-conceived and anticipated emotions. He is not willing to wait God's time, and thus sinks into the darkness of unbelief, unwilling, like the son of Havelock, to trust his Father's engagement, though *He* never forgot a promised interview.

It is related in classic history, that the disciples of a certain philosopher were accustomed to answer, when asked why they believed the sentiments they held, "*He* (our teacher) says so." The disciples of the infallible Teacher should never look beyond *His* word. That *He* has spoken should be enough for them. In this confidence, it will be easy to go at *His* bidding or wait *His* commission. His paths will then be pleasantness and peace, shining more and more unto the perfect day.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

HELP THE FALLEN.

THREE small boys were very pleasantly running from school, after a heavy shower. The water stood in little pools in the road. Henry and James held each other by the hand, and John was quite near them, and they seemed very happy, and, to us, they appeared equally interesting, for they were well dressed and wore the rosy hue of health. But a pretty dress and a pleasant face do not always tell who has a kind heart. As they were trying to jump over one of the little pools, as boys often try to do, to the sorrow of

their kind mothers, Henry stumbled and fell directly into the water. His clothes were sadly soiled, and his face covered with the contents of the pool. As he rose to his feet, John set up a loud shout, and made himself quite merry. "Hurrah," he cried, "Harry Jones has had a bath in a mud-puddle!" He ran off, laughing and shouting, while poor little Henry was crying piteously. But James took out his own pocket-handkerchief and wiped Henry's face, and brushed the mud and water from his clothes, saying, tenderly, "Do n't cry, Henry, I'll wipe it off and it will soon be dry." There was a wonderful power in these kind tones, and Henry's tears were soon dry, if his clothes were not, and the two continued their walk, hand in hand, chatting as merrily as if nothing had happened. Now, children, which do you like best? Ah! that naughty John, I am afraid that when he is a man he wont help the poor sufferers whom he may meet. I fear he will not take them by the hand and lift them up. There is many a one we meet, that James' soft handkerchief and kind words would comfort and save.

"THE TRUTHFUL BOY."

"Once there was a little boy,
With curly hair and pleasant eye—
A boy who always loved the truth,
And never, never told a lie.

"And when he skipped away to school,
The children all about would cry,
'There goes the curly-headed boy—
The boy who never told a lie.'

"And everybody loved him much,
Because he always told the truth,
And often as he older grew,
'T was said, 'There goes the honest youth.'

"And when the people standing near
Would turn to ask the reason why,
The answer would be always this:
'Because he never told a lie.'

"Learn, little boys, from this brave lad,
Like him to speak the candid truth;
That all may say of you the same,
'There goes an honest-hearted youth.'"

SCRIPTURE CABINET.

LIGHT FROM GOD'S WORD.

"The entrance of thy word giveth light: it giveth understanding unto the simple."—Ps. 119: 130.

A BREXIT colporteur in Germany relates the following incident:

Last week I found an old man, a Roman Catholic, at E—. He showed me a part of a New Testament, and, with weeping eyes, made the following beautiful confession: "By means of this fragment of the Word of God, I have become

acquainted with the Lord Jesus Christ, and have discovered that by the works of the law no man can be justified: that we can be saved by faith alone. I have experienced that all human endeavors to obtain peace are vain: that the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ is the only safe refuge. Oh! I once thought that salvation could be merited. I had half killed myself by fruitless efforts to obtain peace, when the blessed Lord, in a remarkable way, caused me to find this piece of His word. By reading it, I at last discovered how grace could be obtained. I sought it, found it, and now enjoy peace through faith in the crucified Redeemer, who has obliterated all my guilt by His most precious blood." We rejoiced together most heartily, and I could not sufficiently praise the Lord for His wonderful and gracious dealings with this man.

A WORD IN SEASON.

"A word spoken in due season, how good is it."—Prov. 15: 23.

A correspondent sends us the following beautiful incident, which came to hand while our thoughts were occupied with the above words of inspiration:

"A Christian man was seeking salvation from sin, but for a long time he 'asked and received not, because he asked amiss.' A pious sister, being anxious to aid him in his inquiries, led him to a female friend, who enjoyed the fulness of the gospel. At the commencement of their interview, this devoted friend remarked, "Those words of the 13th chapter of Hebrews are very precious to me. 'Working in you that which is well pleasing in His sight.' The Holy Ghost at once applied them to the seeker's heart. 'That is it,' he exclaimed. 'Working in you—working in you. I have been trying for three years to work in myself salvation from sin. Now I see that God works in me.' And from that moment 'the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, made this inquirer 'perfect,' 'working in him that which is well pleasing in His sight,' even the 'fulness of God.'"

FRUIT UNTO HOLINESS.

"But now being made free from sin and become servants to God, ye have your fruit unto holiness, and the end everlasting life."—Rom. vi: 22.

The true measure of Christian consecration is forcibly taught in this text and its connection, by contrasting it with the measure and end of our natural devotion to sin. We were "servants to sin," yielding our members to "uncleanness and to iniquity unto iniquity," and were "free from righteousness." We were wholly given up to sin and increasing in our depth of guilt. So now, being free from the condemnation and power of sin we are to progress until this ingrafted vine bears the fruit of holiness—something beyond "righteousness," and beyond "freedom from sin," for it is a fruit of these,—a fruit unto perfect "holiness."

The end of these states is impressively set forth. The one is "death" (verse 21) and, by the force of the contrast, *eternal* death, for the other is "everlasting life."

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

FROM OUR NEW-YORK CORRESPONDENT.

THE LAITY AT WORK.

As we saw "the praying band," enter the church and fill the chancel, we could not forbear musing upon what God had wrought in unfolding the usefulness of the Laity in the past year. A noble set of men bowed their knees and secretly asked God's blessing upon their labors. The pastor walked in with them and stepped up into the pulpit to sit there and *listen* during the three services of the day. Two bands were present, one who resides out of the city, the other belonging to the city; each have a leader. On the present occasion the leader of the country band presided and directed all the services; he asked one to read the first hymn, then called upon one of his brethren to pray. Immediately upon rising from prayer they commenced a hymn which was familiar to the whole crowded congregation,—for it is the signal for a full house, when known that the praying band are to spend the Sabbath in any particular church. It is, indeed, delightful to see the people enjoy such sweetly simple services, praying and singing alternately, interspersed, sometimes, with a precious little sermon from some plain practical text, or a short simple experience. In the afternoon there was some weeping while one in the congregation related his simple narrative. The band invite others to speak beside themselves; one of their number, in the morning, spoke upon "Rejoice evermore." "What," said he, "rejoice in the cholera, rejoice in the yellow fever, rejoice in sickness, in prosperity, in adversity, in trials and losses?—Yes, *rejoice evermore*;—and upon this basis, all things will work together for good to them that love God."

The pastor, rapt in devotion or admiration, would often rise and lean over the desk, looking on with intense interest and feeling. A friend whispered to us in the evening, as the aisles were thronged, "How delightful to see the people meet for prayer."

Yes, this is the prevailing feature of the present day of the Church of Christ,—a delight and satisfaction in prayer;—each going to the fountain for himself.

These praying bands visit the churches by special invitation. In the evening a number of seekers were at the communion rail for prayer; while in another church in the city, a while ago, there were forty penitents forward in the evening, besides some in the afternoon, as the result of their labors. The burden of their prayers in these vis-

itations is for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon sinners; yet, the church is greatly edified by their labors. Their familiarity with Bible truth and Bible scenes, makes them most interesting speakers,—we think we never heard such a sermon upon the life of Elijah, as one of these brethren gave in the same church, a few months ago.

The Bible awakens the eloquence of the heart.

Y.

THE NEWS.

WHILE our readers have enough and more than enough in the secular papers, concerning the war now raging in Europe, our position enables us to gather items of more cheering news. In our June issue, we noticed the gracious work in progress in some of our large cities, and in England and Wales. We are glad now to add Ireland to the places favored of God by remarkable outpourings of the Spirit.

The regular Irish correspondent of the New York Evangelist says:

I visited a particular district, not very far from the Ahoghill, yesterday. I stood in the centre of a thickly-populated locality, recently a careless, irreligious and riotous neighborhood, and from my own intimate knowledge of the inhabitants, I am prepared to assert, that every house in view, within a mile from the spot on which I stood, is now a sanctuary for the worship of God at the family altar. Public prayer-meetings are attended by crowds so large, that no house of worship in the parish can accommodate the entire number, and the services are generally conducted by laymen of the working classes, under the superintendence of the regular ministers, who are laboring, with zeal and fidelity, for the permanent establishment of religious principles among the people. In short, if we may form our judgment of a tree by its fruits, the character of this extraordinary movement may be regarded as decidedly good. The physical phenomena presented by the more prominent cases is, I must confess, a matter that I cannot understand, and they are equally incomprehensible to every other person, lay or clerical, with whom I have conversed upon the subject.

The writer adds several deeply interesting illustrations of the power of Divine Grace in persons, some of whom were benighted Roman Catholics, and others deeply degraded drunkards, rioters, blasphemers, Sabbath-breakers and card-players. The movement is not limited to any particular church. The gospel triumphs and God's people rejoice.

BOOK NOTICES.

SHOUTING IN ALL AGES OF THE CHURCH. BY G. W. HENRY, AUTHOR OF "TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS, OR TRAVELS IN EGYPT;" "TWILIGHT," AND BEULAH, &c., &c. Published by the Author. Oneida, Madison County, New York.

The volume is adorned by a steel engraving of the author, which seems to be a "speaking like-

ness," and its pages no less clearly speak his mind and heart. He tells us he writes because he believes God has called him to the work, and no one can read what he has written without the conviction that he writes from the love of his subject, and from the fulness of his soul. It breathes a sanctified spirit, contains passages of genuine eloquence, and numerous anecdotal illustrations of deep interest. The author's sentiments on the subject of his work,—namely, "Shouting, falling under the power," and relative religious manifestations,—seem to be qualified and just. He says, "We intend to condemn no persons for their silence, nor to commend any merely for their loud shouting." He gives his readers, on page 22d, a striking incident in which he represents a dear Christian friend, of eminent piety, as not given to shouting and such ecstasies. He believes, therefore, with us, that these exercises are incidents in the outward manifestations of the Spirit's operations on the heart; but he seems to us to unduly exalt and magnify their importance; he finds them *prominent* in every step of the church's history, from the birth of the creation to the present time. We see them *only* as incidents, often puzzling to the most pious,—as in the work under Wesley and Edwards,—and depending upon conditions of which little is certainly known to be acknowledged as facts, and neither to be fought against as fanatical, nor emphasized as evidencing great religious power. While, therefore, the author's mode of treating his subject is in some danger of exciting contention about matters not essential to the holiness without which no man can see the Lord, his fervent spirit cannot fail to quicken the spirituality of those who read, with the sober views he *means* to teach.

THE LIMITS OF RELIGIOUS THOUGHT. BY HENRY LONGUEVILLE MANSEL, B. D. Boston: Gould & Lincoln, 59 Washington St. New York: Sheldon & Co. Cincinnati: George S. Blanchard. 1859.

This learned and able work, which has been very popular on the other side of the Atlantic, is likely to attract much attention in this country. It aims to show the true province of reason in relation to a divine revelation, in opposition to the extreme views of those who believe too much and those who believe too little. The conclusion to which the reader is conducted, is stated in the following quotation:

"To reason rightly employed, within its proper limits, and on its proper objects, our Lord himself and his apostles openly appealed in proof of their divine mission; and the same proof has been unhesitatingly claimed by the defenders of Christianity in all subsequent ages. In other words, the legitimate object of a rational criticism, of re-

vealed religion, is not to be found in the *contents* of that religion, but in its *evidence*."

This is the old and true decision, and although the reasoning is necessarily metaphysical because dealing with subtle errors, its conclusions are thoroughly practical, and often expressed in a language well calculated to warm the heart of the devout Christian. The following is an example:—

"Our right to criticise at all, depends upon this one question: 'What think ye of Christ; whose Son is he?' What is it that constitutes our need of Christ? Is it a conviction of guilt and wretchedness, or a taste for philosophy? Do we want a Redeemer to save us from our sins, or a moral Teacher to give us a plausible theory of human duties? Christ can be our Redeemer only if he is what he proclaims himself to be; the Son of God sent into the world that the world through him might be saved. If he is not this, his moral teaching began with falsehood, and was propagated by delusion. And if he is this, what but contempt and insult can be found in that half allegiance which criticises while it bows; which sifts and selects while it submits; which approves or rejects as its reason, or its feelings, or its nervous sensibilities may dictate; which condescends to acknowledge him as a teacher of a dark age, and an ignorant people, bowing the knee before him half in reverence, half in mockery, and crying, 'Hail! King of the Jews.' * * *

"The witness which Christ offers of himself, either proves everything, or it proves nothing. No man has a right to say, 'I will accept Christ as I like, and reject him as I like; I will follow the holy Example; I will turn away from the astonishing sacrifice; I will listen to his teaching; I will have nothing to do with his mediation; I will believe him when he tells me he came from the Father, because I feel that his doctrine has a divine beauty and fitness; but I will not believe him when he tells me he is one with the Father, because I cannot see how this unity is possible.' This is not philosophy which thus mutilates man; this is not Christianity, which thus divides Christ. If Christ is no more than one of us, let us honestly renounce the shadow of allegiance to an usurped authority, and boldly proclaim that every man is his own redeemer. If Christ is God no less than man, let us beware, lest haply we be found even to fight against God."

Mr. Hoyt, No. 2, Cornhill, Boston, whose labors are so untiring to produce suitable books for youth, has sent us another volume, entitled, TEDDY WHITE, OR THE LITTLE ORANGE SELLERS. We read it to a bright-eyed little boy, who watches our editorial corner for such new books, and he listened with fixed attention to every word. He was pleased, and so were we, for we felt that it had done him good.

THE JUBILEE TRUMPET.

1. Blow ye the trumpet, blow, The glad-ly solemn sound;
 2. Je - sus, our great High Priest, Hath full a-tone-ment made;

3. Ex - tol the Lamb of God, The all - a-ton-ing Lamb;
 4. Ye slaves of sin and hell, Your lib - er - ty re - ceive,

Let all the na-tions know, To earth's re - mot-est bound;
 Ye wea-ry spir - its, rest, Ye mourn-ful souls, be glad;

Re-demp-tion in his blood Throughout the world proclaim;
 And safe in Je - sus dwell, And blest in Je - sus live;

The year of Ju-bi - lee is come; Re-turn, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
 The year of Ju-bi - lee is come; Re-turn, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

The year of Ju-bi - lee is come; Re-turn, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
 The year of Ju-bi - lee is come; Re-turn, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

5 Ye who have sold for nought
 Your heritage above,
 Shall have it back unbought,
 The gift of Jesus' love;
 The year of Jubilee is come;
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

6 The Gospel trumpet hear,
 The news of heavenly grace;
 And, sav'd from earth, appear
 Before your Saviour's face;
 The year of Jubilee is come;
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by W. McDONALD & G. S. STEVENS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the District of Massachusetts.

[Selected.]

WESLEY ON SANCTIFICATION.

BY DR. A. STEVENS.

SANCTIFICATION, as a doctrine, received peculiar illustration and enforcement from Wesley, and the standard Methodist writers generally. It is the purification of the believer subsequently to regeneration. It is usually gradual; it may be instantaneous, as, like justification, it is received by faith. "When we begin to believe," Wesley said in his Minutes of Conference, "then sanctification begins; and as faith increases holiness increases." But this experience, he taught, should be sought immediately; and as it is obtained by faith, it is the privilege of all believers at any time. He called it "perfection," a name which has incurred no little animadversion, but which he used as Scriptural, and as having been so used by Law, Lucas, Macarius, Fenelon, and other writers, Protestant and Papal. Clemens Alexandrinus had drawn out, in a portraiture of the perfect Christian, Paul's doctrine of Christian perfection. Wesley's statement of the doctrine, in its right analysis, agrees with the highest standards of the theological world. He differed from them only in his clearer and more urgent promulgation of the great truth; in making it an exoteric rather than an esoteric opinion; in declaring that what other theologians taught as a possibility, the rare enjoyment of some, was the privilege of all. Fletcher has given us a remarkable essay on the doctrine, proving it to be Scriptural and in accordance with the theological teachings of the Anglican Church. Wesley wrote an elaborate treatise upon it. He taught not absolute or Adamic, but Christian perfection. Perfect Christians "are not," he says, "free from ignorance, no, nor from mistake. We are no more to expect any man to be infallible than to be omniscient. From infirmities none are perfectly freed till their spirits return to God; neither can we expect, till then, to be

wholly freed from temptation; for 'the servant is not above his Master.' But neither in this sense is there any absolute perfection on earth. There is no perfection of degrees, none which does not admit of a continual increase."

To one of his correspondents he says: "The proposition which I will hold is this: 'Any person may be cleansed from all sinful tempers, and yet need the atoning blood.' For what? For 'negligences and ignorances;' for both words and actions, (as well as omissions,) which are, in a sense, transgressions of the perfect law. And I believe no one is clear of these till he lays down this corruptible body." Perfection, as defined by Wesley, is not then perfection, according to the absolute moral law; it is what he, following the Scriptures, calls it, *Christian perfection*; perfection according to the new moral economy introduced by the atonement, in which, the heart, being sanctified, fulfils the law by love, (Rom. xiii. 8, 10,) and its involuntary imperfections are provided for, by that economy, without the imputation of guilt, as in the case of infancy and all irresponsible persons.

The only question, then, can be, is it possible for good men so to love God that all their conduct, inward and outward, shall be swayed by love? that even their involuntary defects shall be swayed by it? Is there such a thing as the inspired writer calls the "perfect love" which "casteth out fear"? (1 John iv. 18.) Wesley believed that there is; that it is the privilege of all saints; and that it is to be received by faith.

In a letter to one of his female correspondents he says: "I want you to be *all love*. This is the perfection I believe and teach; and this perfection is consistent with a thousand nervous disorders, which that high-strained perfection is not. Indeed my judgment is, that (in this case particularly,) to overdo is to undo; and that to set perfection too high, is the most effectual way of driving it out of the

world." When he thus explained his opinion to Bishop Gibson, the prelate replied: "Why, Mr. Wesley, if this is what you mean by perfection, who can be against it?" "Man," he says, "in his present state, can no more attain Adamic than angelic perfection. The perfection of which man is capable, while he dwells in a corruptible body, is the complying with that kind command: 'My son, give me thy heart!' It is the loving the Lord his God with all his heart, and with all his soul, and with all his mind." Such was his much misrepresented doctrine of Christian perfection.

The faith which he taught as the condition of justification, regeneration, and sanctification, he has defined with much particularity. "Taking the word in a more particular sense, faith is a Divine evidence and conviction, not only that 'God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself;' but also that *Christ loved me, and gave himself for me*. It is by faith (whether we term it the *essence*, or rather a *property* thereof) that we *receive Christ*, that we receive him in all his offices, as prophet, priest, and king. It is by this that he is 'made of God unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption.'" Again he says: "It is not an opinion, nor any number of opinions put together, be they ever so true. A string of opinions is no more Christian faith, than a string of beads is Christian holiness. The faith by which the promise is attained, is represented by Christianity as a power wrought by the Almighty in an immortal spirit, inhabiting a house of clay, to see through that veil into the world of spirits, into things invisible and eternal; a power to discern those things which, with eyes of flesh and blood, no man hath seen, or can see; either by reason of their nature, which (though they surround us on every side) is not perceivable by these gross senses; or, by reason of their distance, as being yet afar off in the bosom of eternity. It is the eye of the new-born

soul, whereby every true believer 'seeth Him who is invisible.' It is the ear of the soul, whereby the sinner 'hears the voice of the Son of God and lives;' the palate of the soul (if the expression may be allowed) whereby a believer 'tastes the good word of God and the powers of the world to come;' the feeling of the soul, whereby, 'through the power of the Highest overshadowing him,' he perceives the presence of Him in whom he lives, and moves, and has his being, and feels the love of God shed abroad in his heart. It is the internal evidence of Christianity, a perpetual revelation, equally strong, equally new, through all the centuries which have elapsed since the incarnation, and passing now even as it has done from the beginning, directly from God into the believing soul. 'It is nigh thee, in thy mouth, and in thy heart, if thou believest in the Lord Jesus Christ.' *This, then, is the record, this is the evidence, emphatically so called, that God hath given unto us eternal life, and this life is in his Son.* Why, then, have not all men this faith? Because no man is able to work it in himself; it is a work of Omnipotence. It requires no less power thus to quicken a dead soul, than to raise a body that lies in the grave. May not your own experience teach you this? Can you give yourself this faith? Is it in your power to see, or hear, or taste, or feel God? to raise in yourself any perception of God, or of an invisible world? to open an intercourse between yourself and the world of spirits? to discern either them or Him that created them? to burst the veil that is on your heart, and let in the light of eternity? You know it is not. You not only do not, but cannot (by your own strength) thus believe. The more you labor so to do, the more you will be convinced it is the gift of God. No merit, no goodness in man, precedes the forgiving love of God. His pardoning mercy supposes nothing in us but a sense of mere sin and misery; and to all who see and feel, and own their

wants, and their utter inability to remove them, God freely gives faith, for the sake of Him 'in whom he is always well pleased.' Whosoever thou art, O man, who hast the sentence of death in thyself, unto thee said the Lord, not, 'Do this, perfectly obey all my commands, and live;' but, 'Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.'" — *History of Methodism, Vol. 2.*

[Original.]

WITNESSING FOR JESUS.

BY D. F. N.

"Never fear! 'Stand up for Jesus!'
Speak to all of his sweet name,
Tell them of his great salvation,
All his wondrous love proclaim!
Peace and pardon, grace and glory,
Through the Precious Dying Lamb!"
"Ye are my witnesses."

READER, do you witness for Christ? not only by a holy walk and godly conversation, but by word of mouth? But, says brother C., "If we live as humble, devoted Christians, we shall not need to inform the world that we have attained sanctification! Furthermore, he more than intimates, that definite, personal testimony of God's dealings with our souls tends to pride, self-exaltation, self-glorying. Is this so? Where does our brother gain this information? — from the Bible? Let us look at this question a moment. Proud is he? the sanctified soul proud? puffed up? egotistical? What makes him proud? because he declares publicly what God has done for his soul, humbly, meekly, God-fearingly? Is he proud, because he testifies before his brethren of God's special goodness in delivering him from the bondage of sin and death? because the Lord hath inclined his ear unto him, heard his cry; brought him up out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set his feet on a rock, established his goings, put a new song in his mouth, even praise to God? filled him with love, all the fullness of God? Is the brother proud for testi-

fying thus to God's special mercy? Then David, the Psalmist, was a very proud man, for who testified more frequently and definitely to his personal salvation? "Come, and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul." Psalm lxvi., 13. Whole psalms are filled, *overflowingly*, with personal gratulations to God for his redeeming, sanctifying grace. He calls upon all heaven, all earth, all nature; things animate and inanimate to bow the listening ear to the voice of his thanksgivings to God, for his superabounding mercy in his personal salvation and sanctification. See Psalms xviii., xxiii., xxvii., xxx., xxxiv., cxvi. "I will pay my vows," says he, "unto the Lord, now, in the presence of all his people," *Psa. cxvi., 14.* If referring publicly to God's special merciful dealings to our own soul's welfare be indicative of pride, self-conceit, self-seeking, then the holy prophets were among the proud ones; — for which of God's most faithful prophets did not witness publicly to his own personal deliverances through the strength and wisdom of the Most High? Take a single instance in Isaiah xii. This whole chapter is made up *exclusively* of personal testimony.

Was Paul, the apostle, proud, puffed up with self-conceit, or vain glorying, because he testified that he *knew* in whom he believed; that he was dead to sin and alive to God; that the blood of Jesus Christ, God's dear Son, cleanseth from all sin? In every epistle the apostles testified, more or less, to God's saving, sanctifying grace in their own special deliverance. Did those personal testimonies make them proud? The primitive disciples, filled with joy and peace in believing, must have been among the proudest, for who testified more frequently and definitely of God's goodness to them? They went *every* where declaring what God had done for their souls. This personal testimony was the great burden of their message; the sum and substance of their preaching.

And marvellously did God bless these witnessings for Christ in the salvation of multitudes. On every suitable occasion Paul made special reference to God's merciful, all-conquering grace in his own salvation.

When brought before his enemies, a persecuting Sanhedrim, what his plea, his defence? God's dealings with his *own* soul, his conviction, conversion, justification and sanctification. Turn to Acts xxii.,—how readest thou? See also his defence before King Agrippa, in Acts xxvi. Mark, moreover, the tenor of his epistles, how frequently, pointedly, and definitely he alludes to his own experience, his firm faith, his entire consecratedness to God and his cause, his deadness and crucifixion to the world, his temperance in all things, his example of purity and consistency, the bright, seraphic, glorious manifestations of God to his soul, his translation to the third heaven, hearing and seeing things unspeakable. Surely, Paul, in accordance with the reasonings of our opposers, must have been a very proud man! filled with vain boasting and self-conceit.

What especially kindled a continued *flame* of holy love in the souls of Wesley, Fletcher, Bramwell, Lady Maxwell, Lady Huntingdon, Hester A. Rodgers, Carvosso, James B. Taylor, President Edwards, and a host of worthies, whose bright example of holy living and usefulness cause angels to rejoice? One special cause of the increased and perpetual kindlings of this holy fire was their meek and humble testimony, their frequent allusions to the cleansing, purifying efficacy of Christ's blood, in their own redemption and sanctification. The beloved, godly, courteous, modest, refined, pure-minded Fletcher lost the blessing of perfect love four times, successively, by yielding to the tempter, the promptings of the evil one to close his lips, hush the question of personal, definite testimony.

Look abroad, behold numerous cases, heartrendingly grievous! Churches, insti-

tutions, and individuals, once on the mount, enjoying the inner life, the baptism pentecostal, the redeeming, purifying, sanctifying grace, where are they now? O where? with harps on the willows? the light in them darkness? What the cause of this beginning in the Spirit, and now being made perfect by the flesh? They yielded to temptation, the artful stratagem of the devil. They neglected or refused to witness for Christ, "stand for Jesus," obey the positive precept, "Open thy mouth wide and I will fill it." Christ says, "Ye are my witnesses." How? By our godly walk?—our meek, modest humility? by keeping a conscience void of offence towards men? by doing justly, loving mercy, walking humbly, providing things honest in the sight of all men? Is this all? "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation."

"Whoso offereth praise glorifieth me."

Beloved, will you suffer Satan to rob you of this jewel of jewels, by holding your peace?

The special benefits, the happy, glorious results of this definite, personal testifying to the efficacious power of Jesus' blood to save to the uttermost are numerous. We specify a few.

1. It is a fatal thrust at the head of the serpent. Nothing tends more directly to thwart the machinations of the devil, than the humble testimony of the sanctified soul. Satan is resisted, defeated, and God's grace magnified.

2. It strengthens the heart, spiritually; increases faith, hope, and love. Every time we witness for Christ, publicly, meekly and humbly, we gain renewed spiritual strength.

3. Instead of puffing up with pride or self-glorying, the relating what great things God has done for us tends to self-abasement, the grace of humility, humble adoration and praise.

4. It is a great blessing to others, encourages and strengthens the weak disciple, the doubting and hesitating. The Psalmist says, "My soul shall make her boast in the Lord, the humble shall hear thereof and be glad."

Again, this witnessing for Christ, testifying to his redeeming, sanctifying grace, is a positive duty. God commands it: "Let us hold fast the profession of our faith, without wavering." Mark, "the PROFESSION of our faith." We omit this duty at our peril. Beloved brother, sister, will you suffer the cry of egotism, pride, self-conceit, self-glorying, or any other cry, to rob you of this privilege? So long as you walk softly, keep a conscience void of offence, abstain from all appearance of evil, aim to please God in all things? The holy prophets ceased not this personal, definite testimony; David did not; the early disciples did not hold their peace; Paul did not; he positively declared that no man should close his lips in publicly witnessing to God's superabounding mercy to his soul. It was a blessing to him, a blessing to others. Even the wicked King Agrippa was almost persuaded to be a Christian, by hearing Paul testify to the efficacy of Jesus' blood to save to the uttermost. Brother, sister, go forward in God's strength, wisdom and grace; open your mouth wide in praise; tell to all around what great things God hath done for *your* soul; be definite; publish it; sound it out; let heaven's arches *ring*! Give God the glory, and "many shall see it, and fear, and shall trust in the Lord."

"Never be ashamed of Jesus—
'Glory ever in His Cross;'
Count it most exalted honor
To advance His blessed cause;—
Hallowed honors, untold blessings
Cluster round the Saviour's cross!"

Stand upon the edge of this world, ready to take wing,—having your feet on earth, your eyes and heart in heaven.
— *Wesley*.

REPENTANCE.

[Translated from the German of Luther.]

"Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound."

Almighty God! I call to thee,
By shame and anguish shaken;
Incline thy gracious ear to me,
And leave me not forsaken;
For who, that feels the power within
Of past remorse and present sin,
Can stand, O Lord, before thee!

On thee alone my stay I place,
All human help rejecting,
Relying on thy sovereign grace—
Thy sovereign aid expecting;
I rest upon thy sacred word,
That thou 't repulse me not, O Lord,
Who to thy mercy flee.

And though I travail all the night,
And travail all the morrow,
My trust is in Jehovah's might—
My triumph in my sorrow;
Forgetting not that thou of old
Didst Israel, though weak, uphold—
When weakest, thou most loving.

For though my sinfulness is great,
Redeeming grace is greater!
And though all hell should lie in wait,
Supreme is my Creator;
For he my king and shepherd is,
And when most helpless, most I'm his,
My strength and my Redeemer!

RICHES OF CHRIST.—"It is the property of infinite *depth*, rather than infinite *variety*, that suggests the expression of the unsearchable riches of Christ. I do not say that, by drinking deep into the doctrine of the atonement, you draw up novelties of truth, or are enabled thereby to give faith novelties of statement. We cannot see the thing differently or higher than it was; but we may feel it differently and feel it indefinitely higher than we did at first."— *Chalmers*.

CHRISTIANITY.—"I desire that in judging of Christianity, it may be remembered that the question lies between this religion and none; for if the Christian religion be not credible, no one, with whom we have to do, will support the pretensions of any other."— *Paley*.

[Original.]

SECRET PRAYER.

BY MRS. E. R. WELLS.

THAT the great God *allows* sinful mortals audience, and communes with men, is indeed marvellous and beyond finite comprehension. That he not only allows, but *invites* our coming, is a condescension unfathomed and infinite. That he *directs* the manner of such approach, is evidence of wisdom unerring. To "pray without ceasing," is at once the privilege and duty of all. To have the heart always in unison with God and in the true spirit of devotion, to have its aspirations continually Godward, is the miracle of Christ's religion. But this, alone, is not sufficient for man's necessity; this, alone, satisfies not his longing for intimate communion. To meet this demand the Saviour said, "But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret, and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly." This command has its origin in infinite wisdom, and is worthy of its source.

The *sacredness* of the closet evinces the wisdom of its institution; unholy motives may prompt to prayer in the family, the social circle and elsewhere, but here, nought but love for "Him who seeth in secret," and desire to be like him, leads to devotion; not that it is impossible to pray in secret from less and more grovelling motives, but it is not often done. The soul *feels* that none but God is near, and there can be no object in concealment or insincerity. In its approach it seems to challenge the Omniscient Eye, "Search me, and try me and see if there be any evil way in me." His closest scrutiny is craved, and the soul seems to seek the searchings of the Spirit, — Scan my being, go down into the deepest fathom of my heart, weigh motive and desire, and see if I do not love thee; prove me whether I love thee not more than all beside, and if evil exist,

if love is not made pure, "lead me in the way everlasting." O! there is *one place* this side the death-bed where sincerity reigns, where the world is lost to vision, and God and eternity loom up to view; where things temporal give place to things eternal, and the carnal is lost in the Divine. In this holy of holies, sacred to converse with the great I Am, revelations of celestial light and glory often ravish the soul, until, changing from glory to glory, as by the Spirit of God, it becomes, through fellowship with that Spirit, a king and priest unto God.

Its *seclusion* is another evidence of wisdom. We all have desires and purposes which ought not to be expressed in the hearing of others. We are commanded "In *everything* by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving to make our requests known unto God." With all our cares, our minutest concerns, we go to the private place of prayer. Our business, family trials, neighborly connections in "*everything*," we "make our requests known unto God." Here in this secluded, sacred retreat, our burthened souls pour themselves out in prayer; here we tell "Him who seest in secret," all our hearts. Our petty cares and annoyances, which so much perplex and grieve the spirit, we would hardly feel free even to rehearse to a friend, yet with filial confidence we may spread them out before Him who knows every pang of the human heart; we can recount each trial while he numbers every tear. None so small and valueless as not to engage his eye and ear; none so insignificant, if it be source of annoyance to a single believing soul, that does not receive his ready sympathy. And here we receive strength to endure, and as we plead for wisdom to battle in the sterner conflicts, to meet the more stirring events of life, as we ask and supplicate for the baptism of power to wage more manfully and victoriously the war of antagonism against Error and Infidelity, against Formalism and Death; we feel the *seclusion* of the

closet a glorious means of strength, enabling us to *urge* our suit, to never desist until we receive the blessing.

The neglect or observance of secret prayer is a true index of the heart's religious state. The words of the command, "But thou, *when thou prayest,*" leave the frequency of the duty to our sense of want or desire of communion to the promptings of love and obedience. Other religions have prescribed rules: Mahommed enjoins certain times each day when his followers shall pray, but prayer with the Christian is a voluntary service. Like a kind parent our heavenly Father allows us to come at all times when our hearts are free to approach him. But though the "times and seasons" of prayer are left to our own choice, every Christian feels that regularity and several stated seasons each day, can alone meet the demands of conscience. David said, "evening, morning and at noon will I pray and cry aloud;" and Daniel three times a day bowed before God. Eminent Christians in all ages have been faithful in the closet, and it is essential that every one should have his prescribed rules in this regard, and we believe the Holy Spirit writes the number of times each day "upon every truly awakened heart," that *he shall pray.*

Now it is necessary that we shall assume as an obligation and *rule of life*, what we feel to be our duty. If no *system* is practised, other duties pressing about us, will crowd upon this, until frequent will be the days without prayer. It is wisdom to specify the *number of times* and the *hours* each day when we shall go before God, and let *nothing prevent.* Better let company tarry and pleasures delay; better let the body hunger and lack apparelling, than the soul fail to commune with God at its accustomed hour. Here is our daily food; we shall pine and grow sickly with an irregular diet. The hour devoted to closet duties is *sacred, consecrated time*; it belongs to God and the soul, and we have no *right* to use it for

any other purpose, unless seclusion is wholly impracticable. O! that every professed Christian felt the force of this truth, how many sadly neglected closets would be visited, and how many weak, inefficient professors become strong in the Lord!

But there are other times than these, when we should pray. In the midst of trial and perplexity extreme, when we know not what to do or which way to turn for relief; in times of loss of health or property, we should be much in prayer. In bereavement, when the overcharged heart is bursting for very grief, when earth looks dark and heaven bright, when our grasp upon the world is loosened and we turn instinctively to the cross, O! *then* is the time to pray; how near heaven to such a soul, and joy and gladness of spirit is *then* to be found in the place of prayer. And, beside, there are times when the Spirit prompts to prayer, when we feel urged to it, when we are restless and unsatisfied without it, when we feel just like it; this a *glorious time* to pray. Then it is we lay hold on strength, and our name, so long Jacob, is changed to Israel, because as a Prince we prevail with God.

The Saviour adds a *motive* to the command that is, in itself, full of significance: "Thy Father which seeth in secret shall *reward thee openly.*" As if the blessing there received, the light and joy, the peace and salvation which must ever flow from communion with God, was not sufficient inducement for so little sacrifice, for such a slight test of affection and obedience, he promises an *open reward.* Knowing our frailty He tenders more encouragement and promise than He enjoins service or devotion. Blessed Saviour! how full of love and mercy to an ungrateful world; as if the *privilege* was not sufficient, He adds inducement of open blessing as a reward!

But what is this open reward? Go into that Christian assemblage. Listen to testimony from the friends of Jesus. Many speak, but no visible emotion; all else is

quiet as the house of death. Intelligent, liberally endowed by nature and acquirement, and yet all is cold and rational; sentiments beautiful and strong are expressed, but all is emotionless and unimpassioned. But, hark! a voice is heard telling of the great salvation. It comes from a timid, shrinking female, unendowed, illiterate and obscure, one of Christ's little ones. With tones of pathos and words of power that audience is enchained, and the eloquence of a heart made pure, and of lips touched with holy fire, melts and subdues, sways and controls that mass of mind until the formal are aroused to thought, the backslidden tremble, the sinner feels the force of truth, and saints shout aloud for joy. Why this difference? This *power with men is the open reward of much secret prayer.*

Come again to that assembly met for prayer. Men of high social position, of literary fame and scientific research, mingle with the artisan and humble poor. Prayer ascends, but all is marble coldness, no visible result. The fire on the altar burns dimly, the holy censer lies smouldering by without perfume, the breath of God comes not reviving its decaying life, a deathly slumber reigns, and a form, a semblance of life, is all that speaks of true devotion. The prayers are *said*, and the hour to part approaches. But from yon corner audible sighs and groans are heard, such as only the Holy Ghost can inspire; detached ejaculations and increasing supplications follow. Listen! that heart is getting hold of God; that soul knows the way to the throne: soon the earnest lengthened cry is heard: "I will not let thee go unless thou bless us." Ah! it is the cry of one who finds no medium between a friendly access at the throne of grace and the agonies of the lowest hell. Surely that man has audience with Deity! Words come from those lips which they would never dare to utter, but for the inward intercessions of the Spirit—words of determined entreaty, of unyielding import. And now has "it

come to pass that the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force." Hear him as faith enkindles, see it as it fastens upon the immutable word; that word which is pledged to answer prayer. Surely he will prevail, all heaven is interested in the issue, and awaits the result. Now, desperate, he clings, fastens, clings to the word and

"Faith, mighty faith the promise sees,
And looks to that alone;
Laughs at impossibilities,
And cries, It shall be done."

And, quick as thought, the baptism of power descends; strong men bow themselves, and hardened hearts melt like wax before the flame. Ah! the philosophers, in their prayers, had tried to fly, but in this humble prayer the prophet was carried away by the Spirit. Why is this? *The power to prevail with God is the open reward of much secret prayer.*

Note you that man so calm and self-possessed, patient under injury, bearing the infirmities of the weak? Or him to whom lean and haggard poverty comes in at open door, "rejoicing always and in everything giving thanks?" Or he upon whom disease fastens, and with lengthened train of ill takes up its abode within his dwelling, with heavenly sweetness in his tone, and joy and gladness beaming from his eye, and mild submission reigning in his heart? Hear you him who follows the loved ones of his heart and home to the village of the dead, exclaiming, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord?" Do you wonder at these scenes? they are true to the philosophy of the Bible; they are simply the *open reward of much secret prayer.*

St. Albans, Vt.

INJURIES.—"No one ever did a designed injury to another, but at the same time he did a much greater to himself."
—Bp. Butler.

[Original.]

THE INVALID.

A LETTER FROM ONE WHO HAS BEEN SHUT UP TO HER ROOM FOR YEARS WITH ONLY A FEW OPPORTUNITIES OF BEING OUT.

My Dear Friend:—Shall I tell you something of the dealings of God with me since I saw you? I can say that I have enjoyed a more perfect rest in God than ever before, for such a length of time,—a rest which excludes all unbelief, doubt, distrust, uneasiness, or trouble of any kind. You have heard something of the outward trials which I have had within a year, and the grief of mind they caused me to endure, but I can assure you, out of them all the Lord has delivered me, as far as trying me is concerned.

I was often sweetly comforted in the midst of them. At one time it seemed as if God said to me, "I will bring you through all, and set you upon a rock." And, blessed be his holy name, he has done it. I will praise him, and keep humble at his feet. I have not had such great manifestations from on high to cause as great ecstasy of joy as in former times, but have had such a *deep sinking into God*—being made a partaker of the divine nature—such a consciousness that I was holy, and united to God, as I cannot describe.

When little things would come, such as the trials of others, it seemed as if I was forbidden by the Holy Spirit to be troubled, but by simple faith referred them immediately to Christ—thus bear up others to the throne. Jesus sweetly assured me that he bore all my cares, and that I might present the sorrows of others also, and he would bear them all. Oh, what use we may make of Jesus. A few days ago, it was impressed upon my mind that I was enjoying a foretaste of heaven. I then thought of what the happiness of heaven consisted. One item was, "neither sorrow nor crying." This has been my ex-

perience the past winter, and surely it is something akin to heaven.

I do not think I am exempt from fierce temptations, and outward trials which may cause grief, but I will praise God for all the past, acknowledge his goodness in the present, leave the future with him, and, with the poet, say,—

"If, on a quiet sea,
Tow'rd heaven we calmly sail,
With grateful hearts, O God, to thee,
We'll own the fav'ring gale.

But should the surges rise,
And rest delay to come,
Blest be the sorrow, kind the storm,
Which drives us nearer home."

Yours in Jesus,

E. J. H.

[Original.]

THE SPIRIT'S SUGGESTIONS.

BY ZARENA.

"Then the Spirit said unto Philip, Go near and join thyself to this chariot. And Philip ran thither to him, and heard him read the prophet Esaias, and said, Understandest thou what thou readest?"—Acts viii., 29, 30.

DID the Spirit at that time speak plainer to Philip than it does to Christians in these days? Often the thought comes, "Do this" or "do that;" may it not come as directly from the same Spirit?

But how often, alas! these suggestions pass unheeded, and thus bring dearth, spiritual darkness, to the soul that refuses obedience.

Had Philip resembled some of the Christians of the present day, who follow Christ "afar off," he would probably have thought, "His rank is high, his station above mine, he goes in his carriage, he is one of Candace's noblemen; anything I could say would have no effect; I can do him no good; he would scorn to receive counsel from me." Thus false humility would keep him back. Rather let me call it pride; for such reasoning not only implies a want of true humility, but is an evidence of real pride, and shows also very great lack of trust. Meek, trusting lowliness of mind would manifest

itself by hastening forward (even though it should tumble at first), saying, "I know Thou wilt strengthen me," and thus gather courage and resolution as it went on its way. Not offending its Master, as did Moses. His anger was kindled against Moses, because he lacked confidence in God. Moses, no doubt, supposed he had no confidence in himself, but it was his Maker in whom he lacked confidence, when he said, "I am not eloquent." And often, if we would search our hearts, we would find the feelings we mistake for humility, and distrust of self, to be, in reality, distrust of our blessed Saviour, who has said, "My strength is made perfect in weakness;" "My grace is sufficient for thee." But Philip, probably, did not stop to think about the suggestion until the chariot passed him. It might have been some distance in advance when the suggestion came, and he ran to overtake the Ethiopian. He does not think the distance a sufficient excuse to detain him; or, that it would be unmanly, not dignified, were he to run to him.

Perhaps, were we to see the same act now, we should think him insane, or, at least, very foolish to run after a carriage as though life depended upon it and perhaps *eternal life* would be the consequence, as was in this case. We would not think strange to see one running with his utmost speed to overtake a carriage, if we knew the occupant was unconsciously driving where he would soon come to a precipice, and be dashed down ere he could see his danger. How much more should we care for the soul, which lives or dies forever.

When a suggestion comes to us to go speak to this or that one, we want time to consider what we ought to say and how approach them; how bring the message so as not to appear abrupt; the simple words the Spirit gives, we think, need some extra clothing, some varnishing over that we may gain a little praise for the message. We are afraid they may despise

us if we give it just as we received it. Ashamed to speak the words the Spirit gives, they are too commonplace. But Oh, they are the ones to be blessed, the only ones. God's power must be seen and felt in the use of the simple means. "God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise," "that no flesh should glory in his presence," 1 Cor. i., 27-29. All must acknowledge it to be the Spirit's work, for the simple words used could have no effect of themselves.

Philip waited not for words; said not "I have nothing prepared to say; I believe it is not the Spirit's suggestion, for I have nothing to say." No, when he receives the suggestion to go, he hurries on. If he is mistaken as to its being the Spirit that called, he can find it out when he reaches him; he will at least put himself in the way where he can deliver a message if it is given him. He will *trust* for the message, and lo, when he reaches the spot, he hears the very words read that are so precious to his own soul, the blessed fifty-third chapter of Isaiah. Immediately the promise is fulfilled. He came determined to open his mouth, trusting to have it filled, and how is he led, immediately, into the most delightful conversation. And his listener is converted, baptized the same day, and they now sing praises together, and shout hallelujah to God and the Lamb. O, bless the Lord, bless his holy name, that we may trust him! trust for direction in duty, and for strength to perform it. He will direct and strengthen us, if we only trust him. He not only permits us the inestimable privilege, but has made it our duty to trust him. "But of him are ye in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption; that, according as it is written, he that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord," 1 Cor. i., 30, 31.

Let us not be forgetful hearers of the word, but doers also. As Philip followed the Spirit, let us go and do likewise. The

power is not in the words, but in the Spirit accompanying them. Let us be led by that Spirit; not *driven*, no; let us be guided by his tender eye, like a little child that looks to its parent's eye for approval or disapproval. The sweet promise is, "I will instruct thee, and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go; I will guide thee with mine eye. Be ye not as the horse or as the mule, which have no understanding, whose mouth must be held in with bit and bridle." Ps. xxxii., 8, 9.

Perhaps the above may sound as though the writer thought every suggestion ought to be immediately followed. But that is far from her thoughts. The writer is one of those who has many suggestions, but has found, as we are not to follow every impression, we may try them by the *Word*.

We have this sure promise, "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him. But let him ask in faith, nothing wavering. For he that wavereth is like a wave of the sea driven with the wind and tossed. For let not that man think he shall receive anything of the Lord." James i., 5—7.

HINDRANCES TO PRAYER.—1. Want of a steadfast belief in God's promises.

2. Prevalence of a worldly spirit.

3. Want of sincerity in our desires.

4. Want of due regard to God's glory.

5. Want of consistent, appropriate action on our part.

6. Want of reliance on the atonement and intercession of Christ.

We see why so many prayers are unanswered.

SPEAKING FOR CHRIST.—He that has the happy talent for parlor preaching, has sometimes done more for Christ and souls, in the space of a few moments, than by the labor of hours and days in the usual course of preaching in the pulpit.—*Dr. Watts.*

(Original.)

ASBURY.

Suggested by reading the "Pioneer Bishop."

BY ENOLA.

Down through the vista of the past,
A glorious light is streaming,
Which through long years of deep'ning gloom,
Shone for the world's redeeming.

It lingers still, though years have fled,
And *Asbury* sings above;
A beacon-light of purity,
Of holiness and love!

Oh, ye who stand on Zion's walls,
As that pure light you see,
Rouse all your Heaven-born energies—
Work for eternity!

Raise high your lamps of Gospel truth,
That o'er the land afar,
Their light may be to groping souls,
A glorious, guiding star.

A guiding star that *still shall shine,*
When on a *silent breast,*
Your weary, aching hands are clasped
Forevermore at rest.

Then shall your souls before the "Throne,"
Heaven's richest anthem swell,
With those who, with their armor on,
And "nobly fighting—fell!"

Oh, Earth! amid thy noble sons,
To memory ever dear,
The name of "*Asbury*" enroll,
In letters bright and clear!

For, oh! methinks it *were not strange,*
If, in yon realm of song,
Should *Asbury's* "crown of glory" shine
Brightest amid the throng!
Wilbraham, May 27th, 1859.

HEAVEN,—"There objects are exactly suited to the highest tendencies of the mind. There our social feelings will find uninterrupted enjoyment. Our intellectual faculties will be ever employed on subjects of the utmost sublimity and grandeur. Our moral sentiments will be gratified with an unceasing supply of spiritual beauty. Every desire of the soul, when in Heaven, will receive an instantaneous supply. This combination of activity and enjoyment, without weariness or imperfection, constitutes the unequalled superiority of this heavenly felicity."—*Robt. Hall.*

[Selected.]

NATURE AND EXTENT OF
SANCTIFICATION.

BY REV. J. E. JOYNER.

THE righteous, the holy soul must be active, it cannot be still. An hour's stillness of the soul, an hour of moral inactivity, of the absence of righteous action in an onward, a heavenward direction, would corrupt the very fountain of its being. "The water of life itself would stagnate in such a pool." The well of water in the Christian must be a *springing* well, not a still stagnant pool; but a well of water, living water, springing up unto eternal life. God, by his Holy Spirit, sanctifies us that we may be *active* in holiness. Indeed, our sanctification cannot be retained without unremitting activity in works of holy righteousness, so that, thereby, our whole natures may be resolved into perfect harmony with the spirit and law of God; and the devout soul sweetly reposes all the elements of its sanctified nature in loving obedience to, and an unwavering confidence in the faithful goodness and love of God; a confidence, which as calmly and firmly trusts Him in the dark and inscrutable providences through which he may be called to pass, as in the clearest light of His *perceived* smiles; a confidence which abides the beating waves of adversity while they darkly roll in most threatening aspects upon him, as well as in the river's unruffled surface or in the cheering rays of prosperity's brightest sun; a confidence, which amidst persecution's hottest rage, can "stand still and see the salvation of God."

Sanctification, then, I understand to be composed thus: By a covenanted *consecration* on our part, and a covenanted *acceptance* on the part of God. Consecration is to be performed, personally, by each respective individual; and consists in a free, calm, deliberate and solemn act, in which we formally and truly, in our hearts, resign our will wholly unto God in

all things, great and small, now and forever. This act of holy consecration extends to all that we are in ourselves, and to all that we possess or call our own. The act is, therefore, an entire and unreserved surrender of all; of our will, affections and desires; of our minds, talents, time, words and thoughts; of our bodies, our health and our peace; our substance, our houses, lands, servants, money and influence; our families, our husband, wife, children, must all be placed upon the altar of sacrifice so that we will not use or enjoy any of these, nor even *desire* any enjoyment in connection with them, in any manner whatever, contrary to the will of God.

In this deliberate and wholly resigned state of our entire being and substance, in the exercise of a firm but humble faith, we make the offering through our blessed Mediator, we lay our gift upon the altar, relying upon the blood of atonement; upon the merits of Jesus Christ for its acceptance; at the same time pledging ourselves, solemnly, to perform faithfully and perfectly, in everything, our part of the proposed covenant; and in thus performing our part of this holy obligation, we must look to and trust in God alone for light and strength to perform it; for we have no strength to do any good thing without Him.

God, on his part, when, in the fulness of our hearts, we make this sacrifice—the sacrifice of our whole selves—in the exercise of simple, resigned and submissive faith, accepts the offering, accepts us in Christ, applies the efficacy of atoning blood, saves to the uttermost from all indwelling sin; cleanses us from all moral filthiness of flesh and spirit, and seals us as the accepted heirs of his kingdom; seals us with his royal signet, and writes on our purified soul his own name, his *new* name, his new *best* name, his new best name of LOVE; breathes into the soul his own loving nature, and impresses upon it his own pure image of love; and witness-

ses, by his Holy Spirit with our spirit, that we are wholly his; that our offering has been, is accepted, through the Beloved, and re-assures us of his ancient pledge to be our God, and that we shall be his people, and that he "will keep us by his power through faith unto eternal life." And assures us, also, of perfect protection and of all needed help and support, in all the scenes of trial and danger through which we may be called to pass in our pilgrimage to the better land.

Now the reconciliation is complete on our part. There is not, I suppose, now, one element of our entire nature that is not wholly resigned to and in perfect harmony with the will and ways of God. And God having been previously perfectly reconciled to us by the death of Christ, the union between our souls and God is complete and perfect. The fountain having been cleansed in the act of regeneration, and our faculties so far recovered as to place them under the control of our regenerated wills, and by the free and unconstrained determination of our will, we have resigned all to God — our will, with every other faculty of our being — and have given all into the hands of the Holy Spirit, to conduct and control our destinies for time and eternity. We feel, truly, "that we are not our own, but that we are God's." And now, in accordance with the devout prayer of the Apostle, we may truly be said to be *sanctified wholly*, and having been thus wholly consecrated to God, we now commit all our ways and all our faculties to the keeping, to the conduct of the Holy Spirit, that our "whole soul, and spirit, and body may be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ."

In this gracious state of things in regard to our souls, God not only accepts us in Christ, and assures us of the blessed fact; but, by his Holy Spirit, takes up his abode in our hearts, and becomes the source and spring of all our thoughts, affections and desires, and of all our emo-

tions. Thus all receive their complexion from him. In them all *some aspect* of the character of God is seen; some likeness to him is impressed on every act of the holy soul. The graces of the divine Spirit have now reached a state of maturity, in which the soul is conscious of nothing contrary to perfect humility and perfect love; but has a delightful *consciousness* of a fulness of love to God, active and warm; a fire ever burning upon the altar, a perpetual, living sacrifice, ever consuming in its own hallowed flame. A sweet consciousness of love to *all* men, to all God's creatures, and especially to those who hate and despise us, our enemies. This is one of the surest tests of *perfect love* — "love your enemies."

Thus thoroughly furnished unto every good word and work, the soul truly starts upon a *new*, a higher life; a higher, and broader, and brighter sphere of action. Pride, anger, and self-will; the love of the world, strife and divisions; in a word, no unhallowed affection remains to weigh down and impede the growth of the sanctified soul; but freed from the last taint of the carnal mind, and *all* sinful affinities, it now mounts up to Heaven and holiness, its only congenial element, and mingles mysteriously with God, and *experiences*, perfectly, in its proper and sanctified sense, that "he that dwells in love, dwells in God, and God in him" for — "God is Love." In us, now, there is a strange, but glorious identity of our nature with God's. There is no contrariety, no opposing element; our *wills* run smoothly and sweetly in the same holy channel with *his*, and the sacred harmony seems complete, while our *souls* have perfect peace. — *Richmond Christian Advocate.*

SUFFERING WITH CHRIST. — Shall I not be ashamed of the roses around my brow, when I see him and all the princes of his kingdom, with the crown of thorns? — *Tholuck.*

Original.

THE ANGER OF CHRIST.

BY A STUDENT.

"And He looked around about upon them with anger, being grieved for the hardness of their hearts." — Bible.

If it had been written of Jesus anywhere, that "he looked around" upon any one, or ones, "with anger," being incensed at their despiteful usage of him, how would it mar his character in our sight. The perfection of his human character, according to his own law, would be broken. But as it is, we are not able to discover any discrepancy between his own human manifestation and his divine law, in the expression, "He looked with anger, being grieved at the hardness of their hearts." He was grieved from a cause separate from his own personal interests; his anger was a feeling and look of strong disapproval of the state of obtuseness and insusceptibility which he found them in, on spiritual subjects. That look of anger, from Jesus, had no shadow of vindictiveness in it, it seems to me; and yet it had a deep earnestness which made their souls quake, on whom he looked. They felt it must be what they were deeply at fault for, that should give such a look of grief mingled with blame, to the benign countenance of their great Master. It was not any direct infliction that they feared, it was something more incomprehensible, more awful, which might be remediless, which had philosophical bearings of a woful kind that could not be evaded. That look, with the words that accompanied it, must have roused their souls effectually, so that from that hour they must have shaken off some of the weights of worldliness by which they had been kept so near the earth as to give an earthly meaning to everything they heard from his blessed lips.

But it may be asked, can the followers of Jesus allow themselves to be angry? Can we venture to be as He was in all things? If we were sure of being just as he was, we could have

nothing to fear. But have we that balance of mind that would ensure us that we should not go too far in our just indignation, until it might become a snare to ourselves? Our souls are regulated, if we have been perfected in his love; but they are weak yet. The loss of equilibrium, which we lived in so long, has induced too much strength in some elements of our minds, and too much weakness in others. Are we safe in allowing an element to operate which is very liable to go to excess? Not to any extent, compared to the just occasion it may have. We do not let dangerous elements have all the fuel which rightly belongs to them, lest they run beyond their bounds, and invade regions that do not belong to them.

Our look of anger should be like that of a forgiven child deplorably speaking of the continued wickedness of its companions in the same condemnation in which it once had part.

But we need sometimes to use authority, and even denunciation; to tell not only what God will do, but what we will do in his strength, with a determination that comes from the depths of our being, when we see the principles of righteousness infringed upon by those under our control. This we can do without agitating our own souls unnaturally, or unrighteously. And so can we vindicate the rights of others with a resoluteness, a disapproval of wrong, that will make perverted views and unreasonable assertions desire to hide their heads.

There is a reaction which strong expressions have upon ourselves, and which have a tendency to unsettle our own minds, though the emotions which gave them rise may be entirely in God's order, and in a degree that could not be evil. This we have need to guard against, lest the expression of the first feeling, which was right, might produce further excitement that is too intense.

But it may be asked again, has not the

sanctified heart a guaranty against all such liability? It has a guaranty against the excitement of that anger which would return evil for evil; that would harm a hair of the head, or a feeling of the heart, of the greatest enemy. But it would be a very imperfect state to be in, where the power of disapproval is gone. We should be verily guilty in the sight of God, if we should let some things pass without strong disapproval; and this same element of disapproval is the element of anger. It is the *degree* that we are to look to. But will not grace regulate this degree? It will; yet not always without our own agency; but if we are in the grace of full redemption, we are sure of the Divine presence to prompt us to the use of that agency which will secure the best state of mind on any given occasion: And yet as long as we are free moral agents, we have the power to go too fast, before we stop to consult the divine counsel, accurately. Here lies the danger. We need that superadded degree of the Divine presence which shall overawe us, so that we may not move too fast.

I think a sanctified person has no disposition left to be a zealous advocate of himself. He only wishes to disabuse the minds of others of any wrong impressions they may have of his character, principles, and feelings; and that, more to save them from the evil effects of their wrong impressions, than for his own honor. It is very pleasant for one to feel that he is justly estimated. Man has a regard for his own honor, and ought to have. Yet this regard is subservient. The holy man has One to vindicate him who will bring all things right, ere long; and his own heart, being conscious of its righteousness, its uprightness, nothing can make it faint for lack of human honor, or a just estimation by mortals. He feels that the just estimation of God, and all holy beings living in clear light, is secured to him; and this is more than the good opinion of millions of minds in the twilight of this world. He is al-

ways sure of the right understanding of a few who live nearest to God. He could be satisfied with these to approve him, if there were no more on earth. So the stimulus to anger, for himself, is taken away.

June, 1859.

(Original.)

THE UNION OF THE VINE AND BRANCHES. THE FRUITS OF THE SPIRIT, ITS RESULT.

BY MRS. A. P. J.

"I am the vine, ye are the branches; every branch in me that beareth not fruit, He taketh away; and every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth it that it may bear more fruit." — John 15.

THERE are several important truths comprised in this scripture, the first of which is Christian union, or the oneness of the saint and the Saviour. First not only in order but in value, because of its vital import to the salvation of the soul. Is not much of the delinquency of believers in the present day attributable to the slight or deficient view that many have of the nature, nearness, and necessity of this union? As to its nature, it is evidently spiritual union, and its necessity is equally evident. "For if any man have not the spirit of Christ he is none of his." (Rom. viii. 9.) But who can portray the nearness of this union. No simile could have been more expressive of the oneness of the saint and the Saviour. The branches are essentially a part of the vine. The same sap which is the life of the vine, flows freely into the branches, and the continual flux and reflux of the sap of the vine into the branches, and from the branches back to the vine, is a beautiful figure of the constant communion of spirit which exists in the heart of the believer when in a state of full Christian union. There are several collateral facts in connection with this state, which are also evident and inevitable, and which must be apparent to all reflective minds who are really in search after truth. The soul that has been brought

into this state must be holy, not by its own merits, but by virtue of its unity with holiness. For, as in the figure chosen to illustrate this fact, the Spirit of Christ is represented as flowing into the believer, and the sap that flows into the branches being of the same kind as that in the vine, the branches must necessarily partake of the same nature; and as the Spirit of Christ is a holy spirit, or rather the Holy Spirit, the spirit of the believer in true union with him must also be holy; "For he that is joined to the Lord is one spirit." (1st Cor. vi. 17.) And if this union produces the same spirit, it will bear the same fruit also. It follows then, as a necessary result, that the fruit borne in believers will bear a resemblance to that of Him on whom they have believed. In this sense we may understand the Saviour's words, "He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also." And his work is very apparent. He went about doing good, did all things well, and lived holy, harmless, and "separate from sinners." "And he that saith he abideth in him, ought himself also so to walk even as He walked." (1st Peter ii. 6.) It is by being in him, and abiding in him, that the branch is enabled to bear fruit of the right kind; for there is much spurious fruit that has a near resemblance to gospel fruit. Everything that is good will be counterfeited; but it is a blessed consideration that there is yet some true gospel gold, by which the false coin can be contrasted and detected. And he that abideth in Him shall bear much golden fruit, with the true government stamp upon it. "For he that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit." Remember that the vine bears fruit in the branches in this dispensation; for we never saw a bunch of grapes hanging on the vine, but always on the branches. And there is another fact that we must bear in mind, that the fruit borne by the branch is not for its own nourishment but for others. The leaves are necessary to the life of the tree, but

the fruit is in no way necessary to its sustenance, but is always for the nourishment of others. And that the work of the saved should correspond to the work of the Saviour, it must be of this character; for no part of his work was selfish, either in its objects or results. Consider how near in point of time was the multiplication of the loaves for the nourishment of the multitude, to that of his forty days' hunger in the wilderness. There was no selfish reservation of anything, not even his life.—"Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit, so shall ye be my disciples." (John xv. 8.) What kind of fruit is this, by which we must glorify the Father even as He did? For if it is not a pattern of his, it is not the true fruit of the vine, borne in its branches. We have his answer as to the nature of this glorious fruit in John xvii. 4. "I have glorified thee on earth; I have finished the work thou hast given me to do." "As thou hast sent me into the world, even so have I also sent them into the world. And I am glorified in them." John xvii. 10, 18. Here we see he had glorified God by doing his work, leaving no part of it unfinished; and he sends us into the world for the same purpose that he was sent into the world, to do his work; and that for this very purpose we were chosen. "I have chosen you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit," (John xv. 16) that in the same manner that he had glorified the Father, so he was glorified in them. And this fruit-bearing quality was not confined to a limited number who were appointed to especial service, but extended to every believer. "For he gave to every man his work according to their several abilities." (Mark xiii. 34; Matth. xxv. 15.) And there was a penalty attached to the non-performance of this work; for the fruitless branches were cut off, which, like the fig-tree, were not repudiated because they had no life, for the fruitless fig-tree was living and green in itself, but bore no fruit for the nourishment of others. And the unprofit-

able servant was not condemned because he wasted the grace given; but because it was buried, and not used to get more grace. Grace is given not for self-saving alone, but if it is of the right kind it imparts as much working as saving power. This work is of two kinds; that which is done in us, and that which is done through us. And though the results of these products differ, yet they proceed from the same principle. The spiritual work that is borne within us results in all the graces of the Spirit, unless we by self-will, or carnal preferences, oppose obstacles to its work. And we can do this, and remember the penalty, nothing less than the excision of the fruitless branches. Such may be saved, but it will be "so as by fire." The true fruit of the Spirit is not difficult to distinguish from its counterfeit. There will be no mistaking this Spirit, if we study His life, teachings, and example, with a true desire to mould ours upon it, and with earnest, persevering prayer for spiritual guidance. "By their fruit shall ye know them." "Now the fruits of the Spirit are these: love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, and temperance." (Gal. v. 22, 23.) To evince true spiritual union, these fruits must be after the divine pattern, otherwise our hope is an illusion, built upon a foundation of sand. Let the believer ascertain his state by contrasting his spirit with that of Christ at the crucifixion, who forgave the unparalleled injuries of the cross, and forgot his own sufferings to pray for his persecutors. Let those who are given to self-pity and self-exaction, behold this yielding up of all personal right, and the spirit in which it was done. Some think they can be with Him in his glory hereafter, without partaking of his spirit here; but he tells us, (and we must believe his word, or we do not believe on him,) that if we do not love our enemies we are no better than the heathen, and sinners, and, of course, must share their fate. Let each one examine

himself in this thing; for if we can truly love our enemies, we will not find the other requirements of the gospel hard, for this is one of the highest, as well as the most difficult, of Christian attainments. Some will forgive their enemies far enough to refrain from doing them harm, but will be rather pleased to see them fall into the same troubles that they have endured from them, at the hands of others. Now this is keeping the letter of the law, which killeth, while evading the spirit, which "giveth life."

Our love, to be the genuine fruit of spiritual union, must be like that spirit to which it is united. We dare not suppose that His love was not from the heart, and that his prayer at the cross was not sincere. He foresaw their dreadful doom, and all self-pity for his own appalling sufferings was absorbed in compassion for the greater evils they were inflicting upon themselves. We can also foresee, by faith, the same doom to those "who obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ;" and our abiding feelings, even towards those who injure us, ought to be that of tender pity, and loving desire, and faithful labor, to bring them to Him who came to save all from iniquity. "For God would have all men come to the knowledge of the truth, and be saved." And when we think how far they will be removed from the spirit of injury either to ourselves or others, when they come to the knowledge of that truth that instils love even for enemies; we should view them rather as what they may become than as what they are. And if this should not be, then their fate, more terrible than any injury they can bring upon us, should rather excite tender compassion than resentful anger. And when we recollect where we are going, we may well bear the injuries by the way. Only let us cast up our spiritual accounts, and get the faith which is the fruit of the Spirit, "which beareth witness with our spirit that we are the children of God," and by this we can cer-

tainly get the spirit of long-suffering, so that we can endure not only peaceably, but joyfully, all the trials and vicissitudes that may befall us in our pilgrim state. "For we have no abiding city here, but seek one to come." And if we realized our pilgrim state as we ought, it would incite us to the work of wrestling for that faith which is "the evidence of things not seen," that can say,

" 'Tis done, the great transaction's done,
I am my Lord's, and he is mine."

For this spiritual faith has much to do with the ability to overcome temptation. "Above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith we shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked." (Eph. v. : 16.) It also gives ability to overcome the world. "For this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." (1st John v. 4.) This divine faith differs materially from its counterfeit, human faith, which some mistake for the genuine fruit of spiritual union. Human faith is weak; it believes as long as outward things go well. But he that hath spiritual faith is neither intimidated by the frowns of the world, nor seduced by its smiles. "For whatsoever is born of God overcometh the world." If we have not this kind of faith, we can get it, for it is a fruit of that spirit which "every one that asketh receiveth." (Luke xi. 10, 13.) God is represented here as being more willing to give us his spirit than we are to give our children bread; that is, if we ask for it with a perseverance that takes no refusal, as illustrated in the parable of the importunate friend. If then, we can by this gift, get that faith which will bear us fearlessly onward amid the frowns of the world, and by which we may escape its more dangerous smiles, let us make it the business of our lives until we get it. Then we may endure as "seeing Him who is invisible," and be borne up amidst the most trying scenes, by contemplation of "the recompense of reward." For "eye hath not

seen, nor ear heard, neither hath entered into the heart of man, the things which God has prepared for them that love him." "But God hath revealed them to us by his Spirit." That is, such as have entered into spiritual union, and consequently have the light of his Spirit, such will be oftener borne up by the anticipation of the life that is to come, than cast down by the trials of "the life that now is." It also enables the sufferer to bear, without fainting, the perishing of the outward man. For such as have this Spirit, by which these glories have been revealed to the soul, may say, with Paul, "For this cause we faint not; for though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day." "For our light affliction which is but for a moment, (in comparison to the eternity of bliss that awaits us,) worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." "While we look not at the things which are seen, but those things that are not seen; for the things that are seen (among which are the trials, sufferings and vicissitudes of life,) are temporal; but the things that are not seen (the glories of heaven) are eternal." "For we know if the earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Let those who have lost their possessions here, consider that their temporary loss of houses and lands, and the loss of comforts and conveniences consequent therefrom, may be the gain of a house eternal in the heavens; if they receive Paul's injunction, in forgetting those things which are behind, and reach only for those things which are before, and "press onward to the mark of the high calling in Christ Jesus." Let the heavenly house that they are seeking, not only enable them to "cast all their earthly burdens and cares upon Him who careth for them," but let it incite them to "all diligence to make their calling and election sure." The turning of our hopes away from "the things that are seen to

the things that are not seen" also dries the mourner's tears, for we should not weep "as those who have no hope." In short, there is not a fear, nor care, nor tear, that may not be healed and hushed, as a quieted infant reposing calmly and passively upon its mother's breast. "For as one whom his mother comforteth will I comfort you, and ye shall be comforted." For the love which is the genuine fruit of the Spirit casteth out all fear, and the faith "which is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen," will enable us to repose as calmly and confidently upon the promises of God, as an infant upon its mother's breast.

What a rebuke is contained in the following scripture: "But Zion said, the Lord hath forsaken me, and my Lord hath forgotten me." "Can a woman forget her sucking child that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? yea she may forget, but I will not forget thee." "Behold I have graven thee upon the palms of my hands." This last appeal is the most touching of all, and indeed the most convincing. Behold the wounds graven in His hands for thee, O doubting believer, and see in it guerdon for all spiritual blessings, when this flesh so proudly cherished shall have been crucified by his chastisements, that he may impart the blessings of his Spirit, for the flesh always "lusteth against the Spirit," and therefore must be crucified, that you may be freed from its bondage and enjoy the unutterable blessing of spiritual liberty. Look again at his wounded palms, and say if "He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, shall not with him also freely give us all things?" What good would a mother withhold from a child? yet "if ye, being evil, know how to give good gifts, how much more will your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him." And with it he gives you "life and peace." Behold, I say again, behold these wounds, as your surety that he will also give you his Spirit.

And if you yet doubt his tender compassion, behold him praying for the ingrate wretches that mangled the hand that was stretched out to save them. These are the wounds that he received "in the house of his friends." And O, believer, remember that he is crucified afresh by wilful sin. Grieve him not by preferring the desires of the flesh, but get his Holy Spirit, that you may "walk in the light even as He is in the light." And this cannot be till fleshly lusts have been subdued, and spiritual dominion shall have been established. It is in your power to coöperate in the work by taking sides with the Spirit against your flesh, which always clamors for indulgence. And this will not always be a work of wrestling against self, for the more arduous the conflict, the sooner will the fight of faith be crowned with victory; and then you may repose on the plains of grace, in the white tents of peace, and have time to brighten your armor. This victory over self will be quickly followed, or synonymous with, the victory over the other two enemies of your soul, the world, and the "Prince of the power of this world." For when self-denial becomes a pleasure, as it will when the dominion of the Spirit is complete, and when self-indulgence is no longer desirable, as it was when you were in the flesh, there will be but little to found a temptation upon; for the man that has renounced himself will not have much difficulty in renouncing the world.

How, then, can the "Prince of this world" prevail over such an one? He may portray the blandishments of the world in dazzling colors to the imagination, but they can no longer tempt him who looks not at the things seen, which are so far surpassed by the glories of the things that are unseen, (save by the eye of faith.) It was by this faith that Moses, when he was come to years, abandoned princely power and royal privileges, "choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the

pleasures of sin for a season; esteeming the reproach of Christ as greater riches than the treasures of Egypt, for he had respect unto the recompense of reward." Pray then without ceasing, until you get the spirit which will reveal to your faith what the recompense of this reward is; then your earthly desires will vanish, and be absorbed in heavenly desires, as the light of a candle disappears before the light of the sun. Get this faith, then you may say,

"I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes."

One glance of this spirit-born faith will be sufficient to dry every tear caused by earthly disappointments, and fill you with "joy unspeakable and full of glory."

"For earth hath no sorrow
That Heaven cannot cure."

And if He could not cure them here as well as hereafter, all things would not be possible with God. Get a present cure, then, for all your griefs, all your fears and cares; for "He is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we can ask or think, according to his power that worketh in us." And it is by this inworking power that all things become possible "to him that believeth." This kind of faith looks not at men or means; it does not pause to estimate hindrances, and calculate probabilities. It looks to Him that has promised, and hopes against hope. It is of this the poet says:

"Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees,
And looks to that alone,
Finds no impossibilities,
But cries, it shall be done!"

"For all things whatsoever ye ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive." (Matth. xxi. 22.) "And nothing shall be impossible unto you." (Matth. xvii. 20.) Infant faith is ever casting up probabilities, and often makes stumbling-blocks of its own doubts and fears. Mature faith is the fruit of the Spirit; it knows,

therefore, the things of the Spirit. It comes from God; and whatever comes from him must partake of both strength and gladness. And joy is also one of the fruits of spiritual union. Get enough of this spirit, and nothing else will have power to move you. Your joy cannot be dimmed nor your peace depart, because they do not depend upon temporal things. You cannot know disappointment, for your will is one with God's, and you know that it will be done. If you are ever tempted to inordinate grief, the question will arise, is this the will of God? Faith will answer yes. Then does God grieve at his own will? No. Then if I grieve it is self-will. There is a spiritual sorrow such as the Saviour felt when he wept over the doomed city of the Jews, but there was nothing of selfishness in it. Likewise his tears at the grave of Lazarus were not for himself. How unlike the sensual sorrow that pines over the things that perish with the using, and grieves more at the disappointment of its earthly hopes than over the souls of the lost. Christ never had the principle of selfishness in him, and when we are in spiritual union with him, that principle is annihilated in us, for then we partake of his spirit. And the other fruits of the Spirit, also, and their effects, are the inevitable results of this union.

Now, believer, let me put one home question to you,—have you His spirit as manifested in his life in the flesh? God was kind not only to give us the word of life in his teachings, but a way of life by his example. He endured privations and poverty, reviling and false accusation, the contradiction of sinners and the treachery of friends, with almost every conceivable form of trial and outrage that his followers should ever be called upon to endure, and declared this to be our example. "For even hereunto were we called, for Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example that we should follow in his steps." "For when He was reviled he reviled not again, when he suffered he threatened not, but

committed himself to Him who judgeth righteously." "Wherefore let them that suffer according to the will of God, commit the keeping of their souls to him in well doing, as unto a faithful Creator." (1st Peter, ii. 21, 23, and iv. 1, 2, 12, 13, 16, 19.) Have you this fruit of spiritual union, for long-suffering is also a fruit of the Spirit, and unite it with another fruit, joy, and you may have "long-suffering with joyfulness." (Colos. i. 11.) And has your suffering been after this divine pattern of meekness, and not meekness only, but silent suffering? "For he was oppressed and afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth." If you have none of the fruits of the Spirit, can you conclude that you are united to him? "For if any man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of his." Is not your spirit united rather with that of the world? if so, you will perish with the world. But do not despond, only cease to vie with the world for the world's things, and begin to seek the Spirit in earnest, for it is an awful thing to trifle with the Spirit of God. For "God is not mocked;" he knows whether you are sowing to the flesh or to the spirit, and you will reap what you have sown. Now examine yourself, as you will be examined at the judgment seat, and see if your present course will stand in that light. You are a responsible being, and though you may evade the conditions of the gospel here, you cannot evade its judgments hereafter. Do you feel a carnal shrinking at the idea of renouncing all sensual delights? If so, do not yield to it, for you must crucify the carnal mind, or it will destroy you, for "to be carnally minded is death." O, if you knew the superiority of spiritual joys, you would not be reluctant to renounce those things that oppose their entrance. "The recompense of the reward" is greater even here, for to be spiritually-minded is not only life but peace. Do you not believe the promises of God? and has he not promised the peace that "passeth understanding?"

the joy that no man taketh away, and deliverance from all care and all fear, even the fear of death? "To deliver them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage." (Heb. ii. 15.) If you believe that God has promised these things, and is able and willing to keep his word, and also promises them to those who ask him, why do you not take him at his word and make them yours? You deprive yourself of these blessings by your carnal preferences, which prevent your spiritual union, which bring all these blessings, but which are never enjoyed out of it. There is no pen that can portray its beauty and power. By it the lamb becomes as fearless as the lion, and the savage beast as gentle as lamb. Get this cure for all your cares, and fears, and tears. By all means get it immediately. Then you may truly say,

"Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all."

When you have a realizing sense of the comparative value of earthly and heavenly things, earth will appear so little and heaven so great, that Satan with all his wiles will be scarcely able to present a thing of value enough to manufacture a temptation out of. You will be strong enough to realize the truth of heavenly strength and earthly weakness in these lines—

"Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world."

Earth will have become weak, because it has lost its power over your desires. Heaven will become a power indeed when we desire nothing else. All the business of every day will be transacted from this motive, and to this end. The believer who has arrived at this point truly says,

—"not a wave of trouble rolls
Across my peaceful breast."

For he is but the employee of his Divine Employer, and if he will obey the injunction, "Son, go work to-day in my vineyard," no doubt but that he will have his smiles, and this is heaven begun below. O examine yourselves, you that are called by His name. Remember that Christian is but an extension of the word Christ, and the extension must not be in name only, but in spirit, and not in spirit only, but in work. Oh, to have the extension of Christ's spirit in us, in the intimate manner as illustrated by the union of the vine and branches, is to bring down a portion of heaven to earth, by imparting divine strength to bear the evils of life, as though they were not.

In another paper we will take up the subject of the purging of the fruit-bearing branches, and the excision of the fruitless branches.

Philadelphia, June 15, 1859.

JESUS.

BY SAINT BERNARD.

Jesus! the very thought of thee
With gladness fills my breast;
But dearer far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.

Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

O Hope of every contrite heart!
O Joy of all the meek!
To those who fall, how kind thou art,
How good to those who seek!

And those who find thee, find a bliss
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus—what it is,
None but his loved ones know.

Jesus, our only joy be thou,
As thou our prize wilt be!
Jesus, be thou our glory now,
And through eternity!

DEFINITIONS. — Faith — An anchor dropped beyond the vale of death.

Hope — A love-star beaming over the barren heath.

[Original.]

JUST NOW.

"With the heart, man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth, confession is made unto salvation."

BY J. H.

I HAVE been a professor of religion about seventeen years. When I was converted to God, the evidence of my acceptance with him was very clear,—I was exceedingly happy;—I enjoyed much for a time,—but afterwards, fell into doubts and fears. My holy ardor gradually declined, so that I became but little better than a mere nominal professor, "having the form of godliness without the power." I continued in this state until two years ago, attending all the outward ordinances of religion, sometimes praying in secret, and reading the Bible because it was duty to do so; yet, I could not say, my heart was in the work. At which time I plainly saw, by the light of the holy Word, that I stood very low, indeed,—far beneath my privilege, in the gospel.

I found by the "Word," that it was the will of God, even my sanctification. I found, to my astonishment, that, "without holiness, no man should see the Lord." I also saw plainly, that it was not only my privilege, as a Christian, but that it was a positive command. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, with all thy heart, &c." "Be ye holy, for I am holy." "Be ye, therefore, perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect."

Although I had read those sacred truths many times, yet, I never before saw their omnipotent force as then. I immediately resolved to seek this *holy state* with *all my heart*. I sought it carefully, with many groans and tears, but found it not. Sometimes my mind was in an awful state of agony, and its exercises were indescribable, some of which I committed to paper, while in their freshness. At other times, I was careless and indifferent,—again was tempted to give up all as hope-

less and lost;—thus I hung, for many months, between hope and despair.

My great difficulty laid in this, I had carefully marked out the plan, or way in which I supposed, or, rather, proposed, that my God should accomplish the work,—yet, I knew I was sincere, even in this; but I greatly erred. I had been extremely fond of philosophizing upon the sublimity and grandeur of the works of God, as displayed in nature.

Also I endured losses, crosses and afflictions, in great number,—they were all necessary to humble this lofty, proud spirit of mine.

While studying the character of this God of terrible majesty, I found I rather admired and adored, than loved him. I had, seemingly, overlooked the idea that God who made Sinai's rugged brow tremble, was the same being that held the golden chain which binds the heavenly worlds in soft, silent grandeur;—and holds the waters of the ocean in the hollow of his hand,—also breathes upon the surface of the silver lake without a ripple. I would only say with the poet,

"But when we view thy strange design,
To save rebellious worms;
Where vengeance and compassion join
In their divinest forms,
Here the whole Deity is known."

Although I had these exalted views of the character of God and his government, yet, I could not say that he was my present full Saviour. I knew I was not wholly saved.

I had a very dear friend, sister V——, a near neighbor, who enjoyed the blessing I was seeking,—a brighter light I never knew;—I had been familiarly acquainted with her all my Christian life,—worshipped, attended class and prayer-meetings with her,—heard her pray, and relate her religious experience; after which, I would always think better of Christ and his religion. I was very anxious to get into her company, for what she said always instructed me, and my poor

soul could drink in her every word, upon the subject of holiness. Yet I was afraid, or ashamed to ask her advice. She had often told me that it was necessary to make a *full*, and entire surrender, of *all* my *powers* to God. On the evening of the twentieth of December, 1848, I think I was enabled to make the consecration with *all* my heart, while in a prayer-meeting at brother R——'s, but did not expect to be saved just then,—but in a few days.

Here was hope, but not faith,—faith says *now*,—hope, says *bye and bye*. I prayed much in secret for the accomplishment of this great work, and looked for some extraordinary manifestation of God's power,—hope continued to cry, "*Not now*, but *soon*," "*Not now*, but *soon*."

Thus I stood till the evening of the second of January, 1849; about two weeks after my consecration, and on that ever memorable evening, God called me into the presence of my dear friend, sister V——, on business. She very soon began to question me on the exercises of my mind,—she asked me if I had made the consecration,—I replied, I had.

She then said, "Brother H——, can you not believe that Jesus saves you, *just now*, from all *your sins*, *just for this moment*?" I answered, No, sister,—yet I thought this was very pointed preaching, such as I had not been accustomed to, and tried to get rid of her by asking if she supposed a person could become as holy as Adam was before the fall. "O, dear brother H——, I have nothing to do with Adam, *now*,—the business is, between you and me, and God:—you can believe that Jesus saves you *just now*,—just as you are, just where you are, sitting on that chair." I felt a giving way, such as I never felt before. She asked me if I would try and believe that he saves, *just now*, laying great emphasis on the words, *just now*.

I said I would, but I did not think it would amount to much;—she continued

to keep me cornered for, perhaps, five minutes, and then said, "Brother H—, have you committed any known sin within the last five minutes?" Quick as lightning, my mind ran over what had passed, to see if I had, or not; I could not light on one point where I thought I had sinned, even in thought, in that time; I immediately answered, no. I now found that I was fast;—she then asked, "Have you not, then,—been fully saved from all your sins for this time?" Yes. "Well, did you save yourself?" No. "Who saved you, then, did Jesus?" I had to confess that Christ had done it. "Well, will you hold right on there, by the moment, by simple faith, *just now*, one moment at a time?" Yes, just in this way, with just such simple questions for, perhaps, five minutes longer. "Well, brother, do you still feel that he saves you, *just now*?" Yes, I now began to half believe that I did believe that he saved me. Never before, in all my religious experience, did I feel such a coming down,—O, such a sinking, such a sweet rest from inbred sin, rest to my weary, struggling soul;—but, how exceedingly small seemed my faith,—yet, I was enabled to hang like a drowning man to a straw.

I had expected some uncommon manifestation of the power of God, to prove the work was wrought; but imagine my surprise, when I found myself actually believing in Jesus as my full Saviour, without the least noise or confusion, without any physical struggle, whatever,—all perfectly rational,—I never was more so;—yet my mind was completely abstracted from everything else but the single point in view;—*that*, very small, and scarcely discernible, only four simple words, "*He saves me now*." Trying the best I could to believe. "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness." I soon found I was gaining ground. I thought I discovered something like the first dawning of the morning, though scarcely perceptible. I now left my instructor for the evening,—

went home and retired to rest,—slept sweetly—awoke with the same words on my lips,—yet was not fully conscious that I was saved;—it seemed so mysterious, that the work should be wrought in such a sweet, simple way, instead of my expected severe physical struggle. I was, at that time, painting the inside of our new church. I made a fire there, at daylight,—went to work with the same *four words*, mentally and momentarily repeated, for, perhaps, an hour, when I really was enabled to add, and, I know it:—Glory be to God, I did know it. I still live by the moment.

[Original.]

"NONE BUT CHRIST; NONE BUT CHRIST."

BY J. B.

THE world thinks little of Christ, and cares little for him. Scepticism looks towards him with a cold indifference or a dubious mind. Philosophy occupies too mystical a place and moves in spheres too ethereal to stoop to the contemplation of the GREAT FACT of the universe. The self-righteous are to themselves the *beau-ideal* of all excellency; and will not behold in the "express image of the Father" any thing superior to the graces which adorn their own characters. Various and multiplied are the fallen ones of earth, who, though Christ came to bless them in turning every one of them from their iniquities, will not deign to give Him the look of faith and the life of obedience. They will not have him to reign over them. They turn him out of their synagogues, out of their prayers, out of their sermons, out of their books, out of their families. They are emphatically "without CHRIST in the world."

But there are a remnant of the children of men who know more, and act wiser, and who honor Christ according to the true dignity of his character, his work, his relations, and his offices. They give him the pre-eminence in all things. They crown him Lord of all their thoughts,

their affections, their desires, their principles, their actions. He is to them the portion of their cup, and the goodly heritage which the Lord Jehovah bestows upon them. He is the fairest among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely; the bright and morning star; the rose of Sharon; the lily of the valley; the garden of spices; the paradise of earth; their sun to lighten them; their shield to protect them; their provision to supply their wants; in one word, He is their all in all. How rich, how blessed, how exalted, how secure are they! These are the sons of the Lord Almighty; the heirs of glory; the kings and princes of Heaven. All things are theirs, they are Christ's, and Christ is God's.

Well may they say, "None but Christ, none but Christ." For all that they have, and all that they are, they owe to Him. They are forgiven through his atonement; cleansed by his blood; comforted, guided, strengthened by his Spirit; instructed by his Word, and accompanied by his presence. In the storm and tempest he is their peace. In the conflicts of earth's battle-field, he is the captain of their salvation. In the sorrows of the heart, he is their solace and joy. In the poverties of life, he is their riches of grace and goodness. In their wanderings, he is their leader back to paths of safety. In their bereavements, he is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother. In their temptations, he makes a way for their escape. In their afflictions, he is afflicted. In their dying hour, he is the strength of their heart, and their portion forever.

O yes, it is then that the soul cries out, "None but Christ, none but Christ." This was the language of one of the noble army of martyrs, as he stood in the consuming fire. It was the sentiment and experience of Paul as he lay imprisoned in the Roman dungeon. It was what Wesley felt in his life:

"None but Christ to me be given,
None but Christ in earth or heaven;"

and what he repeated at his death:

"I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me."

It is what myriads of holy souls express in their songs of devotion, "You may have all this world, but give *me* Jesus." And could we for a moment look within the Holiest Place, and listen to the glorified choir of saints, we should hear the everlasting arches of the heavenly temple reverberate with the harmonious voices of a number, which no man could number, singing in sweetest strains, "Unto him that hath loved us, and washed us from our sins, unto him be honor and majesty, and dominion and power forever and forever."

And as I hear the song swelling the hearts and the voices of heaven, now reaching down and abroad among millions of earth, and coming back from all past ages of patriarchs, prophets, apostles, the wise, the holy, and the great, and extending away through all coming generations, I would feign dare to lift up my voice, and shout with the power of the Holy Ghost within me, "None but Christ, none but Christ!"

Reader, will you not join in the choir? Will you not close in with Jesus? Will you not choose the only good, the only wise, the only beautiful, the only Saviour, the only friend, the only Mediator? Will you not now, henceforth, and forever, exclaim: "None but Christ! none but Christ?"

Melbourne, Canada East.

"I AM DEBTOR."

When this passing world is done,
When has sunk yon glaring sun,
When we stand with Christ in glory,
Looking o'er life's finished story,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe.

When I hear the wicked call
On the rocks and hills to fall,
When I see them start and shrink
On the fiery deluge brink,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe.

[Original.]

THE BERGEN CAMP-MEETING.

BY A. A. PHELPS.

WE have just returned from this glorious feast of tabernacles. It was probably one of the most remarkable meetings, for the power and glory of God and the promotion of earnest Christianity, of modern Methodism. The beautiful grove of twenty-five acres, owned by the "Camp-Ground Association," and designed for camp-meeting purposes till the requiem of Time shall be sung, was all in order, and ninety-six cloth tents formed two or three snowy circles around the spacious enclosure. Another point, in the circumstances of the meeting, was the almost unparalleled good order that prevailed throughout. Though the attendance was unusually large, the most careless seemed awed into reverence, and walked with cautious step, as on holy ground. In a very important sense, the great and terrible *God* seemed to take the reins into his own hands, and hold the furious elements in solemn check. But the most distinctive feature of the meeting was the *melting, moulding, saving power of the Holy Spirit*. Many sinners were smitten with the arrows of conviction, which were never extracted till they humbled themselves under the mighty hand of God, and yielded to be saved by grace. Scores of backsliders received again their forfeited peace and power, and went away, feeling that their former wanderings should suffice forever! A deep and extensive work was wrought in the church,—a work of searching, sifting, saving. Many, many went through the crucifying process, and consented to hear the last expiring groans of the old man of sin. They opened their eyes to see the worst, counted the cost, and paid the Gospel price.

"They plunged beneath the purple flood,
And rose to all the life of God."

It was a time of *baptizing*. How many the touch of celestial fire, consuming

all their dross! The ostensible and *real* object of the meeting was, to *get the people saved!* The preaching, praying, singing, shouting, exhorting and testifying, looked in this one direction. There seemed to be a general recognition of the fact, that nothing could be done unless *God* was there. They had seen enough vain efforts put forth, to "get up" revivals, and try to save men by a sort of mechanical process;—now, they were ready to renounce every other dependence, and fall back upon the omnipotent energies of the Holy Ghost. The *Spirit was recognized and invoked*, and, best of all, *received!* O how the *glory* shone down upon the army of Jesus' shining witnesses at times! Waves of power rolled over the assembly, and bursting hallelujahs went up to swell the music of the skies. Some scenes that transpired were glorious beyond description; especially one in the altar on Monday noon, at the close of the sermon, when near a dozen arose almost simultaneously to their feet, and talked and praised and clapped their hands for joy. *How they shone for Jesus!* A heavenly influence settled down on all around, and we felt to exclaim, "The kingdoms are but *one!*" There were some physical demonstrations, during the meeting, that would probably mortify some and frighten others; but who shall prescribe limits for the Almighty? Let him work as seemeth him good, and let the creatures of earth be glad if he will work at all!

Lima, N. Y., July 7, 1859.

SPIRITUALITY.—Be not contented with a little religion, with a little knowledge, with little hope, a little activity, a little holiness. Be not satisfied with anything short of deep, devoted, active spirituality, and decided and eminent holiness. Make not half-hearted and decent but doubtful Christians your pattern for imitation; but set your mark and standard high, and steadily and prayerfully endeavor to regulate your conduct by it.

The Guide to Holiness.

AUGUST, 1859.

EDITORIAL PAPERS.

SPECIAL MEANS OF GRACE.

The General Subject — Protracted Meetings — Camp-Meetings — Their Authority — Present Tendencies — Proper Improvement — Relation to Holiness.

OUR tendencies, in doctrine and practice, are ever to extremes; and this is seen in the use we make of the means God has given us in aid of holy living. The followers of George Fox, under the specious doctrine that all days are holy, discard the Sabbath and, on the same principle, lower the obligations of stated acts of worship. Under the claim of seeking that which is spiritual, they refuse altogether that which is formal. Others disparage the spirit and power, worshipping in form only, and observing seasons rather than the state of their hearts.

But God has pointed out in his Word the true use of helps to a growth in grace. He has made some stated and universally obligatory. Such are the Sabbath, the reading of his Word, private and social prayer, and the sacrament. These belong to all Christians in all ages. Others are merely local in their obligations, growing out of their relation to particular nations or periods. Such were some of the Jewish feast-days, which in their specific character passed away, their place to be supplied by other nations who might seek to serve God by other means growing out of their national history or immediate necessities.

The infinite wisdom and goodness of God is seen in this. As in the natural world, he has provided means for our bodily sustenance, so in the economy of grace he has supplied the channels through which to sustain and develop our spiritual life. To claim that we need not devote one day in seven to religious purposes because we are to give our whole life to God, is being wise above what is written; and to throw off the obligations of entering into the closet and shutting the door because we are commanded to "pray without ceasing," is to make one scripture disprove another, and to set the Holy Ghost against himself. To acknowledge the duty of observing these stated means and to make this observance a ground of rejecting special occasions of religious worship, is to set aside the example of the Bible and the teachings of God's providence. When our Puritan fathers were in great affliction, they set apart a day of "humiliation, fasting and prayer." So had the prophets and apostles done before them. When plenty crowned their year, and

prosperity was in all their borders, they observed a day of thanksgiving and praise. Thus had the good done in all ages of the world.

Following this principle, the modern church has had its "Four-days' meetings," "Protracted meetings," "Quarterly" and "Revival meetings." These had their origin in the gracious work of the Spirit, stimulating Christians to special exertions for God, in view of the great need of the Church at the time. In a qualified sense such means of grace are of divine authority. They are providentially ordered. This is shown not only in the circumstances which suggested them, but by the fruits they have borne. God has wrought by them mightily in the sight of and upon the hearts of all the people.

Of the latter class of means of spiritual advancement are camp-meetings, of which we purpose especially to speak. Their history attests their providential character. Of their origin, or, at least, of one of the earliest of these meetings, a writer in a late number of the Methodist Quarterly Review thus speaks:

"The religious awakening which seems to have had its rise in a two-days' meeting, in Logan County, Kentucky, under the preaching of the brothers John and William McGhee, in 1799, and on account of its external form, is known as the *Great Camp-Meeting Revival*, cannot be shown to have been deficient in any of the unfailing signs of a genuine work of grace. It has, indeed, been denounced by some as an instance of the wildest fanaticism, and censured by others as being more the production of morbid enthusiasm than of true spiritual life; but these erroneous and unjust judgments have arisen in part from a hostility to the doctrines which acquired prominence during the revival, and in part from a failure to view it as a fact from the right stand-point.

The revival had its origin in a self-denying effort to save souls, made by regularly ordained ministers officiating in the regular order of church worship. Under plain, practical preaching there was a manifestly extraordinary outpouring of the Spirit on both preachers and people; its immediate effect was, in the liberty of Western pioneer life, freed from all conventional restraints, an outspoken confession of the work of God's grace in the heart. Those whose hearts in the exercise of faith were overflowing with joy, shouted the praises of God; those who trembled under a new and powerful conviction of sin, sought mercy with weeping and groanings, each class giving unrestrained audible expression to their emotion. This was from the first an objectionable feature to many, and was not encouraged; indeed, many and almost continual efforts were made to restrain it.

The modes of operation were also extraordinary, and almost without precedent, yet they were only former modes intensified and adapted to the occasion, the natural outgrowth of the circumstances. We do not hesitate to say that no considerable revival of religion could have taken place in the West in the same period without moulding itself into the form of camp-meetings. The erecting of tents upon the ground occupied for the services was not a preconceived plan, as in the camp-meeting preparations of the present day, but an inconvenience in itself, into which they were forced by necessity. The wide-spread religious interest not only caused greater crowds to assemble than could occupy any meeting-house; it also presented the necessity of attending on the services for a longer period than a single day; but the sparse settlements could not afford accommodations for so large a number, and

the erection of tents was the most natural and convenient method to supply the deficiency. The altar of prayer about the preaching stands, the prayer-meetings in the tents, the general class-meetings, were all so many efforts to reduce to form and order the remarkable growth and activity of the work."

That the pillar of fire indicating God's presence has rested upon the annual encampments, in the forests, of a host of God's people, will not be denied by candid persons having an opportunity for an intelligent judgment. We do not intend to enlarge upon this history. Its records are on high. The names of many thousands now in heaven were connected with that history. If the redeemed visit portions of the earth especially dear to them, we are sure they may pass often from heaven to the shady spots consecrated to the yearly feasts of God's people.

But as we do not believe in the necessary perpetuity of any of the providentially-appointed means of grace, we may admit the question, have not camp-meetings fulfilled their mission? have not the occasions which gave them rise passed away, and have not other means superseded their necessity? We desire to meet such suggestions, for they are often made in a candid manner. Doubtless with some churches and in some places, this may be the case. Each section of the church must judge of its own exigencies, and watch, as faithful husbandmen of God's heritage, for the favored times and ways of sowing and reaping. A general answer to the question we have stated, we think, is, *God still blesses camp-meetings by giving in an extraordinary degree through them, the converting and sanctifying influences of his Spirit.* This answer, if correct, is decisive in favor of their continuance. And is it not correct? What says the history of those churches most fully represented in the late meetings in the grove?—what says the experience of those individual Christians who have attended them most frequently? A somewhat favored opportunity of learning their results, leads us to the conclusion we have stated. The Shekinah still shines in the tabernacles of the wilderness, and the manna and the living waters are refreshing God's people there.

It cannot be assumed that because some of the reasons which have prompted their use in times past have ceased, that therefore the meetings themselves should be discontinued. Other and equally urgent reasons for their use may have grown out of the varying necessities of the Church. And we believe this is the case. In their earliest history they met the wants of a people seldom able to hear the Word of God preached, having few opportunities of Christian fellowship, and having but small church accommodations for extraordinary gatherings. They afforded, in a time of great religious depression, an occasion which excited, from its novelty, the interest of the careless and worldly. Now they accord well with the spirit if not the necessities of densely populated communities, even though their religious opportunities are very abundant, who

demand relief from the overcrowded duties of business, by a resort to the grove. Where picnics and excursions are rife, camp-meetings come in to give this demand a decidedly religious character. They are fitted to do what religion ought always to do—to make the means of man's mental and physical invigoration consistent with his highest spiritual improvement. They provide the means of a cheap, health-restoring escape from summer heat and monotonous cares, to the masses of the people, while at the same time they meet a spiritual want in the churches, never greater than now—the want of a special effort to break the spell of worldliness which pervades them. If the early camp-meetings were necessary to afford a favored occasion to ring in the ears of saints and sinners notes of alarm which they could not be made to hear amidst the routine of home-business, that necessity was never greater than at present. A fast age has produced fast downward as well as upward tendencies. Sin as well as virtue has been intensified; and as the motive power has become immense, the power that guides aright must be applied with divine energy. Is there not need, then, now as well as formerly, of special means of grace to stimulate God's people to faith and duty, and is there not, in what we have intimated, reason to believe that camp-meetings should be among those extra means?

But camp-meetings have undergone great modifications in the course of their history, especially of late. This was to be expected, and is not of itself decisive of their lessened efficiency. We shall not attempt to decide the question whether they do the good they once did when the veteran heroes of a former generation bore the standard of the cross in their midst. But we will venture a few remarks upon what we deem their present dangers and tendencies.

1. Because they meet the felt want by the people of out-door recreation, and their disposition to seek it in the grove, there is danger of their becoming occasions of mere recreation. They tend towards the character of religious picnics, or perhaps we might say, the picnics of professedly religious people, and may ultimately have but little of the religious element. The members of that gathering of sixty years ago, described in the quotation in this article, did not need the occasion for their physical good. With many now it may be made the principal or the only reason of their attendance, and when this shall be general, the glory will depart. We may call our tents and camp-grounds *Ichabod*, instead of *Ebenezer*. The incidental will have been put in the place of the essential, and God thereby dishonored.

2. The present conveniences, we may say luxuries of many of our camp-grounds are becoming a snare to the people. The tastefully arranged "avenues" and more tastefully constructed and furnished tents, have a tendency to beget spiritual indolence and worldly ease. These, when

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added to the strambont and railroad conveyance, the private and public boarding tents, energetic and pains-taking committees of arrangements, bring to the modern camp-ground home comforts which certainly take much of the romantic and rural, if they do not the devotion, out of these gatherings. They are to them what expensive churches are to the religion of our large cities,—very tasteful, very gratifying to the cultivated and fastidious, and very pleasant even to those who are neither, but very dangerous in their tendency.

3. The popular favor with which camp-meetings are received in many parts of the country, is another danger. We suppose none doubt that there is a popular favor setting towards them, and we do not regret it. Polite assemblies of all classes of the people, representing various religious denominations, listening to the exercises with courtesy and respect, are much more agreeable and desirable than mobs who come to disturb. But the presence of the latter has often been made an incentive to faith and prayer. The influence of the former may beget a desire to please man rather than God. Just as in the church, a large audience of great worldly respectability has a tendency to make pointless preachers and inefficient members, so the presence of respectability in the grove may take the thunder from the preacher's stand and the fire from the tents.

We have thus very freely expressed what we believe to be some of the dangerous tendencies of our yearly feasts in the grove. They indicate nothing which need prevent their former religious profit, but on the contrary might be made to increase it, and we would throw out a few suggestions to aid those interested in securing this desirable result.

1. Our camp-meetings must be known and felt as occasions for the promotion of holiness among God's people. This should be held up as their object, and kept before the people in all their exercises. We know that it used to be the main end sought, and great blessings were the result. This was the object of their appointment by the God of providence. They are, in his purpose, to afford a favored opportunity to Christians to secure purity of heart. The prominence in them, heretofore, of the doctrine of Perfect Love, has been their chief glory. They have been the occasions of leading multitudes into its elevating and glorious experience. True, the doctrine has been, to some extent, sadly abused both in and subsequent to such meetings. But we do not know that this has been any more prominent than the abuse of religion itself attending all great revivals.

We remember with what earnestness this object—the attainment of a pure heart—was pursued in the grove in former years; what groanings after it, what lucid instructions concerning it, and what clear testimonies of its attainment. We think that when this ceases to be the burden of our feasts of tabernacles, the meetings themselves had better not be. There will not be, with-

out this, moral power enough to prevent the evils to which they are concededly liable.

2. If our ministerial brethren who read this paper, will allow us to assume apparently the office of their teacher, which we desire to do "as less than the least" of their number, we will suggest that the preaching on the camp-ground should be eminently simple, direct and earnest, above the remotest suspicions of anything like self-seeking in intellectual or oratorical display. All this should be true everywhere. But where masses of people are assembled, and when the occasion is unusual from the presence of many ministers and prominent laymen, the temptation is great to preach a *strong* sermon in a *wrong* sense, and to be eloquent from a false stimulus. We believe that no gatherings of God's people have been blessed with greater sermons, or more truly grand and thrilling pulpit efforts, than camp-meetings. But they have not been prepared as such. They were not uttered to be eloquent, but to save souls. Their strength and beauty arose from their simplicity of plan and aim, and their spiritual baptism. There is no place where there is so much instinctive perception of the truly great and eloquent in preaching, as at camp-meeting. The perception and *relish* of the people generally, if not free from human infirmity, is enlightened and elevated. They seek that which is deeply spiritual and satisfying to the soul *thirsting* for deeper communion with Christ. It is no wonder if they, more than at other times and places even, loathe the dry abstractions of real or affected mental greatness, and the tinsel of oratory.

But such occasions being rare opportunities for doing good, call for eminently honest, God-fearing efforts. They are moments which make *emphatic* records for the judgment day.

3. To be made profitable, camp-meetings should be places of *work*; diligent and earnest work. But we go to them, some say, to get rid of work; we are tired and want rest; we go to enjoy ourselves. But do you go to get rid of work for God?—of Christian, soul-saving labor for yourself and others? If so, who gave you such permission? Surely, not the Head of the Church. *He* never allowed a soldier to put off his armor in the presence of the enemy, and in the heat of the battle; or, to change the figure, *He* never released one of his husbandmen on the field white with an un-gathered harvest. If any soldier or husbandman of Christ wants *rest*, he will find the sweetest and most refreshing, to body and soul, in working for him. If they want enjoyment, in this and this only is it found. The example, the policy, and the principle, are all bad of those professed Christians who go to camp-meeting, and spend its precious moments in listless self-seeking.

We have not spoken of specific efforts for the impenitent. We believe this will certainly follow an increase of holiness in the church. Let the members secure the baptism of fire, and they will carry home with them a spirit of labor that will

become contagious, and act back again upon the Christian heart to inflame its faith and love.

It will be seen by the above remarks, that our voice is for the battle of God under the open canopy of heaven. We are for the war against sin at all times, and in every possible God-approved way;—for the fight, in earnest, and not in half play or recreation; for the “good fight of faith,” and the “victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.” Amen.

SCRIPTURE CABINET.

FRUIT AFTER MANY DAYS.

“Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days.”—Ecc. xi. 1.

The seed called bread because from it food is obtained, cast into a well-watered soil, or upon waters, which, when they subside, leave it upon a fertile ground, will, after many days, yield its golden harvest. Thus the precious gospel-truth is preserved and grows. So thought Mr. Ellis, the celebrated missionary. While laboring at Oahu, one of the Sandwich Islands, in connection with the American missionaries, he composed a simple hymn in the native language, embodying saving truth. *Thirty years after*, while Mr. Ellis was returning from Madagascar to England, the vessel in which he was sailing took from a frail raft in the Indian Ocean a nearly exhausted shipwrecked Sandwich-Islander. When he was a little revived, Mr. Ellis spoke kindly to him, and repeated two lines of that hymn. The man started up as from a dream, and repeated the rest of the hymn with deep emotion. He had learned it in youth at the missionary school. It had been his consolation in the perils of shipwreck, and in the loneliness of the ocean, while in expectation of death.

How little did the missionary expect to find on the broad waters of the ocean, after so many days, a sheaf from the seed he had sown on a far-distant island!

“Sow in the morn thy seed;
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed—
Broadcast it o’er the land.

“Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist and dry
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.”

ATONEMENT FOR THE INIQUITY OF OUR HOLY THINGS.

“And it shall be upon Aaron’s forehead that Aaron may bear the iniquity of the holy things.—Ex. xxix. 33.

The text refers to the plate of pure gold on which *Holiness to the Lord* was engraven. It was worn on the front of the priestly head-dress of Aaron, to signify that he should bear—i.e., make atonement for—the imperfection of even the holy gifts and sacred instruments and service of the house of God. It teaches us that by our High Priest and Mediator—by him alone—are even our best services esteemed holy in the sight of

God. This great truth was kept before the Jews by the prominence of the golden plate of the high priest. We are taught it in the whole spirit of the New Testament, by the express teaching that “without shedding of blood is no remission,” and by the constant testimony of the Spirit in the purified heart, crying, “Unto him that hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father,—to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen.”—Rev. i. 5, 6.

EDITOR’S DRAWER.

THE GREAT WORK.

THE work of works, the salvation of souls, is going on wonderfully in some parts of the old world, notwithstanding the fiendish work of war rages. Brother Caughey, in a letter in the *Christian Advocate and Journal* of a few weeks since, speaks of what God has wrought by him and others in England, and endorses the accounts we continue to receive of the wonderful triumphs of the cross in Ireland. Bro. Caughey says, “A few weeks more and I turn my face once more towards the Western World. I did think of visiting Greece, Egypt, and Palestine before my return, but have been hindered.” This is the last account which has reached us of this devoted laborer.

GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

WE desire to record the fact that the *Guide* is made a blessing to others, with unfeigned humility and gratitude to the *Giver* of all good.

Mrs. G. F., of Canada, after referring to her efforts among her acquaintance to extend its circulation says:—

“As far as I am personally concerned, I would not willingly, upon any consideration, much less for the small sum of one dollar a year, do without the *Guide*. I should much rather, if it were necessary, deny myself some trifling luxury or article of dress. I would fain hope that the day is not far distant when in every Christian household we shall see such literature introduced, and ‘Holiness unto the Lord’ be written upon all our actions.

E. T. H. writes:—

“O, how I love the ‘*Guide to Holiness*!’ How often is my soul quickened and invigorated by its perusal! Being an invalid, and seldom permitted to enter the sanctuary, and hear the word preached, my little room is many times made a ‘Bethel’ to my soul while thus communing with pure spirits. And frequently on the Holy Sabbath, whilst thus being blessed, am I led to pray earnestly for those who write for its pages; that they may be baptized from on high, and directed so to write that many may be benefited thereby. Many times, when desiring light on some particular point in my experience, have I taken up the *Guide*, and found something exactly suited to my

case. Especially is it so with the writings of your excellent contributor 'Y.' With this individual I am personally acquainted, and many pleasant and profitable seasons have we enjoyed in converse upon the deep things of God, and in presenting our petitions at the throne of grace. May Heaven grant that the writings of this deeply devoted one may produce incalculable good in the present day, and also comfort and encourage many Christian hearts, when the hand that penned them is cold in death."

NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

GATHERED FRAGMENTS.

MR. EDITOR:—By permission, I sometimes look over my friends' papers, and, as I have coveted the privilege of imparting to the readers of the "Guide" some of those rich feasts of grace, am allowed this boon. Y.

A Letter from a District Chairman in one of the British Provinces: addressed to Mrs. Palmer.

POINT DE BUTE,
Westmorland, N. B., B. N. A.,
April 23, 1859.

DEAR SISTER:—Your letter came to hand by mail, with the book, "The Promise of the Father," for which I thank you. I had determined to write soon, but being engaged in special meetings for revival, was awaiting their issue, to give you interesting news on a subject so dear to you as the blessed Redeemer's kingdom.

The day I received your kind letter I esteem a favored day, as, in addition to it, I had a lengthy and highly interesting communication from a very pious, talented lady in Nova Scotia. She gave an extract from a letter from one of our young preachers stationed at Cape Breton, in forming her of a revival at Sidney, in which twenty-five educated young men had recently experienced the blessing of pardon, and united with the Methodist Church. They are the children of the Church-of-England people. The same minister says that he was preaching this winter at Gabter on the subject of Christian holiness, and, while he was urging its attainment on the assembly, experienced the blessing himself; and a number of the congregation also were made the happy partakers of the excellent grace of full salvation. To God be all the praise!

I have been engaged with my pious and devoted colleague, Bro. C., for nearly three months in holding special revival services: one hundred and five persons have in these meetings professed the attainment of experimental religion.

At one place, Cape Tormentine, the Lord poured out his Spirit in a remarkable manner, when seventy witnesses of his grace and power were blessed, and received on trial for church membership. Some who at the first of the services were reckless and profane, were converted to God, and bid fair to be useful. The first night I attended, we were all driven out of the chapel by some nauseous substance which had been put upon the stove. We prayed for the person who did the wicked act, and God, indeed, heard prayer in his behalf; he now prays in the meetings, and in his turn suffers persecution for his attachment to the cause of Christ. I heard him pray in a most humble and fervent manner in a class-meeting last Sabbath.

We held meetings at a place called Shimoque, where there are a few Protestant families surrounded by French Roman Catholics. More than twenty professed faith in Christ. A few of the Catholics attended, but did not obtain religion. After the revival, twenty-five of the Catholics died of the smallpox, and the little flock of Prot-

estants have hitherto been preserved from its ravages.

We held meetings four weeks at the head of the circuit, Point De Bute, and had a trying conflict with the power of evil. Fourteen were converted, or restored from a backslidden state, and three or four sanctified. The church is much stirred to seek the blessing of holiness.

In the past sixteen months, more than two hundred and fifty have professed the attainment of pardon on this circuit. To God be all the praise! One hundred and five have been blessed this winter.

The friend who went with Mrs. D— to your meetings at Moncton, and who experienced there the blessing of perfect love, bids fair to be a holy and useful man.

We have meetings at the parsonage every two weeks, Tuesday evening, when I am on this part of the circuit. We speak and pray on the subject of sanctification, and have found them seasons of great spiritual profit.

My soul delights in the grace of perfect love, and I trust I am pressing on for greater degrees of it. My dear partner, too, is of the same mind. We are favored with happy seasons in seeking more grace, and recommending the privilege of the Christian life to others.

S—, who experienced the blessing in your meeting, has, I think, been useful; she induced two young ladies to come forward for prayer, and they were blessed.

T— I—, the friend who came in the steamer with you from Charlottetown, is making good progress; he is a lovely, devoted soul.

We often think and speak of the doctor and you. I can say of you as Mr. Wesley said to one of his correspondents,—that the thoughts of her always drew him nearer to God. Praise God for such a friend! If it were in the order of Providence, how much I would be pleased to go with you and the doctor to England!

Please remember me to Rev. Robert Young, an old friend of mine, and a lover of the doctrine of holiness.

We often think you are praying for us. One morning shortly after you left Sackville, while engaged at family prayer, I had such a sense or feeling of your being engaged at that moment in supplication to God in our behalf, and the people of these Provinces, that I could not but rejoice in spirit the same as if I heard you speak. I felt a blessed union with you in desiring the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom, and the increase of holiness in the church.

I have not seen Mrs. C— A— very lately. We spent a day with her some weeks ago. We had a delightful conversation with her on Christian holiness. She was becoming more resigned to her loss.

I have not seen Bro. N—, but heard of him preaching delightfully on Christian perfection. Twelve persons lately experienced pardon at D—, a part of his circuit.

When I get a view, sometimes, of the state of the world in reference to pure religion, I am agonized, and can scarcely bear to live in a region so dishonoring to God. O for the mighty outpourings of the Holy Spirit to usher in the kingdom of God and his Christ!

We think of you and the Tuesday afternoon meeting. O that I could be with you, and partake of the grace which I believe is often displayed there!

I remain your Brother-in-Christ,
THOMAS H. DAVIES.

BOOK NOTICES.

THREE VISITS TO MADAGASCAR DURING THE YEARS 1853, 1854, 1855, INCLUDING A JOURNEY TO THE CAPITAL. WITH NOTICES OF

GUIDE TO HOLINESS.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF THE COUNTRY AND OF THE PRESENT CIVILIZATION OF THE PEOPLE. By the Rev. WILLIAM ELLIS, F.H.S., Author of "POLYNESIAN RESEARCHES." Harper & Brothers, New York. 1859.

A sad interest has been excited in Madagascar by the sufferings of the disciples of Christ there during the last ten years. Its history in that time seems like the history of the nations in the early ages of Christianity; and its martyrs have borne a glorious testimony to the truth as it is in Jesus, amidst spoliations, imprisonments, tortures, and cruel deaths. No better-qualified person could have been sent on a tour of friendly observation of the country than the well-known author of the "Polynesian Researches," whose long and devoted labors among the heathen enabled him to appreciate the character of the people among whom he sojourned. The volume is full of valuable information to the Christian and the scientific student. It must excite an intense interest in the future history of the island, especially should the present heir-apparent of the throne ever become its supreme ruler.

MORE ABOUT JESUS. WITH ILLUSTRATIONS AND MAPS. By the Author of "THE PEER OF DAY," etc. Harper & Brothers, New York. 1859.

This volume consists of a series of lessons for children and youth, upon the principal events of the life and death of Christ. In each chapter a brief statement is made of the event forming its subject, embracing a description of the place, persons, and circumstances connected with it: to this is added questions, to call the attention of the learner to its important facts; and a verse or more of Scripture in which these facts are recorded, to be committed to memory. Many of the lessons are illustrated by wood-cuts in the best style of the art. In the hands of pains-taking parents and teachers (and all ought to be such), this book may be made both attractive and permanently useful.

THE PERCY FAMILY.—A VISIT TO IRELAND. By DANIEL C. EDDY. Boston: Andrew F. Graves, 24 Cornhill. New York: Sheldon & Company. 1859.

We are informed by the author that this volume commences a series of books for youth, adapted to please, instruct, and benefit. The aim is, to give the youthful reader a clear, accurate account of foreign scenes and society. It is on the plan of Kello's foreign travels by Mr. Abbott; and while it lacks that author's wonderful power of fascinating his readers, its style is good, and conveys a much larger amount of solid information in the same number of pages. This volume gives assurance that the series will be attractive and valuable.

PLEASANT SURPRISES: A BOOK FOR THE YOUNG. Henry Hoyt, 9 Cornhill, Boston: Sheldon & Company, New York; George Crosby, Cincinnati; Wm. Tomlinson, Chicago. 1859.

In a familiar and attractive way, the young are taught in this volume to notice God's wonderful plans for their good in the works of nature about them. It is a book which will do the head and heart good.

THE EXPLANATORY QUESTION-BOOK, WITH ANALYTICAL AND EXPOSITORY NOTES. Edited and Compiled by A PRACTICAL SABBATH-SCHOOL TEACHER. With an Introduction by Rev. EDWARD N. KIRK, D.D. Henry Hoyt, Boston. 1859.

A systematic study of the leading truths of the Bible by the maturer minds of our Sunday schools is, in our judgment, very important. We have taught several classes in such a course with much satisfaction to ourselves, and, we think, profit and interest to others.

This question-book is on an excellent plan; and its definitions and expositions clearly show what is stated on the title-page,—that it is prepared by a *practical* Sabbath-school teacher. It is written in a candid spirit, and with an evident desire to make its statement of doctrines as acceptable as possible to all evangelical denominations. Though, with us, some may not be able to subscribe to every position of its author, yet, as a whole, it will be studied with deep interest by all true Christians. It is eminently suggestive, and opens a wide field of biblical inquiry.

STRAIGHT FORWARD: OR, WALKING IN THE LIGHT, another of Mr. Hoyt's new and beautifully embellished volumes, is adapted to the youth generally, but especially to *school-girls* of all ages. It is by the author of "Irish Amy," a book which all remember who have read it, and which all should remember to read if they have not. "Straight Forward" is an emphatic warning against the want of open and fair conduct in the habits of school-girls, teaching them to walk in the "straight" and narrow path which is one of "light," shining more and more, and is ever one of pleasantness and peace.

COTTAGE MELODIES; A HYMN AND TUNE BOOK FOR THE PRAYER AND SOCIAL MEETINGS AND THE HOME CIRCLE. By WILLIAM B. BRADBURY, ASSISTED BY SYLVESTER MAIN. New York: Carlton & Porter, and F. G. Huntington. 1859.

The best of the familiar old melodies are here found in company with the more modern which are now coming into use. A friend and music teacher, to whom we handed the volume says, after a careful examination, "It is an excellent thing!" We are glad to see that the publishers have bound it well. This has not often been the case with singing books.

[Original.]

SURRENDER AND FAITH.

BY A. A. PHELPS.

WITH thrilling interest we behold the sincere seeker of full redemption endeavoring to appropriate the words of promise, "I will — be thou clean." The silent tear looks heavenward; the sighing faith cries, "Lord, make me all thine own." The uplifted cry is heard, "Why not now? May I not this moment be cleansed from all my filthiness and all my idols?"

Now, humble seeker, look with me into the mines of heavenly truth, and see the special promises standing out there like sparkling diamonds to fix your wandering gaze. And yet, with all these assurances, the blessing seems to tarry. Where is the hindrance? You say you have consecrated all, and you try to fix your faith upon the promise which contains the pledge of full deliverance; and yet it is a sure result that when all is really surrendered, the soul can readily believe. You try to believe the work is already accomplished, hoping that such a faith will bring the blessing itself; but you soon discover that your heart is not *made* clean by persuading yourself that it is *already* clean. You may honestly think the surrender is complete, and yet the penetrating light of the Spirit may soon reveal the defect, and will do it, if you hold right on, with your heart all open to receive the light and the fire. If the blessing linger still, do not despair nor presume. Jesus will surely come to his temple, and will not tarry, when the way is fully prepared. Then look over the ground anew. Search every point with a scrutiny that determines to know the worst. Probe deeper than ever before, and lay your heart bare to the sharpness of the two-edged sword. Bring every test to bear upon you, and invoke the "Spirit of burning" to search, refine and save. Resolve to go to the bottom, and have the crucifying process complete. See if you are willing to *die*, in order to

live! Remember the crucifixion comes before the resurrection. Now go over the ground in thorough detail, and see if all is really consecrated. Do you lay your time, talents, influence, reputation, property, friends, prospects, hopes, fears — *all*, a willing sacrifice at Jesus' feet? Do you make the surrender understandingly — in full view of what it implies? Have you considered the additional reproach that attaches to the distinctive profession of this great salvation? And in the face of all opposition and discouragement, will you consent to follow Jesus in the narrowest way? Are you more anxious for inward purity than for anything else in the universe, notwithstanding all it costs? If you can abide all these tests, we feel authorized in assuring you that you are ready to enter into rest. Hold right on, and continue to press your suit. You are within a hair's breadth of perfect love! Keep your heart all open — looking — looking, and expecting to receive the fulness every moment. *Here is infinite safety.* God will not disappoint you, nor long withhold the sin-consuming flame, when your offering is presented without reserve. Even now, while your "longing heart is all on fire to be dissolved in love," I seem to see the refining, cleansing process going on within you — the old leaven is being purged out, and the likeness of Jesus is being daguerretyped on the soul. Hallelujah! Your redemption draweth nigh! Look up, O panting spirit, and receive all the Deity as thine! Now fall into the arms of everlasting love, and *be saved!* Sink out of self, and recline upon God's immortal strength. Satan will come in like a flood to shake your faith as it just begins to take the prize; but cast him beneath your feet, and press your heart up to the naked cross. Flesh may be weak, "and language lame," but "when your all of strength shall fail, you shall with the God-man prevail." Amen! The fire is coming! The old man is loth to die, but he is *dying*; nor can he long survive

the touch of celestial embers and of blood divine! A little, and the perfect cure will be wrought. You shall then cry out, with a full heart,—

"Tis done; thou dost this moment save,
With full salvation bless;
Redemption through thy blood I have,
And spotless love and peace."

And when the soul thus plunges into the ocean of love, it will discover more clearly than ever the relation of a perfect surrender to saving faith. It will see that it is a very easy thing to believe when one comes fully up to the *believing line*. The most difficult part of the work is to get people *dead*; when that point is reached, they will come to life soon enough, as all experience testifies. May the ever-blessed Spirit help us to be thorough in the great preparation-work, and then hasten to "wash our garments white in the blood of the Lamb."

LIMA, N. Y., July 4, 1859.

[Original.]

THE BEST OF EVERY HOUR.

BY E. L. E.

"ALWAYS so busy, mother," said Anna; "it is a long time since we have had one of those pleasant conversations we used to enjoy so much; it is nothing but work, work in some sort of way from morning until night; how you can be happy in such a round of care that leaves no time for amusements, or, it seems to me, for thought and devotion, I have yet to learn. Dear mother, are you really happy?"

"My dear child," said Mrs. A., "is there no consideration you can think of to make a Christian happy in performing her duties?"

"O yes, mother, you love us all very much, and would find a kind of peaceful satisfaction in doing for us, because it is duty. I am always happy in being useful, and the greater the good I do, the happier I am; but that is not quite all I mean. Here you spend your days, and weeks, and

months with little relaxation from the same kind of employments. To me, many things that you do, seem dreadfully disagreeable. Dealing with that hateful, unreasonable Bridget so much; and a thousand other things as bad; you don't shrink from it, turn away and shut the door, as I should. I know the principle of love to God will regulate one's disposition very much; but I know how you love reading, and various other pleasant things; and to see you plodding every hour at something, so that nothing, as you say, shall be left undone, it makes me feel sad, and tired of the thought of ever being a woman with a house full of cares."

The mother smiled to think how differently that unlearned heart of sixteen summers would look upon life's duties, when its years had been more than doubled.

She answered, quietly, by asking a question.

"In what, to you, my child, does religion consist?"

"Why, in loving God with all the heart, to be sure, mother, and loving others as ourselves."

"Yes; but what is it to love God with all the heart, or to love him supremely?"

"It is to be pleased with God himself, with all his ways and doings; and to do, in all times and circumstances, just what he would wish us to do;—is it not, mother?"

"Certainly it is, Anna; and you suppose that God has at all times something in particular he wishes us to do, and that it is that *wish* of his which makes our *duty*?"

"Yes, mother."

"Now here is the difference between a true Christian and one who is not; the first will perform that duty, as soon as he finds what it is; the other acts at his own caprice or pleasure or convenience. The point to be reached just now is this: there is for every precious hour of life a duty, which constitutes the supreme good of that hour; it may be a pleasure or a trial; it

may be a trifle that is forgotten as soon as performed ; or, perchance, some important word or work that shall tell in the destinies of eternity ; but nevertheless, there it is for heart and hand, and there is no shifting it, for it belongs to that hour. The impenitent man never lives for the *best* of any hour, for that would be to repent and become reconciled to God ; until that is accomplished, there is no *best*. With the Christian, that has been effected, and his soul is at peace with his Maker ; and now there is for him, springing from his relations to God and man, a special use for every moment of redeemed and probationary time. His own reason and judgment, aided by that perception of the best and the true, which is in a sense above reason, must decide what the *best* may be.

"For you, child, there is the frequent lesson, the little domestic task, the social recreation which prepares mind and body for severer duties, and all the numberless offices of love and kindness which come to every life.

"My duty, you will see, differs somewhat from yours, as it does from every other. Sometimes it is to correct a wayward child or be patient with an unfaithful hireling ; again, it regards persons and matters apart from my own household ; one hour I must take from the pressing cares and enjoyments of worldly things to seek God in the closet ; at another, I must forego the precious privilege to administer to the temporal wants of others ; now, I have an urgent duty to speak to some soul of the great concerns of eternity ; then it becomes my first and best duty to stop all active doing, even against my inclination and rest. Scarcely two hours in the experience of any will be just alike, in obligation or performance, for a lifetime. The important point is to be in readiness, and actually accomplish the duty, whatever it may be.

"What a wonderful acquisition of piety is it, to be able to take every duty as it comes to the soul and life of a Christian,

and love it for the duty's sake. Think what a Christian it would make ! The hour of prayer would never be slighted, for that being the *best* good, his soul finds communion and repose with God, and strength for all his other duties ; the Word of life is never neglected for another book, for his soul's craving for truth will make the *best* of many an hour the study of its pages. Trials will occur, crosses will appear, difficulties will rise up before him, but the good of that hour in which these things come to afflict and prove him, will consist in meeting all in the Christian spirit ;—and then his times of lighter, pleasanter duties, such as accord with taste and inclination, how sweet they will be, marred by no recollection of neglected duty—with nothing wilfully or weakly left undone.

"It is the aim of the true Christian life so to regulate the natural dispositions and tendencies of a being, as to make them wholly subservient to this law of the supreme *best* in every time and circumstance. I have thought much of it, Anna, and it has long been my morning prayer that I may *this* day be entirely controlled by living and acting in the supreme *best* of every hour."

"But, mother," said Anna, "will one ever become so regulated as to like all his duties, and love them for duty's sake ?"

"There will always come duties," said Mrs. A., "in themselves unpleasant ; but by constantly taking each as it comes, without stopping to question its congeniality, there is formed a moral habit of encounter and conquest that raises one wonderfully in the facility of well doing. Things, ordinarily, unpleasant, will be much disregarded then, and seem but trifles in the way of a great accomplishment. This is the true conquest and mortification of *self*. The natural man never acquires it, for he, on the contrary, indulges the natural dispositions and feelings against the light of truth, and the higher law of his Maker. This living in

the *best* of every hour is living with God in every hour, and there will be a joy experienced as high as the duty in which we live. You know the Apostle says: 'Sorrowful, yet always rejoicing;' the believer will find many duties that, in their relations and circumstances, bring much sorrow; but, always in his duty, acting according to the *best* of every time, he experiences a joy — not in himself, but in God — which is deeper, broader, and occupies, as it were, more space in his being than any grief he can be made to feel."

"And that, mother, is why you are so calm when provoked, so patient with our naughty ways, and so faithful in trying to make us do right, because it is the *best* of all to be done? And does it make you so happy to do it that you never wish for another and pleasanter duty?"

"Anna, could I be doing my duty if I neglected any of these things on which the character and usefulness of my children depend, and, I might add, my own Christianity too? So far as I have light respecting my duty, I must fulfill it, and then should I not be happy? You know a Christian may seldom be controlled by his tastes or his aversions; these, to be used at all, should have their use in the higher principles of dutiful living. A Christian, who believes in the supreme wisdom and goodness of God, will be satisfied with God's arrangements for him, and being satisfied, will take whatever he offers of life and duty with love and thankfulness. I cannot think of a lower Christianity than this. I am not willing you should believe in less."

"Aiming at such an excellence will make you efficient in every thing; it will develop a steadfast and elevated will, which is in itself a power, and the highest kind of self-government; it will enlarge and quicken intellect, and train the social affections to the noblest and purest uses; you will be weak in no element of goodness or efficiency if you discipline your

being by this rule of making the *best* of every hour."

"I suppose I have thought of what amounts to the same thing, before," said Anna; "but to act for the *best* of every hour seems like something new. How much there is to learn about God and duty! And I love him better with every new thought that comes to me of him."

"So will the Christian, always, Anna; but we must be diligent to remember that the *true life only is the true love.*"

[Original.]

FAITH.

BY LOUISE.

TIE after tie was riven,
That bound me to the shore.
And waves, by tempest driven,
My life-boat onward bore.
In mists of doubt enshrouded,
Unguided 'mid the fray,
With sea and sky o'erelouded,
It made its lonely way.

No ray of sunlight, gleaming
From out the gloom on high,
Through clouds and darkness streaming,
Revealed a peaceful sky.
Still louder grew the tempest,
And deeper was the roll;
And closer shut the darkness
Around my fearful soul.

Unequal to life's contest,
My shrinking spirit failed;
And hope died out in anguish,
Nor faith nor prayer prevailed.
And yet some Hand seemed guiding,
For, 'mid the blinding spray,
O'er frantic billows riding,
My bark still kept its way.

"O Father, I am weary,"
My heart all helpless cried;
"Throughout this waste so weary,
Be thou my Friend and Guide."
Beyond the wild commotion,
Beamed out, though from afar,
Above life's troubled ocean,
The Star of Faith — my star.

Then ceased the noisy tempest,
Then hushed the winds to rest;
Upsprung a well of gladness
Within my tranquil breast.
Midst calmer, deeper waters,
My bark right onward bore;
For breakers linger ever
Nearest the earthward shore.

(Original.)

THE LOVE OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

BY A STUDENT.

THERE is no one of the susceptibilities of our nature which makes more constant demands than our love for the beautiful, and none which has more constant gratification. How truly unnumbered are the sources from which God supplies this luxury to the mind and heart. He has spread beauty all around us here, and given us glimpses of what is had in worlds beyond. We look upon the beautiful landscape that we may take draughts of pure pleasure. We contemplate the nicely blending tints of the sea-shell, that our hearts may taste the sweetness of its delicacy. We surround ourselves by beautiful flowers—the ornaments of Eden—that we may forget the coarse elements below us, and feel our real relation to Paradise. We look upon the achievements of art, and rejoice, as if our imaginations had given life to forms which do not inherit it. We look upon the beauties of architecture, with glad astonishment at these developments of the germ which we call the human mind. We seek the beautiful and sublime in music, for the solace of our hearts, and the transport of our spirits.

We never feel condemned in seeking these pleasures if our minds are properly regulated, unless we transcend the limits of our privilege, and seek to please ourselves when we ought to be doing duties to others.

We know that God has addressed our love for the beautiful, as well as other sentiments, in inciting us to gain heaven for our final home. We know too that he has not opened all these sources of beauty, mental, moral and physical,—intrinsic and associated, for a mockery to us. And we know that we carry this love of beauty into the most sacred precincts, where our hearts have the least temptation to selfishness. We wish the last pil-

low for our dead to be strewn with flowers. We wish the coffin to be beautiful, and that the beauty may be encased and preserved from tarnish and decay as long as possible, though no eye may ever see it after the earth once covers it;—so much do we desire to associate beauty with what we love. And as we come back into the original simplicity in which our first parents were created, we shall say let beautiful things, let beautiful subjects, let beautiful combinations cheer the path of life all along; let *flowers* adorn the head of the young, and of other ages; let them be put upon the bosom of the aged, as we would put the infant grandchild of their third or fourth generation into their arms, that they may rejoice in its young beauty, and in it see their own immortality.

But there is a practical bearing to this subject which gives it its chief importance as a theme. The question comes, if it is right and pleasing to God that we should have pleasure in beauty in one department of life, why not in all? And may we not consult beauty in *dress*, as in other things? I think we should consult it in dress. It would be very unreasonable to look for beauty on all sides, and think nothing of what we put upon our own persons, as to whether it has that in it which would be pleasing or displeasing, as observed by others and by ourselves. Why are we afraid to indulge the child's love of beauty in its attire? We are not afraid to cultivate its love of beauty in manners. We are often, in different ways, enforcing the claims of beauty by teaching the child to avoid sharp and angular motions, and to move with ease and gracefulness. This we do first for our own satisfaction and pleasure in the movements of the child, and further for its agreeableness to others. I cannot see any more danger of cultivating vanity by indulging the love of beauty on the person, than by encouraging it in mental attainments. That mental beauty, which is of a higher order

than the merely physical, we often direct the attention of pupils to, with other benefits, as an incitement to efforts for the cultivating of the intellect and heart. We discourse to them of the beauty of a well trained and enriched mind, as well as of its capacity for usefulness; and as they make attainments, they have the temptation to the pride of possession in these, as in other individual advantages. None but God can regulate the heart and keep it humble in any case.

But I apprehend that some scrupulous persons may not like so free a use of the term, beauty. It would be better to call this which has the power to please by some other name, say they. In physical beauty they would speak of fitness, neatness, fine arrangement, choice combination, &c. In spiritual beauty, loveliness, harmony, sweetness, and all the rest, would they specify, which they could attribute to an angel; not admitting that, taken all together, they are more than beautiful, and, taken separately, they are nothing less. I think we only deceive ourselves by trying to avoid the comprehensive and correct names of things. We know that God is not only an object of infinite beauty but of sublimity. It cannot be physical, but mental and moral beauty, in which he is presented to our view. And yet, what comes from his hand is all adorned with physical beauty. In encouraging the child, or the young convert, to consult beauty in apparel, our responsibility lies in teaching them in what true beauty consists. Who that investigates the matter can doubt that the religion of the Bible has the best of everything in it; the best taste, or standard of beauty in it, as well as other things; or principles which would develop the best, if carried out. It does not allow the heathen's taste, which leads one to perforate the flesh to suspend jewels in. It inculcates modesty. A predominance of high colors and showy appendages, it would not approve; neither does a re-

finéd taste crave them. And if fitness, suitableness, is a necessary condition for emotions of the beautiful, an elaborate style of dress would not be beautiful for the Christian, who is supposed to devote more attention to that part of being which is to appear before angels, and to prepare apparel ornamented with good works, with which to appear in the court of heaven, than to any garments for the body. But to attempt to stifle the love for the beautiful in dress, is a fruitless and worse than fruitless task. All act from this emotion, more or less; some subordinated, as they ought, and others let it predominate. The impulses of pure nature will have their operation, however much they may be lectured and cramped by theories; and if the conscience is taught anything contrary to the original constitution of the mind, they are constantly at war with each other; and the conscience in being overcome, as she most certainly will be, when enforcing any perversion of character, loses her dignity, and the mind contracts the *habit* of disregarding her voice, which is the greatest evil of all, to be deplored in the case. Conscience, when she does not speak with the voice of God, is not strong enough to revoke nature, and turn her from an enjoyment which her God has given her. I know many a mind to be in thralldom in this very department; willing, if God require it, to dress without regard to taste; and, being taught by some that he does require it — the conscience dictating to do what those say who are said to speak for God — and the laws of nature calling for action according to their primary design, the mind is obeying them before it is aware of it, so that the subject of this contest is at one time resolutely defying the force of natural elements, and at another time violating conscience and upbraiding the heart. How much better to find the path where correct natural taste and conscience go hand in hand.

We are in a day, I believe, of intel-

ligent enjoyment of the beautiful among Christians. We must make an allowance for the superabundance which the young always crave, of what is in itself desirable to them, and realize they will get a chastened taste by proper example and cultivation of mind.

I know there are those whose opinion is entitled to great respect who think we should not make much account of beauty in anything, it is so uncertain, so fast passing away. But intellectual, moral and spiritual beauty is immortal; we need never lose it. And the forms of physical beauty, though they are ever changing, are never gone. We only have different styles of it, even in the human body. There is the beauty of childhood and youth; the beauty of matureness; and then of ripeness, and then of old age. Who will say there is no beauty in the crown of glory which encircles the hoary head found in the way of righteousness? It may be more associated than intrinsic, and yet it is beauty. The ripest ear, when it no longer needs its sheath, and has almost separated itself from it, is beautiful. I have never yet seen a human face which gave a development of the purity of the love of God, that had not beauty in it. And as long as the human countenance can cheer the heart we must acknowledge our indebtedness to it. The beauty of a look of kindness, who would not take pains to see, if he had long been deprived of it? The dying see the beautiful in their last look of earth, in each lineament of those who are bending over them; — the beauty of love that would lay down life for another; of sympathy, which the departing soul, even, can relish; and they cease not beholding this, until the beautiful convoy arrives, and they are on the wing for brighter worlds.

July, 1859.

Charity — A stream meandering from the fount of love.

[Original.]

OUR FATHER WILL FORGIVE.

BY A. F. E.

"BUT he is my *father*, and *he* will forgive me!" These sweetly thrilling words fell upon my listening ear from the lips of a little girl of six summers. It was the reply to a reprimand, and the words, "if my little girl is not good, I must tell her father." Immediately came from those infant lips the words, "But *he* is my *father*, and he will forgive me!" What a volume of love and trust did those sweet words contain! The child knew the heart of its parent; and though it had sinned and grievously afflicted that kind protector — though the tiny feet had wandered into the darker way, yet when the vision was once clear again to the truth and the error, the child was sure of pardon; its father would forgive!

What a lesson for the doubting and fearful is contained in these simple though expressively beautiful words! What a world of anticipation do they awake. As the little child leans upon and trusts its earthly parent, so may we trust our Father which is in heaven; and how much more may we trust in Him! He will never turn away: and though our sins be as scarlet, yet will he wash us whiter than snow: though we have wandered far, far from the paths of virtue and truth; though we have once, again, and additionally grieved the Holy Spirit; though we have pierced again that mangled, bleeding side, and platted anew the thorny crown to bind that pure and lovely brow; yet has he meekly and enduringly borne with all, and offered for our acceptance forgiveness still. How oft do we see objects of that unchangeable love and mercy, becoming estranged from him who alone can save, and going far, far back into the allurements of the brilliant but faithless world, — far into the vortex of vice and wickedness — the whirlpool of hollow pleasure; and adding sin upon sin, vice upon vice,

revelling in open rebellion against his holy commands, and opening their eyes, at last, upon the very verge of the pit of everlasting misery; then do we hear the heart-rending cry, "Lost! forever lost!" But even now the Father is holding his arms wide open to receive his dying children; even now he is calling, plaintively calling to them to *come home!* And for many a weary space has he stood knocking—knocking—knocking for admittance until his brow was wet with the dews of the morning; for he has stood all through the long, lone hours of the night, watching and waiting, waiting and watching for the first faint glimmer of returning love, the first motions of a heart coming home; for the first faint tones of penitence and returning from the bondage of sin into the perfect liberty of pardon—from the midnight of transgression into the wondrous light of the morning of regeneration! And with open arms and brow of illuminating glory, he stands crying, in still, small voice, "Sinner, come home! come home! and I will guide thee o'er the rugged paths of life; I will lead thee safely through to the haven of peace and rest. Lean upon me; pour all thy sorrows into my bosom; lay thy weary head upon my breast; and let this be thine only refuge in the hour of darkness and trial! Give me thine heart! give it strictly into my keeping! Give it me, all polluted and stained as it is, all bruised, and crushed, and torn by sin and sorrow, and I will cleanse it from all impurity; I will render it spotless and childlike once more, and I will pour a healing balm thereon, and give thee rest: all sinful and sorrow-laden as thou art, yet will I take thee; for I am still thy Father, and I will forgive!"

Child of sorrow! What appeal is there upon the tablet of thy memory so touching, so impressive as this? And it is but the language of our Father! In cries and entreaties like these, he is continually calling sinners to come home! And as oft goes forth the cry from some breaking

heart, some doubting spirit, "Father, I am lost! forever lost!"

How like the trust of the little child in its earthly protector, is the trust of the true Christian in his God and Saviour Jesus Christ! He hath left no room for doubt. He has said, "Ask, and ye shall receive; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." Then shall we not rely strictly upon this infinite and unchangeable being? Shall we not trust implicitly in the hour of trial? Never should doubts or fears distract us, while we know, within our inmost hearts, that our God is the same yesterday, to-day and forever! That he visits alike the poor, the rich, the high, the low, the favored and the oppressed; that there is no power on earth sufficient to keep us from his love if we desire to rest therewith, and to receive the eternal riches of life and joy beyond the rolling flood!

Child of want, of sin or oppression! burst at once the fetters of doubt and sin, and rejoice in complete absolution: and though thy very soul be bound with sorrow's heavy chains, thine heart all mangled with too severe contact with the world, and all surcharged with grief, he will wipe all tears away, and tell thee, in accents of pity and of love, that thou art welcome *home*—that he is still thy *Father*, and he will *forgive!*

NEWBURYPORT, Mass., July, 1859.

THE DESIGN OF THE GOSPEL.—It is the design of the gospel to take man wholly off from himself, and cast him wholly upon God and Christ. All idols must be cast down, God alone must be exalted. Self-emptiness and God's fulness, self-insufficiency and Christ's sufficiency, self-unrighteousness and Christ's righteousness, are the great convictions of the gospel; and to make self nothing, and God all in point of wisdom, strength righteousness, and glory, is the great command and duty of it.

[Selected.]

ON THE MANNER OF OBTAINING THE BLESSING OF SANCTIFICATION.

BY J. E. JOYNER.

1. I SUGGEST, in the first place, that a deep conviction of its great importance, yea, its absolute necessity, must pervade the heart and mind. This conviction will invariably follow the regular, systematic, and prayerful reading the sacred Scriptures, with faith, and with a special desire to know the will of God concerning you. Thoughtful meditation on the holiness of God, the extent of His commandments, and upon your own necessities and responsibilities, will not fail to awaken a conviction in your mind of the absolute necessity for holiness of heart and life. But it should be observed that the absence of such conviction is no proper argument against the necessity of this important and truly indispensable work. The thoughtless sinner, who has sought to content his mind without religion at all, might, with the same propriety, contend that *conversion* was not necessary, because he did not then feel deeply the need of it. Remember, God says you must be holy; and when he says, "Be ye holy," he means *holiness*—entire freedom from all inward corruptions and spiritual impurities—an entire completeness in all the elements of a perfect Christian character. And whatever you may choose to think about it has nothing to do whatever with the *absolute necessity* of your being holy. If you determine in your mind and heart, to differ with the Divine Being about a matter which enters so essentially into all the elements of his government, you do it in your own wrong, and at your own peril, and upon your own responsibility, and you must, of course, meet the consequences of such unreasonable conduct. But all this does not release you from the responsibility of being holy. It is your duty to *do* the will of God in all

things, and not to call in question the proprieties of that will in any thing. Nor may you seek to modify that will in the slightest degree, but you must do and suffer it perfectly in all things, great and small.

2. A firm belief in the attainableness of this blessing is absolutely necessary to successful effort on this subject. The opinion has quite too much prevailed that this state of experience is the privilege of only a few favored Christians. This impression must prove fatal to all your hopes of holiness, and, of course, to your happiness. Banish, therefore, at once, every such thought from your mind; for the attainment of this gracious state, according to the Scriptures, is not only the privilege of every Christian, but it is the solemn duty of every one personally to *seek* and obtain this blessing, and enjoy it daily in all its entirety. A firm belief, therefore, that it is both your privilege and your duty to attain this high degree of Christian experience, is absolutely necessary in every case. For, however much you may desire holiness, and although you make some languid efforts to grow in grace, and retain the occasional impulses of joy which you sometimes realize without sanctification, yet you will never make one really earnest effort to be holy until your mind and heart are deeply penetrated with the firm belief, the full persuasion, that it is attainable, and that it is attainable by you personally. Then nobly lay aside all your prejudices, and pre-conceived notions, and think of this blessing with desire, with strong and earnest desire for its speedy attainment; take the Word of God as your counsellor and guide; read it prayerfully, with an eye to this particular point; read and duly consider the many gracious and encouraging promises on this particular subject; and you must, you cannot help seeing and feeling that this heavenly treasure, through the blood of Christ, is entirely within your reach.

3. An entire and unreserved willingness,

a full consent of your mind and will to be holy, is also necessary to your success in this solemn undertaking. Remote desires, languid hopes and feeble efforts will not do. The will must act, and act promptly. There must be no parleying or indecision with this great subject. Admit its importance; put it not off with the thought that "I will attend to it by and by, at some more convenient season." This will not do. Consent, agree, *determine*, to be holy now, to-day, this very hour, this moment, for this is the faith that saves the soul — the faith that acts now, not to-morrow; and remember that your faith cannot go beyond the determinations of your will. Then look to this faculty of your moral nature with especial care, and exercise it with the determination to be holy, and to be holy now, relying upon the light and help of the Divine Spirit, and the efficacy of atoning blood; and it must be so, sanctification is *yours*. This surrender of the will, this full consent of the whole mind to the will of God, with a holy determination, produces a full and harmonious concurrence of all your powers and affections with the requirements of God's holy law, so that you do obey God from the heart, and *suffer* his will in all things. This is the true idea of sanctification.

4. *Realizing faith, too, is indispensable in the accomplishment of this great work.* This is not *justifying* faith; nor is it that *degree* of faith merely by which you receive the blessing of regeneration; but it is a higher and broader *degree* of faith — a faith of greater *intensity*, and a faith which has regard to a different *state* of Christian experience, and to a different *aspect* of the Divine government, and includes different offices and operations of the Holy Spirit; and a faith which *applies* the appropriated merits of the death of Jesus Christ to *higher ends* in the Christian's experience and life than simply justifying faith did. This faith administers the *final* and exterminating blow to the last *internal* enemy — to the enemies which justifying

faith had *subdued*. By this faith, the filthy manacles which regeneration had broken off from the soul are taken away, and all the incongruities of your entire nature are destroyed; so that, in your soul, and spirit, and body, whatever may have been your mental and physical temperament and constitution, there is now one unbroken harmony — a happy concurrence of all your faculties and affections in loving and serving God. Your love becomes perfectly *devoted* to him; you love nothing in violation of the *principles* of his law — nothing contrary to his *holy nature*. The heart, the former habitation of lusts and uncleanness, is now purged, renewed, and made a holy habitation, a temple for the indwelling of the Holy Ghost. *This is the faith that works by love, and purifies the heart.* To exercise this faith will require much special effort in earnest prayer on your part, but still it is completely within your reach. Hear what the Saviour says on this very matter of faith, and it is entirely applicable in your case. When Peter expressed his astonishment at seeing the fig-tree withered, the Saviour said to them, "Have faith in God; for verily I say unto you that whosoever shall say unto this mountain, Be ye removed, and be thou cast into the sea, and shall not doubt in his heart, but shall believe that those things which he saith shall come to pass, he shall have whatsoever he saith. Therefore, I say unto you, *what things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them.*" Luke xi. 23, 24."

Here you have the largest latitude for your faith. In your prayers let your desires be large. *Whatsoever things ye desire, when ye PRAY, only believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them.* Just let there be no *doubt in your heart*, and your faith cannot fail, even in removing a mountain. This language of our Saviour is peculiar and striking, and indicates a power of faith in the *true* believer, little less than omnipotent. *Have faith in*

God; doubt not in your *heart*, but desire, pray, believe, that ye receive the things ye desire, and ye shall have them. *This*, you perceive, is the faith of the *heart*, not of the head; not a mere intellectual faith. The faith of the head will stagger and doubt, when it cannot comprehend, and especially will it stagger and doubt, if it does not *fail*, in time of dark adversities and deep afflictions; but the faith of the heart is firm and immovable, in the dark, at the stake, or on the torturing rack. There is no power in earth or hell which can overcome or break down the faith of the heart. This is the only faith worthy of the Christian, and with this, and a firm will, he has nothing to fear. This is "the faith that *overcometh* the world," and it not only overcomes the world, the flesh, and the devil, but it controls the treasure-house of Heaven itself, to the full extent of all your real wants and necessities. Have faith in God — firm, full, unwavering faith; let no doubt, no timid, hesitating, darkling thoughts come into your heart — come between your soul and God; look to his character, his immutable truth, to his faithful promises, and trust in him; rely upon his holy word; look to the blood of the cross — to the blood of atonement and trust — *doubt not in your heart*, but trust unwaveringly in the all-sufficiency of the power and goodness of God. In *praying, whatsoever things ye desire, when ye pray, only believe that ye do receive them, and ye shall have them*. Thus your faith becomes absolutely *omnipotent*, so far as resisting the world, the flesh, and Satan, is concerned, and as it regards the resources of Heaven, to the full extent of all your spiritual necessities. But remember, everything depends upon this condition implied in the Saviour's language to Peter: *And doubt not in your heart*. When ye pray for the things ye need, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them. Here you perceive that faith — *believing* — is the condition upon which the blessing is to be had; but

realizing faith does not ask for the blessing *now*, and expect it to-morrow, or in the next month; nor does the Saviour's promise have respect to such faith, but to a faith that acts *now*, while you pray. This moment, in the instant, as you comply with the condition, realizing faith expects in the *same* instant, the fulfilment of the promise, and Christ says, ye shall have whatsoever things ye desire.

You feel the *importance* and *necessity* of sanctification. Do you really and truly, in your heart, *desire* sanctification? Are you really *willing* — have you fully *consented*, to be made holy, and to be made holy *now*? Has your will fully *determined* to be holy now? Have you fully determined upon the sacrifice — the sacrifice of *all* to God, for the sake of Christ, of Heaven, and of eternal life, for eternal *glory*? Have you made it? Is your gift *now* upon the altar? Then fear not; be not impatient. Have faith in God; let there be no hesitation, no timid fearfulness, no mental reservation whatever; commit *all* to God, trusting him fully and unhesitatingly. Doubt not in your heart. Bid intellect, and fearful, trembling thought, be still; and hang with a firm heart on Christ — on the word and promises of God. Is it dark about your mind now? Are you thinking of persecution — of the scorn and criticism of the world? Is the devil telling you that your standard is too high — that you cannot live up to it? Do you tremble at the thought of *professing* sanctification? Look, then, at the *fullness* of Christ; he says, "My grace is sufficient for thee." Can you trust him? Then bid Satan begone. Doubt not in your heart, and, with Christ strengthening you, you can do all things necessary to be done, in order perfectly to glorify God. Fear not, the light *will* come; stand still and see the salvation of God. Be firm; let your will be strong, and remember that your faith cannot exceed the determinations of your will. *Doubt not in your heart, and whatsoever things ye desire, when*

ye pray, if ye believe that ye do receive them, ye shall have them. Are you now praying? Do you now believe that ye receive the things ye desire? Now, do not wait to obtain the blessing, in order that you may believe; but believe first, that you may receive the blessing; otherwise you walk by sight, not by faith. Are you expecting the blessing of sanctification now? Then struggle on; remove not your gift from the altar. God will accept it. And may you have the blessing now! Amen and amen.
 — *Richmond Christian Advocate.*

[Selected.]

TRUE PIETY.

To be the thing we seem;
 To do the thing we deem
 Enjoin'd by duty;
 To walk in faith, nor dream
 Of questioning God's scheme
 Of truth and beauty;

Casting self-love aside,
 Discarding human pride,
 Our hearts to measure;
 In humble hope to bide
 Each change in fortune's tide,
 At God's good pleasure;

To trust, although deceived;
 Tell truth, though not believed;
 Falsehood disdaining;
 Patient of ill received,
 To pardon when aggrieved,
 Passion restraining;

With love no wrong can chill,
 To save, unwearied still,
 The weak from falling; —
 This is to do God's will
 On earth, — and to fulfil
 Our heavenly calling.

BE BUSY. — You have your work to do for Christ *whose you are*. Are you on a sick bed? Still you have your work to do for Christ there as much as the highest servant of Christ in the world. The smallest twinkling star is as much a servant of God as the mid-day sun. Only live for Christ where you are. — *M'Cheyne.*

The bravest man is he who is most afraid of sin. He shall have boldness in the day of judgment.

[Selected.]

THE PERILS OF MODERN FASHION.

THERE are some social reforms which are demanded by very stringent considerations of an economical character. There are others, which we take the liberty of indicating in this place, which are not less urgently called for by considerations of safety. We allude to the dangers to which ladies in the present day expose themselves by a too easy compliance with that absurd tyranny of fashion which has for some time past, induced them to disfigure their personal appearance in the voluminous and prodigal extent of the reigning mode of dress. To say nothing of the extreme inconvenience of this style of adornment in which the lower regions of the female figure are invested; to pass by the nuisance which even the ladies themselves must feel their overgrown dimensions to become when getting into and out of any conveyance, and in church, and elsewhere; not to dwell on the ridicule which has been excited on the subject, and the not unmerited censures which have been provoked by the universal worship paid by the fair sex to this extravagant device of the milliners, we are desirous of regarding the subject in a much more serious light. And we conceive it not by any means out of place in the columns of a religious newspaper, to urge upon our fair sisters two considerations in reference to this subject; one of which we feel they ought to take to heart as Christian women; the other, perhaps, they may be induced to accept and to act upon, on the grounds of their own personal safety.

The whole condition of society is so totally different, in this age and country, from that which subsisted when St. Paul and St. Peter alike intimated in their inspired epistles the duty of Christian women to set an example of modest apparel, and the inconsistency of costly array, and vain adornments of every kind, that too

many persons who need such a lesson would be disposed to reject it at once, upon the ground of the altered state of the world. Granted, however, that the world is altered, and that *details* may be left in a sort of fluctuating condition of change and variation from time to time, according to climate, taste, and other considerations, yet it is undeniable that for *Christian* woman the *principle* of such adornment remains the same. Whatever the above-named apostles would have thought wrong in their days, cannot be right in ours; whatever would condemn those who professed to be consistent members of Christ's body, as guilty of vanity, ostentation, and of being frivolous-minded, in their imitation of silly fashions or foreign caprices of taste, in one age, cannot escape the censure of their religious guides in these days; although we grieve to say that in too many other ways, as well as in mere vanities of dress, and social extravagance, of all kinds, it is, indeed, a very difficult task to reconcile the principles of the first centuries of the church with the practices of the nineteenth. It might seem idvicious to pursue this point at any great length in our columns. We, therefore, commend it to the attention of the clergy, and to the heads of religious families; and we would earnestly impress upon them not only the necessity, but the paramount duty of urging this consideration upon all whom they can influence, and for whose conduct they are in any measure responsible. — *English Churchman*.

Infinite toil would not enable you to sweep away a mist, but by ascending a little you may often look over it altogether. So it is with our moral improvement: we wrestle fiercely with a vicious habit, which would have no hold upon us if we ascend into a higher atmosphere.

Religion — A key which opens wide the gates of heaven.

[Original.]

"BURYED BY GRACE."

BY F. E. I.

"I THINK the more proper way of speaking of sanctification, of expressing the work of grace accomplished for the believer, in entire sanctification, is to speak of the carnal mind as being buried by grace." Thus spake a gifted young minister in social conversation.

This view greatly perplexed the mind of a sister present. She had looked upon it as a distinct blessing. As a removal of the carnal mind. Greatly perplexed by the plausibility of this new view, she went directly to the Lord, and asked that he would teach her through his written Word, whether this theory could be sustained.

First she read Jesus' words: "Blessed are the pure in heart." The Holy Spirit arrested her attention at these words by asking, "Would a defiled heart, buried ever so deep by grace, answer that description?" No, said her heaven-inspired soul, no more than a defiled body covered with gorgeous raiment, would be a pure body. Then, passing on to the epistles, she read, "Put off the old man"—"Lay aside every weight"—"Cleanse yourselves from all filthiness of flesh and spirit." Would these passages sustain this theory? Certainly not. They all implied a separation; not a covering up. And thus, through the blessed Word, her mind was again firmly settled in reference to the Christian's privilege of being pure in heart—even in life and health. And more than this, she found that the above passages, and many more, proved an instantaneous work. "Put off," "lay aside," present it as the work of a moment. Just as we lay aside our garments. And this to be done by faith. "Purifying their hearts by faith." Acts 15: 9.

Harmony, McHenry Co., Ill.

[Original.]

ANGELS: THEIR SYMPATHY.

BY H. G.

HEAVEN is not only the dwelling of divine beings, the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, but also angelic beings whose nature differs from ours,* and yet, being created, differs also from the divine nature. We find these intelligences interested in the affairs of this world from its earliest history; even "when the foundations of the earth were laid the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy." It is true that by sin man has forfeited all regard from Heaven; and, if dealt with in strict judgment, would suffer an eternal separation from the sympathies as well as the enjoyments of Heaven's tenants. But, as an offended God has cast a pitying look upon man, the angelic host have also gazed in sympathy upon the wandering sons of men; and we believe will ever take a deep interest in their welfare. See them as they descend and ascend from Heaven to earth in the vision of Jacob at Bethel. Was not that vision a symbol of the unity of sympathy between Heaven and earth? God, at its stupendous height, speaks promises which echo down that ladder and strike the ear of the patriarch, while an angelic host accompany the message to its terrestrial destination. And when we think of the proofs of angelic sympathy given us in the Old Testament scriptures, when angels appeared as messengers of mercy to Hagar, Abraham, Jacob, Elijah, Daniel and others, we are comforted by the fact that the introduction of a Gospel Dispensation has no tendency to cool that sympathy.† It may be true that an angel may not be visible to the object of his search now, as in the case of the devoted Patriarch Abraham or despairing Hagar, but there is no doubt but their untiring sympathy may as effectually be communi-

cated now in acts of consolation and relief as ever in the history of the world.

We are convinced of the holy character of these beings from the character of their dwelling; and, being holy, they must be intelligent. We need not doubt their ability to instruct us or suggest true thoughts, when their minds have for thousands of years been expanding, and as they have expanded have been filled with substantial knowledge in Heaven. They have ranged the universe, and beheld the variety and endless multitude of God's works, and are able better to compare systems than we can conceive.

Now, though we may not be immediately instructed by these intelligences, yet we feel the enlightening power of their presence in many ways. It has been supposed that the idea of angels being ministering spirits disparages the office of the Holy Spirit. We think that whatever may be the intercourse between angels and men, all such intercourse is under the immediate direction of that Spirit. If so, such intercourse does not detract any of the Spirit's influence, or disparage his office. It might as well be said that the connection of angels with the redemption of man lessened its value. Were not angelic ministrations enjoyed by men after the gift of the Holy Spirit had been given? Had not Cornelius, Peter, Philip, Paul and John, and other disciples visits from the angelic host? Then we ask, with Paul, "*Are they not all ministering spirits?*" They are at the bed of death with their soft tones of consolation and comfort. They are in the lonely hut — by the widow's side — with the dejected orphan. We have never seen them, neither have we seen the air, but we have no doubt felt their presence. It is not said that Cornelius saw the angel, but in a vision; neither does it appear that Philip saw the angel who commanded him to go in the direction of the Eunuch; nor Paul, when he exclaims, "There stood by me, this night, the angel of God."

* Hebrews 2:16.

† 2 Corinthians, 8:7-13.

But angels are evidently spoken of as communicating to them. It is a mistaken idea that they cannot communicate to us but by visibly presenting themselves. This may no more be considered necessary since the introduction of the new dispensation.

In referring to the object of angelic sympathy, we must conclude that at any rate, they are engaged in communicating intelligence to man. It was so in the case of Sodom; the announcing of the Messiah's approach; and also to the Mary's that their Lord had risen; and others who we might notice. It is as consistent to believe angels capable of communicating thoughts as to believe evil spirits have that power; and this is not doubted. Now, if angels do thus communicate to us useful thoughts, what value ought to be placed upon such a favor when we know that they are acquainted with our natural devices and perplexities. Joseph was warned by an angel to flee from Egypt, and also to return when Herod was dead. And as God used an angel in the deliverance of Isaac from the knife, so does he also use an angel to minister to us under similar circumstances of trial.

Angels have no doubt a design to animate our spirits. And what need have we sometimes of this? O, how Elijah valued that animation when almost in despair he laid under a juniper tree, asking God to take away his life. An angel touched him. How every nerve was strengthened as that touch was repeated; and his discouragements fled. How gentle are the footsteps of angels; but how encouraged are pilgrims by their soft sound? Let us cultivate their society, and act in their presence as becometh Christians, and bye and bye we shall dwell with them above, where we shall behold them for ourselves.

Canada West, July, 1859.

Death — A knife by which the ties of earth are riven.

[Original.]

FAITH'S WORK AND LOVE'S LABOR.

"Your work of faith and labor of love." 1 Thess. 1, 3.

BY W. S. T.

FAITH and love are both elementary and fundamental in Christianity — consequently essential in matters of doctrine and practice. They may not, therefore, be neglected nor lightly esteemed. A Christianity without these would be powerless for good. It would be the same as a watch without a balance wheel or a main-spring. Hence the propriety of the Apostle's bold and positive affirmation, that without the former "it is impossible to please God;" and in the absence of the latter, the power to speak "with the tongues of men and of angels" were naught but "sounding brass or a tinkling symbol." And add to these high accomplishments, "the gift of prophecy," and "the understanding of all mysteries and all knowledge," and a reputation for bestowing all one's "goods," be they never so great, "to feed the poor;" add all these, and any other excellent things, which are of good report among men; yet without *faith* and *love* they are nothing, *absolutely* nothing, in procuring God's favor and salvation. The Apostle's high commendation of the exercise of these eminent graces by the Church of Thessalonica, is a sufficient warrant of their importance, and the best recommendation to all future churches and Christians to assiduously cultivate them. The following, then, are some of the reflections that would naturally be suggested by the words of Paul at the head of this article.

Faith is an active principle — if an *act*, in an accommodated sense, may be termed a *principle*. It has *something to do* — the "work of faith." *Work* is not only that which justifies or proves its evangelical character, but work is its element and nutriment. "Faith without works is dead," or is, in no just sense, faith at all. Inf-

delity itself abounds in such a faith as that. Even devils are credited with a faith that causes them to tremble, but opens no door of hope from their damnation. While our world is by no means wanting in historical faith, and faith in the affairs of this life, yet there is sad want of a *working* faith among Christians. How many, of all nominal Christendom, *act* as if they credited the great truths of the Bible? Millions will tell us they believe man is fallen, and in danger of eternal death; but how many of these vast multitudes act as if they believed it? They believe in a heaven and a hell, and that the former is to be secured and the latter avoided, by obeying and loving God; but who of them are *acting* as if this were all true, all undoubted reality? The remarks of Mr. Barnes, the commentator, on faith, are so fine and apposite, we cannot forbear giving them: "*He that believeth*—that is, believeth the Gospel—*credits it to be, and acts as if it were true.* This is the whole of faith. Man is a sinner. He should act on the belief of this truth, and repent. There is a God. Man should believe it, and fear and love him, and seek his favor. The Lord Jesus died to save him. To have faith in him is to believe that this is true, and *act* accordingly; *i. e.*, to trust him, to rely on him, to love him, to feel that we have no merit, and to cast our all upon him. There is a heaven and a hell. To *believe* this is to credit the account, and act as if it were true; to seek the one and avoid the other. We are to die. To believe this is to act as if this were so; to be in readiness for it, and expect it, daily and hourly. In a word, faith is feeling and acting as if there were a God, a Saviour, a heaven, a hell; as if we were sinners, and must die; as if we deserved eternal death, and were in danger of it; and in view of all, casting our eternal interests on the mercy of God in Christ Jesus. To do this is to be a Christian; not to do this is to be an infidel."

This is what we would call an *active* faith,

or faith *working*; and applied to the privileges of the Christian life, will certainly secure to us the full benefits of our Saviour's complete salvation.

Faith is a servant. Its sphere and delight is willing obedience. It never dictates the terms or conditions of obedience. It prefers to trust to infinite wisdom and love to give the terms, than trust to its own erring judgment and deceitful heart. If left to choose between two or more chastisements or correctives that God may see needful for it, like David, to whom God proposed three evils for the punishment of his sin—famine, defeat by his enemies, or pestilence, says, "I am in great strait; let me fall into the hands of the lord, for his mercies are great; and let me not fall into the hand of man." Christians would be as numerous as the locusts of Egypt, were it left with the natural and unrenewed hearts of men to make the conditions of discipleship. But genuine faith says, "My will is depraved, and would lead me astray from *virtue* and happiness. Therefore, 'thy will be done, O Lord, not mine'"

Faith has to do with things not seen. "Faith is the *confidence* of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." It trusts where it cannot trace its object. When well instructed it is willing to remain blind and be led. Like good Father Abraham, at the command of God, "it goes out, not knowing whither." If it is required to yield up some dear Isaac, where the reasons are not given, or appear severe for want of light, it submits without a murmur or debate. It learns from happy experience that its best services and greatest triumphs are achieved in its blindness. Its growth is best encouraged in darkness and trial, for it finds that the end more than justifies the means and the expectation. Nor does it place any undue stress on strong emotions or joyous frames. It remembers that we, in a *trial state*, are not always to be on the Mount of Communion or Transfiguration,

nor even generally. It is not too sanguine about visible successes and fruit, though it knows how to appreciate these when given. One lesson a chastened faith soon learns, is, that "the kingdom of God cometh not with observation." In a word, this kind of faith is more concerned with obeying God than in looking for immediate fruit. It lays greater stress on the "Thus saith the Lord," on his *oath*, than on *feeling*, or deep religious *emotion*. And this important lesson it reads in legible characters in the life of the Saviour of sinners, which was by no means peculiar for joyous frames and emotions. "He was a man of sorrows, and acquainted with griefs." The servant is not above his master. Let Christians then learn to walk by faith, and not by sight. Let Thomas learn that those are more blessed, who believe, though they have not seen, than those who are always refusing to believe without thrusting their hands into their master's wounds. Let us all remember that the highest order of Christian life is one *purely* of faith. "Now, the just shall live by *faith*," not by *sight*. Any one can walk by sight or feeling, but it requires faith to travel through much of the journey between the city of sin and the New Jerusalem. It will be well for us to remember what a Quaker once said, "A dead fish can float down-stream, but it requires a live one to swim up-stream." From hence we may gather somewhat of Faith's work. Now let us consider

LOVE'S LABOR.

Love is also active and busy. It has much to do, *very much*! It embraces in its sphere of operations earth and heaven. "No pent up Utica contracts its powers." Its sphere and work will appear as we pass along.

Like faith, it lives not by sight. It is blind to the little errors, failings, and weaknesses of others. It thinketh no evil where it can help it. If it sees any, it endeavors to cover it as much as is con-

sistent with the cause of truth, and the well-being of society. It generally prefers to speak well of all the good qualities one may have, or not speak at all. Love gaddeth not about from neighborhood to neighborhood, and from house to house, to gather material for slander and uncharitable conversation. When it is compelled to hear scandal or detraction, it espouses the cause of the scandalized, by saying all the good things it knows of him, thereby mitigating the errors and failings of the assailed party, or positively refuses to listen to them at all. Love, in a certain sense, may be said to have intelligence. It learns from experience that every story has two sides, and that one may appear very plausible till the other is heard. It is therefore slow to decide before investigation has been had where the blame lies. In short, it "thinketh no evil," where none appeareth. "Love," saith South, "covers a multitude of sins. When a scar cannot be taken away, the next kind office is to hide it. Love is never so blind as when it is to spy faults."

Love is a benevolent principle. It does not confine its efforts to those who reciprocate them, but labors for the unthankful and the unkind. It gives without expecting an equivalent or some other advantage in return. It does not spread groaning tables for the rich; but it calls in the poor, halt, maimed, and blind, whom it knows can never compensate it. The quality of true love "is not strained;" it droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven upon the parched and thirsty ground. Its motto is, that "It is more blessed to give than to receive." It is abundantly communicative up to the means of its ability. "If the clouds be full of rain, they empty themselves upon the earth;" so with love. Water no more certainly seeks a level than does love its object. It will appear, from what we have said, that much that passes current for charity or true benevolence in our world, deserves no better name than downright selfishness.

Love is an enduring and sympathising principle. One of the definitions of the word here rendered *labor* means *travail* or *pain*. Such love is often called upon to endure. It denies itself of ease, pleasure, and joy. It enters the abodes of wretchedness and pollution. It goes into the dark lanes, damp cellars, and suffocating garrets, where poverty and misery reign. It is often found visiting the prison and hospital, where crime and disease have their victims. It does not allow that giving what it can spare as well as not — what it may offer without producing inconvenience and pain — what does not subject the benefactor to straits and want, really deserves the name of *self-denial*. To deny self is to cross nature — is to oppose her often in her cherished plans, in her fondness for abundance and comfort. How did love, embodied, incarnate, who made and possessed all things, become poorer than the birds which have nests, and the foxes which have holes!

But love suffers in another sense. It endures trial and sore grief. One of its principles is to labor for the good of those who oppose it. It compassionates its bitterest enemies, and prays for them. It blesses, and curses not. It feeds the hungry enemy, and slakes his raging thirst. Its glory and aim are to conquer evil with good, and banish from the earth that devilish sentiment that it is unmanly and cowardly to receive injuries and insults without resenting them. It boasts a manlier and loftier courage than this. By remembering that love is not insensible to, but susceptible of acute pain, on the receiving of undeserved injuries and insults, we will perceive how exquisitely and acutely it must suffer frequently in its mission in this world! There are times when it is required to be silent, and "suffer wrongfully," when most conscious of its entire innocency. This is a part of love's labor or suffering.

Love is a courageous principle. "There is no fear in love." Perfect love casteth

out fear" that "hath torment." It puts to flight the fear of man that "bringeth a snare." It destroys the tormenting fear of death and future punishment. By the courage of love we do not mean that brazen impudence and unwise foolhardiness that too frequently passes current for courage; but that modest yet persistent firmness which pursues the path of duty, whatever obstructions or dangers lie in the way. It is willing to die in duty's path, when thoroughly convinced thereof; but will not make one step towards danger where duty calls not. It contemns rash imprudence with as much care as nature does a vacuum. It is *prudently* courageous, and *wisely* timid. "God hath not given" his children "the spirit of fear, but of love." While love smiles at the stake, the rack, and the inquisition, yet it fears and trembles at the thought of offending God, or committing the most trifling and venial sins.

But love's peculiar field of labor is for sinners. Christ is its best exemplar. "He came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance." "He came into the world to save sinners." "His name shall be called Jesus," &c. "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son," &c. This, so to speak, was his only business, his all-controlling design in coming into our world. Let our love model after Christ's, or rather let us seek a copious baptism of his pure love-spirit. What a field here for the exercise of this grace! A world of sinners! Surely here is enough for love to do — enough to call into play and exercise all its wonderful powers! What work so ennobling and enrapturing as success in winning souls to Jesus! If angelic beings experience ineffable joy when sinners repent, why should not our limited souls pulsate with delight in such heavenly employment?

A reflection or two will close our present thoughts upon this subject. *Faith* and *love* are twin sisters, are boon companions in labor. They are the crowning

graces of the Christian character. In Paul's eulogy of charity, or love, they are coupled. "And now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; but the greatest of these is love." They *work* together. "Faith that works by (or with) love." They never interfere with each other. The absence of one or the other in practical life, is evidence of the absence of vital piety. The charity that says to "a brother or sister, naked, and destitute of daily food," "Depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled, notwithstanding ye give them not those things which are needful for the body, what doth it profit?" In such a heart there resides neither love nor faith, in any true sense. Faith without love is vain; is neither faith nor love.

Faith and love look not for their reward in this world. They are willing to work and labor here, though their efforts be not crowned with visible fruits. They cast their bread upon the waters, knowing that they will find it in another, if not in this world. In the morning they sow their seed, and at evening withhold not their hand, knowing not which shall prosper, or whether they shall be alike productive or unproductive. Faith and love feel assured that whatever is done purely for God's glory will ultimately receive a reward, equivalent to that promised had they been sensibly successful. "If there be first a willing mind, it is accepted according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not." "These all having obtained a good report through faith, received not the promise." Heb. xi.39. What Southey has said of love is equally true of faith:

"Love's holy flame forever burneth,
From Heaven it came, to Heaven returneth.
Too oft on earth a troubled guest,
At times deceived, at times oppress,
Here it is tried and purified,
Then hath in Heaven its perfect rest.
It soweth here with toil and care,
But the harvest time of love is there."

Downieville, California, June 23, 1859.

[Original.]

ONENESS OF BELIEVERS.

BY B. S.

WE hardly dare touch with tongue or pen the subject before us, so vast its length and breadth, its depth and height. From our stand point we gaze with emotions unutterable at the wonderful and mysterious wisdom, love, power and condescension of the great God therein exhibited. To express fully the character of this oneness between the creature and the Creator is beyond the power of finite words; yet God stoops, if we may be allowed the expression, to use human language as one of his mediums of communication between man and himself, and also between man and his fellow man. Therefore, it is not for us to discard what God appoints, and what he approves. The weakness of the finite instrument detracts not from the glory and power of the Infinite.

In regard to "the things of God," we are reminded that they are not to be understood in the "words which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the Holy Ghost teacheth, comparing spiritual things with spiritual," 1 Cor. ii. 13. We would therefore present such thoughts as seem to harmonize with the Word and Spirit of God, and pray that he may aid our humble weakness, to glorify himself!

John, chapter xvii., portrays the basis of a true oneness of believers; a oneness in Christ, and a oneness with each other. In verse 22d, Jesus prays the Father, saying, "that they may be one, even as we are one." There being a perfect union between the Father and the Son, we infer that a like union should exist between believers. This union consists in a oneness of affection, of sympathy, of purpose, in and for each other. "Be of one mind," seems to be the idea conveyed. As Christ and the Father are one in spirit, one in harmonious working for the world's redemption, so is it necessary for the disciples to be of one spirit, working together

for the same object; otherwise they could not become the true representatives of Christ and his gospel, before the world, which was manifestly God's design. The prayer, that "they may be one," strikingly exhibits the omniscience of Jesus. He evidently saw the dissensions that would arise, some claiming to be for Paul, others for Apollos, "brother going to law with brother," "variance, emulation, strife," each "seeking his own, and not the things of Jesus Christ," "receiving honor one of another," etc. In these things we may behold, even in acknowledged disciples, the remains of the carnal mind; the innate tendency to evil, and the lack of a perfect faith, and a oneness of spirit with Christ. Hence, in verse 23d, Jesus prayed "that they may be made perfect in one." If they were already perfect, he could not with propriety pray that they may be made so. This prayer of Jesus brings out very forcibly the command: "Be ye perfect even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." Again, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, soul, might, mind and strength." The perfection for which Jesus here prayed is clearly defined, in other passages, to be "perfect love." The latter clause explains the sense of the first clause; love being the element brought to view. We repeat the whole passage in the connection in which it stands, as follows: "I in them, and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one; and that the world may know that thou hast sent me, and hast loved them *as thou hast loved me.*" Seemingly, in order to rivet attention to this doctrine, the prayer is several times repeated, with some little variation. In verse 11 he prays, "that they may be one as we are." Verse 21, he prays, that "they all may be one as thou, Father, art in me and I in thee, that they also may be one in us." Oneness in love between the Father and the Son admits of no comparison; hence we infer that a perfection of oneness in love

is required of believers. In verse 22, he asks "that they may be one even as we are one;" in verse 23, "that they may be made perfect in one." The sentiment is also uttered again in verse 26, "that the love wherewith thou hast loved me" (is not this perfect love?) "may be in them, and I in them."

This doctrine of perfect love, experimentally received, we regard as the basis — the only basis of that oneness in and with Christ, and with each other, which the chapter before us teaches. In verse 4, Jesus says, in his prayer to the Father, "I have glorified thee on the earth, I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do." Then in verse 18, he adds, "as thou hast sent me into the world, even so have I also sent them into the world."

By these passages, taken in connection, we may learn that if Jesus had finished his work, the disciples had not finished theirs, but were now sent forth by Jesus, as Jesus was sent by the Father. And further, as Jesus possessed the requisite qualifications for the performance of his mission on the earth, so he conferred upon the disciples the requisite qualifications which they stood in need of to fulfill their mission. Verse 8th contains an express declaration to this effect, "For I have given unto them," saith Jesus, "the words which thou gavest me." There are also other corresponding passages, all of which reveal to us the stupendous fact of a oneness of believers with Christ in the work of propagating the gospel among men. They are one with Christ in sympathy for the salvation of a perishing world; they are one with him in their suffering reproach, persecution, and every species of indignity growing out of their alliance to his cause; in a word, they are one with him in all those points involving the glory of God, and the welfare of the human family; still further, they are one with him in victory over the world, the flesh and the devil; they are one, also, with

him in endless, glorious felicity. "They shall be like him, and shall see him as he is." For all this Jesus prays, more or less explicitly in the chapter under consideration. And if anything is lacking to encourage our faith in him for the fulfilment of these mighty petitions, we have only to contemplate him as he exists in his Godhead,—possessed of all power in heaven as well as upon earth, and presumption only would dare to question or to doubt. He brings, seemingly, as an argument for an answer to his prayer, the "glory that he had with his Father before the world was." See verse 5, also, 24.

We hope our readers will never more judge the Lord Jesus Christ by mere human sense, but

"Trust him for his grace,"

"and as being able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by him."

"Faithful is he that calleth you, who also will do it."

"Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees,
And looks to that alone."

[Selected.]

NIGHT MUSINGS.

In the still silence of the voiceless night,
When, chased by airy dreams, the slumbers flee,
Whom in the darkness doth my spirit seek,
O God, but thee?

And if there be a weight upon my breast,
Some vague impression of the day foregone,
Scarce knowing what it is, I fly to thee,
And lay it down.

Or, if it be the heaviness that comes
In token of anticipated ill,
My bosom takes no heed of what it is,
Since 'tis thy will.

For, oh! in spite of past and present care,
Or anything beside, how joyfully
Passes that almost solitary hour,
My God, with thee!

More tranquil than the stillness of the night,
More peaceful than the silence of that hour,
More blessed than anything, my spirit lies
Beneath thy power.

For what is there on earth that I desire,
Of all that it can give or take from me,
Or whom in heaven doth my spirit seek,
O God, but thee?

[Original.]

GROWTH IN GRACE.

BY E. M. A.

Why is it that so few Christians are really making any advancement in the heavenly way?—for that such is the fact none will deny. We see men all around us, who, for many years, perhaps from childhood, have been in the church of God, and yet seem to have made no progress whatever; they have no stronger faith, no more ardent love, no deeper experience of the hidden things of God than when they first entered his service; and, indeed, in very many instances they have lost their first love, and are now settled down in fancied security, satisfied with the form of godliness, though without any of the life and power thereof. Is this as it should be? Is this what the apostle means when he exhorts his brethren to present their bodies a living sacrifice? And again, writing to the Phillippians he says, "but this one thing I do; forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press towards the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." How earnest he is! "I press towards the mark." Oh, that Christians of the present day possessed more of this spirit; were striving to press towards the mark instead of being satisfied, if they move at all, with simply creeping on, so slowly, indeed, that their motion is scarcely perceptible.

Many appear to think that when they have received justifying grace, they have obtained all they need to have, all there is for them; how sadly are they mistaken. When a soul receives Jesus in the pardon of his sins, and a freedom from the guilt thereof, he has just commenced to live, he is emphatically a babe in Christ, and prepared to receive only the milk of the word; and; as in the natural world, the child grows and becomes strong, developing each day some power before unknown,

so in the spiritual world, the young disciple of Jesus must grow in grace, become stronger in faith, every day, bringing into exercise some new principle or feeling, a hidden power of whose existence he himself was unconscious, until the exigency of the hour called it into being. Again, in the natural world, let us suppose a child ceases to grow; we become alarmed, there must be something the matter, disease is at work, physicians are called in, and the probability is it will die unless some remedy can be applied; or, at best, it will be a dwarf all its days, an object of pity, and it may be of contempt, to those around. If such a case may be regarded as a great calamity, when only the body is concerned, how much greater is the evil when it regards the soul, the never-dying soul;—if that is not growing in heavenly wisdom, great indeed is the calamity, disease, spiritual malady, the most to be dreaded of all diseases is at work, and unless the Good Physician, even our blessed Saviour, is applied to, and that continually, the little spark of life kindled within and burning with such a feeble, flickering light, will be extinguished altogether, it may be never to be rekindled, ending in endless night.

There is, fellow Christian,—you, 'who are at ease in Zion, you who think the work is all accomplished,—there is for you a richer blessing, if you will but seek it. Heaven has in store for you far more precious gifts than any you have yet experienced. Listen again to the apostle; it seems as if he could scarcely find language sufficiently strong to convey his meaning. In his epistle to the Ephesians, after making mention of his prayers for them, he says, "that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height, and to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God." Paul knew by blessed experience what it was to be filled

with all the fulness of God; and why may not we? The fulness of God! What a depth of meaning does it convey, what a plenitude of grace. And is it possible that we, poor, erring mortals may taste of that fulness? It is even so. Then let us seek for it; let us seek it by a daily increasing union of the soul with Christ; by living more entirely unto him, and for him, consecrating our hearts wholly to his service, that they may be the temple of his love; hallowed shrines, where nothing unholy or impure is allowed to enter. As the branch abides in the vine, so we must abide in Jesus, drawing our life and vigor from him; and this, by the constant exercise of faith, that faith which was first called into being at our conversion.

We must never allow our sight of him, our all-sufficient Saviour, to be obscured for one moment by doubts or fears; then there will be growth, true spiritual growth; it is impossible to be otherwise. Then we shall begin to comprehend a little of the length, and breadth, and height of the love of God; a theme which can fully be understood only as the ages of eternity unfold them.

Fellow Christian, will you not be aroused to action!—to fight, if need be, when such a glorious prospect opens before you! Oh, be constrained to cast aside every weight, and press earnestly onward. The interests of the church require it. The good of your own soul depends upon it. The cause of him you profess to serve demands it. Will you hesitate longer? Resolve from this time to consecrate your time, your talents, your body, your soul, to his service who has redeemed you with his own most precious blood, determined henceforward to know nothing among men save Jesus and him crucified.

CHRISTIANITY. — Christianity proves itself as the sun is seen in its own light. Its evidence is involved in its existence.—*Coleridge.*

[Original.]

THE PURE IN HEART ARE
HUMBLE.

BY A. C. B. L.

WE sometimes hear it said that if any one is made *perfect* in Christ, — is wholly sanctified, — he cannot be *abased* in his own eyes, for he is *perfect*.

How far is this from being the case. We may illustrate what we would say in answer to the objection, by the case of the penitent sinner. When he is brought to see and apprehend fully his condition as unreconciled to God, as *lost* in sin, utterly and *hopelessly lost*, forever lost, for all that human aid can avail, and then has a view of *Jesus* as an almighty Saviour, the one, and only one adapted to his necessity, and sees how *freely* and how *fully* he will save; when, with all his soul, he receives him as his Saviour, and feels how *great* the *grace*, the unmerited favor shown to him, is his heart lifted up within him, to glory in himself? None will admit it. Then, "as ye have *received* Christ, so *walk* in him." In deep loathing of self and sin, earnest faith, which holds with an unyielding grasp, and a quenchless love to the great Deliverer, who is "strong to save, and mighty to redeem," and whose *love* is equal to his power.

When the Lord promised by Ezekiel that he would cleanse his people from all their filthiness, and all their idols, that he would *save* them from all their uncleanness, etc., (Ezek. xxxvi., from the 17th verse to the end,) he says: "Then shall ye remember your own evil ways, and your doings that were not good, and shall *loathe yourselves* in your own sight, for your iniquities and your abominations. Not for *your* sakes do I this, saith the Lord, be it known unto you."

Shall we ever lose sight of "the rock whence we were hewn, or the hole of the pit whence we were digged?" Shall we ever cease to magnify the riches of that abounding grace, which has taken our feet

from the miry clay and set them upon a rock, and put a new song in our mouths, even praise to our God? — and shall we now "*continue in sin that grace may abound*? God forbid. How shall we who are *dead to sin, live any longer therein*?" It is "*by grace we are saved through faith*, and that not of *ourselves*, it is the *gift of God*."

Hence the necessity of prayer without ceasing, of a continued, abiding faith, and of a present salvation, moment by moment. When trials come, as come they must, "for whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth," shall we suffer our hearts to quail? Rather let us hear the Saviour saying to us, "I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not." *His* prayer is always answered. When the waves roar, and we are beginning to sink, thinking we see evil and nought but death, let those sweet words, "It is *I*, be not afraid," from the same blessed voice again re-assure us, and calm all our fears, for we shall obtain "the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

[Original.]

TRUST IN GOD.

BY RUTH.

SHOULD Death his arrows to my loved ones send,
And from me snatch my dearest earthly friend,
To thee, my *Heavenly* Friend, I'd closer cling,
And, like the night-bird, e'en in darkness sing.
And this should be the burden of my song —
My *Heavenly* Father can do nothing wrong.

Should persecution's storms around me beat,
Should secret snares enclose my weary feet,
Should fierce temptations try me, and fell foes
From earth and hell my every step oppose,
Still this should be the burden of my song —
My *Heavenly* Father can do nothing wrong.

Calm trust in God — a privilege sublime! —
It bears us safe through all the storms of time;
From every sorrow plucks the sting away,
And sweetens every comfort. Happy they
Who still make this the burden of their song —
My *Heavenly* Father can do nothing wrong.

[Original.]

GROWING OUT OF SIN.

BY F. E. IRVINE.

WHEN the subject of sanctification by faith is presented, how often is it the case that we hear individuals remark, "O, I believe in growing in grace." Just as though sin in the heart was necessary to enable them to obey the injunction, "grow in grace."

Let us look at this. What has sin in the heart to do with a growth in grace? Just the same that the weeds have to do with the plants and flowers with which they mingle. Surely, none will say, "I want my plants and flowers to grow, therefore I will not remove the weeds."

Just as the plants and flowers would expand and grow much more rapidly after the removal of the weeds, so, too, would the graces of the Spirit grow and expand much more rapidly after the removal of inbred sin, or the remains of the carnal mind.

Again. As the plants and flowers will grow in spite of the weeds, so, too, will the graces of the Spirit if they maintain the ascendancy; if not, they, like the plants, overtopped by weeds, will pine away and die.

O that I could present this one idea in such a light that conviction would flash upon every mind; and each one see that what remains of the carnal mind — tempers and passions — contrary to pure love, instead of assisting to obey this injunction, only hinder and endanger their eternal happiness.

By faith, our past transgressions are removed. By faith, the deep depravity of the heart is washed away, "Being justified by faith," Rom. viii., 1; "Purifying their hearts by faith," Acts xv., 8.

Harmony, McHenry Co., Ill.

If Christ be precious unto us, his gospel will be so, and all its truths and promises; his church will be so, and all that belongs to it.

[Original.]

"BE YE THEREFORE PERFECT."

BY D. WHITTENORE CHASE.

Yes, "Be ye therefore perfect,"
Your great Redeemer said,
Before that cruel verdict,
Before He bowed His head.

Be perfect men and women,
Be perfect in your sphere;
That doubts and fears of evil
May quickly disappear.

Think not to have God's wisdom,
Nor all His wondrous love;
Nor think to have his power
To rule the worlds above.

Think not to vie with angels,
While here on earth you stay,
To raise as high your voices,
Or on those harps to play.

Think not to know, with spirits,
The glories of that place
Where they, in mansions dwelling,
See Jesus face to face.

Nor think to enter Eden,
With hearts like primal Eve;
And, void of all temptations,
All worldly cares to leave.

For Earth is full of anguish,
Where'er our paths may lead;
And tears and troublous partings
Oft cause the heart to bleed.

Yet here we may be perfect,
Before we meet above;
Small or large the vessel,
It may be filled with love.

Whate'er is right, is perfect —
Whate'er is wrong, is not;
The first is born of Heaven,
The last, of Hell begot.

If thoughts and words and motives
Are right and just and pure,
Then Faith may grasp the promise
Which helps you to endure.

If nothing wrong you cherish,
With mind, or lip, or hand,
You'll then be fully perfect,
And keep your Lord's command.

But if you lack for wisdom,
Or strength, in time or place,
Then Faith may claim this promise —
"I'll aid you by my grace."

[From our New York Correspondent.]

FULTON STREET PRAYER MEETING.

TO-DAY a gentleman rose and read a communication from Wales, England, where the Holy Spirit is poured out in a wonderful manner. The most abandoned are among the prominent subjects of divine grace. In one small town eight rum-sellers had given up their iniquitous business. Prayer meetings were the means used in this great work.

Another gentleman said, by a letter he had seen, it was estimated that there are ten thousand conversions in Cardiganshire and Carmarthenshire. That this time last year a lady from Wales was in this city a few weeks, and she attended this meeting. When about to leave this country for her home, in Carmarthenshire, she subscribed for one of the religious papers of the city, so that she might be, as she said, in the Fulton street meeting once a week, at least.

Did that Mary carry the leavening power of prayer and union with her, and is extensive salvation the result?

"THE WAY OF HOLINESS," IN FRENCH.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM ST. HELLIER'S, ISLAND OF JERSEY.

July 5, 1859.

'HITHERTO hath the Lord helped us,' might we say with the prophet of old. In fact, the success which has been crowning my enterprise ever since I undertook to publish your works in French, is far more complete and lasting than I had expected.

Some of our preachers volunteered to take a number of copies at a very reasonable price, and have immediately sold them among the people. Members of the national church, independents of various churches, and even worldly men, have got the book, and many letters are sent to me as testimonials for the good effects

produced. I doubt not but that very large numbers of Christians found in this volume, for the first time, a clear exposition of the way of holiness.

In the Island of Jersey alone I sold from four to five hundred copies. France, Switzerland, and perhaps Belgium, have received parcels after sending orders. A few copies were sent to Canada, Australia, and other lands. May the good seed be remembered of God! My brother, stationed in Paris, managed to sell the best part of sixteen hundred copies within the first six months of this year. We hope a second edition will be called for after a little time. Meanwhile, we are about printing '*La foi et les effets*,' and '*L'entière consécration à Dieu*.' Our funds are coming in fast enough.

This winter we enjoyed a gracious outpouring of the Holy Spirit in Jersey. That was greatly needed, in —, as the old societies are so prone to settle on their lees. The members in society had been on the decrease for a long period; but we have been revived, and hope to see many uniting with us every quarter, henceforth.

You must have been apprised of the good work now going on in Ireland. Indeed, the last are now becoming the first. Would to God that our ministers and people should turn to the Lord with fasting and prayer, mourning for the glory that is departed from us. I have no doubt the Lord is now saying, "Behold me," to nations that were not called by his name, and perhaps turning aside from the rebellious people, and the worldly minded Christians.

Very often do I wish I might fly to America for a few months, and imbibe there a new measure of that good spirit of life we so much need. But God is the same everywhere, and the means are the same for all. "O Lord, increase our faith."

My beloved father is now a super-numerary, very old and feeble, although still ready to run and speak for God, if

the strength were restored to him. The other members of the family are all living under the cloud of Almighty love.

I am still yours affectionately,
J. WESLEY LELIEVRES.

MRS. P. PALMER.

[Original.]

COUNSELS TO A FRIEND.

BY J. E. P.

DEAR SISTER :

I have been thinking some time about writing to you; indeed, I commenced, but was overcome by temptation. I thought if you were exercised as I was at times, that it would be an advantage to us both to express our feelings to each other, and also our resolutions to pursue a holy life. I feel anxious to know whether you have been tried and tempted as I have been since we made the profession of sanctification. I acknowledge with shame and sorrow, that I suffered the corruptions of my nature and the enemy of souls, to rob me of the evidence I had of my great salvation, which I labored hard for, not knowing the way; that it was to be obtained by faith, and not by any works of mine; only the mere act of faith in God. But I was not happy. You understand me well, I believe, though many do not—how a person can be happy, and still be unhappy. We are comforted because our natures have been changed and regenerated, but still the remains of the carnal mind render us unhappy at times, and it must of necessity be so until we are perfected in love. As long as we have the remains of sin in us, in a degree we shall be unholy. But I did not rest in that situation; I remembered how I received it in the first instance; by faith in God I sought and obtained it, to the inexpressible comfort of my soul, and I feel determined to persevere in a life of holiness. A profession of religion will not suffice us in the hour

of trial. I know that it requires self-denial and taking up our crosses by fasting and abstinence, and also to be guarded in our conversation, that it may be ordered aright to the use of edifying others, and our own souls' comfort. In a word, let all we do be done with an eye single to the glory of our Divine Master; then shall we be Christians indeed and in truth, in whom is no guile.

I feel a great deal for poor sinners. Oh, that all the Christians would unite and pray for them, that we may have a great revival this year.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., June, 1859.

[Selected.]

THE LOVE OF GOD.

Love thee!—oh, Thou, the world's eternal Sire!
Whose palace is the vast infinity,
Time, space, height, depth, oh God! are full of thee,

And sun-eyed seraphs tremble and admire.
Love thee!—but thou art girt with vengeful fire,
And mountains quake, and banded nations flee,
And terror shakes the wide unfathomed sea,
When the heavens rock with thy tempestuous ire.

Oh, thou! too vast for thought to comprehend,
That wast ere time,—shalt be when time is o'er;
Ages and world's begin—grow old—and end,
Systems and suns thy changeless throne before,
Commence and close their cycles:—lost I bend
To earth my prostrate soul, and shudder and adore.

Love thee!—oh, clad in human lowliness,
—In whom each heart its mortal kindred knows,—
Our flesh, our form, our tears, our pains, our woes—

A fellow-wanderer o'er earth's wilderness!
Love thee! whose every word but breathes to bless!

Through thee, from long sealed lips glad language flows;

The blind their eyes, that laugh with light, unclose;

And babes, unchild, thy garment's hem onress.

—I see thee, doom'd by bitterest pangs to die,

Up the sad hill with willing footsteps move,

With scourge, and taunt, and wanton agony,

While the cross nods, in hideous gloom, above,

Though all—even there—be radiant Deity!

—Speechless I gaze, and my whole soul is love!

—Milton.

The Guide to Holiness.

SEPTEMBER, 1859.

EDITORIAL PAPERS.

SUGGESTIONS.

WE endeavored, in our last issue, to improve the moment when the special means of grace in the grove were about to begin, to make a few suggestions in reference to their profitable improvement. Ere this article comes under the notice of our readers, many will have enjoyed those precious privileges. And may we not hope that hundreds of our many thousands of readers will peruse these lines with hearts glowing with the newly found blessing of perfect love. Though possibly of many years' experience in converting grace, they feel that they have entered a new life. They have ventured from the shore of a common Christian attainment into the boundless ocean of God's love. New comforts have taken possession of their hearts. A stronger faith has set them upon a firmer foundation. New hopes have sprung up within them, from clearer visions of eternal realities and future glories. From the great change that has come over their inward life, the outward world has changed. Nature was never clothed in greater beauty, nor spoke more eloquently of the power and wisdom of the Creator. But it is not of this we speak. They feel that life has assumed a more interesting and solemn character. Duties appear more numerous and more important. Their sphere of responsibilities has enlarged wonderfully. They have received a greater treasure of grace than ever, to guard and develop, — a treasure the resources of which in its glorious fulness they will be required to test to its utmost.

But they have no occasion to shrink from these astonishing truths. They have One who is made unto them Wisdom, that they may not err. He is a Refuge into which they may run from the "windy storm and tempest."

But since God has made it our privilege to instruct one another, and given us valued opportunities of being instructed, though all are equally dependent upon the great Teacher, we offer a few suggestions to those who have recently ventured wholly upon Christ.

1. *Be prepared for the influence of the great change in the outward circumstances of your position.*

You were brought into the blessing, it may be, while surrounded by sympathising friends who had instructed you, prayed for and with you, and who when you stood forth to declare what great things God had done for your soul, rejoiced greatly in your rejoicing. There were no opposers there, and no sceptics. The atmosphere was

not tainted with the breath of unbelief, but was filled with spiritual influences. The exhortations were those of faith and love. The preaching was attended by a heavenly unction. The language of your heart was,

"My willing soul would stay
In such a place as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss."

But you have found it different since your return home. The necessary duties of secular business have brought you into contact with the cold world. They neither know your joys nor believe the glad tidings which you would willingly declare in their ears. But this you expected, and you can pity and pray for them. The most painful change in your outward circumstances is in another direction. It may be in your family circle, though many or all of its members are professors of religion. They are strangely indifferent to the good you have obtained, — perhaps decidedly opposed to it, through the influence of erroneous education or low spiritual attainments. Even your honored pastor and beloved brethren and sisters in the church may turn away from your testimony with coldness or positive dislike. Not only the backslider and worldly minded may be unsympathising, but, possibly, some of the conscientious and devoted, for all God's people have not knowledge on this important doctrine of the Christian life.

And if such as we have intimated be the feelings of those about you, the social meetings will be far below your standard of spirituality; the preaching will lack the evidence of a full appreciation of the deep things of God; and the conversation of those with whom you seek the communion of saints, will be unsatisfactory. Thus, possibly, you have taken a step which has placed you alone.

We hope and trust that in the above illustration of our subject we have presented an extreme case. We have done so to present more forcibly our meaning. If this be understood, the reader will be prepared for another suggestion.

2. *Be not alarmed if assailed by temptations of an intensity unknown to you before.*

Your Father knows that you are no longer a babe, and he may now feed you with meat, a part of which is the fiery ordeal of your faith. The Devil knows that his kingdom is in danger of suffering loss at your hands as it never did before. He will take the advantage of all the circumstances of your position. He will magnify the importance of those which are unfavorable, and assume new modes of attack, and every mode known to his fiendish mind or suggested by his wicked purpose. Be on your guard against him. "Take the sword of the Spirit." Keep close to the written word. Lie at the feet of the Saviour, and make him your confidant in all your perplexities. He cares for you; he has been tempted as you are; he has conquered the Tempter, and can and will do it again, and for-

ever. Near Christ is a safe refuge, where the troubled soul may find strength, wisdom and peace.

3. *Above all things, "Have fervent charity."*

"Put on Charity." Recollect that your blessing is the blessing of perfect love. Vindicate this high attainment before your brethren and the world, by the love that "suffereth long and is kind," that "endureth all things," and that "never faileth." It must burn inextinguishably before neglect, disparagement, and even unreasonable and downright opposition. If love prompt you to faithfulness of admonition, it forbids bitterness and fault-finding. It may beget between you and those who are partakers of like precious faith, an intimacy that you cannot have with others, but it will not allow isolation from Christians of ordinary attainments. While it gives a deep interest in meetings appointed in special reference to the subject of entire sanctification, it excites a strong desire to lend all the influence possible to give life and profit to the stated means of grace. It will not lead to the neglect of them, because they fail in numbers or spirituality. Where the battle falters, there love bids us fly to rally the scattered combatants and to encourage them on to victory. Love qualifies us to teach in spiritual things, but equally disposes us to be taught. It leads us to exclaim,

"Humble and teachable and mild,
O may I, as a little child,
My Lowly Master's steps pursue.

Finally. "As you have received Christ, so walk in him."

You were brought unto your present state of grace by faith. Live by faith on Christ. Then,

"Content with beholding his face,
Your all to his pleasure resigned,
No changes of season or place
Can make any change in your mind."

When you first felt that you were made free from sin—not from its power only, but its in-being—you gave God the glory. So continue to do. Go on trusting fully, working with all your might, rejoicing evermore, praying without ceasing, in everything giving thanks, and we "pray God your whole spirit, and soul, and body, may be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. Faithful is he that calleth you, who also will do it."

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

THE LITTLE STOCKING MERCHANT.

TAP! tap! tap! came a feeble knock at my door, just at nightfall, one fearfully cold evening, as I stood hovering over the cooking-stove, which, being in the basement, made the warmest room in the house. "And shure was n't there a knock at the door?" asked Lizzie, as she laid down her knife and the loaf of bread she was cutting.

Tap! tap! tap! again fell upon the ice-covered panel, this time a little more distinctly; and Lizzie sprang by, exclaiming,

"Who in the world can be out this frazing night!"

She opened the door, and in stepped a little girl of some twelve years, though she was dwarfed and cramped in size till she might have passed for ten.

"Buy any stockings to-night, ma'am?" asked a sweet, clear, childish voice.

"No, I believe not," was my response (I really did not need them); and she turned to go—that little one—out again, into the perilous cold.

"But come in and warm you, will you not?" I added.

"O yes, ma'am, for it's very cold;" and she approached the glowing stove—now red-hot—and sat down her willow basket, in which lay a few pair of woollen stockings, and stretched out her little half-frozen hands to catch the warmth.

"O, it's nice and warm here!" she said, looking up with a cheerful smile; and her great, expressive eyes looked her happiness. "But wont you buy a pair of stockings? Here's a pair that will just suit you, with double heels and toes."

I took the articles so coaxingly offered, and found they were just what she recommended them.

"Where do you get them?" I asked.

"My father weaves them."

"And you go out to sell?"

"Yes, ma'am, I go two afternoons a week."

"Have you no mother?"

"My mother died three years ago."

"And who takes care of you now?"

"O, I live with my father now,—he, and my brother and sister."

"Is your sister older?"

"O no, ma'am; she is only half as old. She was only a little thing when my mother died."

We buttered the bright-faced little one a large slice of bread, which she took thankfully, and then we went on with our questioning.

"And how do you get along being house-keeper?"

"O, first-rate since sister is big enough to go to school. We all go to school now."

"What! you and sister, and brother? and you leave father at home to weave stockings?"

"Yes, ma'am, that's it: I get up before light in the morning, and then I get the breakfast, and wash up the dishes and sweep the floor clean, and wash and comb brother and sister; and then we all run away to school, and when we come home at night, then I get supper and do up the work, and I study after that to keep up with my class."

"And don't you get behind sometimes?"

"Never once. Sometimes I'm head, and then I like that; it makes me study harder."

And the great blue eyes dilated with pride, while the smile of self-satisfaction flitted over her face.

"But how do you manage to sell your stockings?"

"Why, in the summer, you know, I can go after school; and in the winter my teacher excuses me Wednesday afternoons, and I study harder and make it up."

"And who does your washing?" asked Lizzie.

"Why, I do, to be sure; I do all. I washed this morning before I came out to sell my stockings; and to-night I must get supper, and iron, and scrub my floor, before I go to bed, so to be clean for Sunday."

"Why, it's a shame to your father, it is, to be letting the likes of a wee thing like you wash, and iron, and scrub. Why don't he put it out?"

"Put it out!" exclaimed the child, while a soft, silvery laugh went rippling through the kitchen; "that would be great, when he has a big girl like me to do it, and he is so lame, and yarn costs so much, and he makes so little. If he was to put it out, where would the school-books come from, and the like of that?"

By this time the bread and butter was consumed, and the little, hardy hands and feet warmed.

"I must go," said Katrine (we had found out her name). "It's most night, and I've six pair left. You'd better take this pair; if you will, I will run right home, for that will make just enough to pay the rent."

I bought the stockings, and as I dropped three shining quarters into that hand, so prematurely worn, she dropped a courtesy, and with the most grateful tone said,

"O, I thank you, I'm so glad now! I can run right home and get my work done, and — ugh!" she added, shivering, "it's so cold, and almost dark, too, for me to be running round to sell any more."

Away she darted, and as her bright, cheerful face disappeared, we felt that a light had gone out of the twilight shadowing of our room.

What a reproach was that child's simple tale to the complainers all around! — scarce out of her infancy, yet bearing on her young heart and hands the duties and cares of mother and house-keeper, merchant and school-girl, and yet as bright and gleeful as the summer sunshine, — as full of warblings as the spring bird.

O, none need be poor — none need to suffer for the good gifts of God — if all were as industrious, cheerful, self-denying, and self-sacrificing as little Katrine. I am glad I bought her stockings, and as oft as I see them I shall think of her, — of the struggles and the conquest of her unselfish love.

Who can prophesy of her future? I have seldom seen a finer eye, or more speaking face. She will outstrip her companions-in-luxury; she will know, through constant exercise and effort, the value of herself. How proud were her words, as she told us of all she could do; not boastingly, but as if it was natural and right, and the easiest thing in the world to do! Heaven bless and

prosper thee, little one, and give thee strength for all thy labor of love! — MRS. FRANCES GAGE.

FOR MOTHER'S SAKE.

A FATHER and his little son

On wintry waves were sailing;
Fast from their way the light of day
In cloud and gloom was falling;
And fiercely round their lonely bark
The stormy winds were wailing.

They knew that peril hovered near;
They prayed, "O Heaven, deliver!"
But a wild blast came howling past,
And soon, with sob and shiver,
They struggle in the icy grasp
Of that dark, rushing river.

"Cling fast to me, my darling child!"
An anguished voice was crying;
While silverly clear, o'er tempest drear,
Rose softer tones replying,
"O mind not me, my father dear;
I'm not afraid of dying."

"O mind not me, but save yourself,
For mother's sake, dear father.
Leave me, and hasten to the shore,
Or who will comfort mother?"

The angel forms that ever wait
Unseen on man attendant,
Flew up o'erjoyed to heaven's bright gate,
And then on page resplendent,
High over those of heroes bold,
And martyrs famed in story,
They wrote the name of that brave boy,
And wreathed it round with glory.

"God bless the child!" — ay, He did bless
That noble self-denial,
And safely bore him to the shore
Through tempest, toil, and trial;
Soon in their bright and tranquil home,
Son, sire, and that dear mother
For whose sweet sake so much was done,
In rapture met each other.

E. S. SMITH.

TRUE COURAGE.

A company of boys in — street, Boston, one day after school, were engaged in snowballing. William had made a good hard snowball. In throwing it, he "put in too much powder," as the boys say — he threw it too hard — and it went farther than he intended, right through a parlor window!

All the boys shouted —

"There, you'll catch it now. Run, Bill, run!"

They then took to their heels.

But the brave William straightened up and looked sober as he said —

"I shall not run."

He then started directly for the house where the window had been broken. He rang at the door, acknowledged what he had done, and expressed his regret. He then gave his name, and the name of his father, and his father's place of business, and said the injury should be repaired.

Was not that noble? That was true *courage*. It is *cowardice* that would lead a boy when he has done an injury like that, to sneak away and run to conceal it. How noble and brave it is to see a boy confess a fault, and not be afraid to face the consequences.

Give us William, whenever any real bravery is called for, rather than all those boys together, who cried out—

"Run, Bill, run."

He'll face the danger, while they will sneak.—*Well-Spring*.

SCRIPTURE CABINET.

THE GLORY OF HOLINESS.

Glorious in holiness.—Exodus xv. 11.

Thus sung Moses and the children of Israel in their triumph at the Red Sea. The chief glory of God is his holiness. In subduing his enemies and delivering his people, this is manifest. It was set forth in the unapproachable light in which God appeared to Moses, which caused his face to shine so that the children of Israel could not look upon it. It was symbolized by the Shekinah in the Holy of Holies. It was proclaimed to Isaiah (Is. vi.) when the seraphim cried one unto another, "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of Hosts; the whole earth is full of his glory." It was represented to the disciples on the Mount of Transfiguration, by the face of Christ, which "did shine as the sun," and by his raiment, which was "white as the light." This holiness imparted to the church makes it glorious on earth and in heaven.

"Holy as thou, O Lord, is none;
Thy holiness is all thine own:
A drop of that unbounded sea
Is ours,—a drop derived from thee.

"And when thy purity we share,
Thine only glory we declare;
And, humbled into nothing, own
Holy and pure is God alone."

GOD'S PROVIDENTIAL CARE.

"Surely he shall deliver thee—from the noisome pestilence." Psalm 91:3.

The text expresses the great truth that God has a special care for his people. This is manifested oftentimes by delivering them from dangers by which others fall.

In Watergate street, Chester, Ireland, stands the dilapidated remains of an old house, called

"God's providence house." It is an object of much interest. In 1652, a terrible disease, known as the "*sweating plague*," swept off great numbers of the inhabitants of Chester. In this house lived a devout Quaker. The dead lay about him in every dwelling, and the "death-cart" rumbled hourly past his door. But the scourge came not nigh him. His family alone, of all the neighborhood, escaped. His house remained like a lone green tree where the fire has blackened the whole forest.

In acknowledgment of this same protecting though often unseen hand, the devout mind exclaims,—

"God of my life, whose gracious power,
Through varied deaths my soul hath led,
Or turned aside the fatal hour,
Or lifted up my sinking head,—

"In all my ways thy hand I own,
Thy ruling Providence I see,
Assist me still my course to run,
And still direct my paths to thee."

GOD'S REMEMBRANCE OF OUR LABOR OF LOVE.

"God is not unrighteous to forget your work and labor of love." Heb. 6: 10.

Mrs. Judson was at one time reading to her husband from a religious journal an account of a series of beneficial consequences which had flowed from labor of his, performed many years before, and almost forgotten. Dr. Judson was greatly affected while his wife was reading. When she closed, he clasped her hand and said, with deep emotion, "Love, this almost frightens me. I do not know what to make of it. What! why what have you just been reading to me? I never was deeply interested in any object, I never prayed sincerely and earnestly for anything but it came—at some time—no matter at how distant a day—somehow, in some shape, it came. And yet I have always had so little faith! May God forgive me, and while he condescends to use me as his instrument, wipe the sin of unbelief from my heart."

THE HIDDEN MANNA.

"To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna." Rev. 2: 7.

As the ancient manna was hidden by the dew which lay above and below it, and as the memorial manna, laid up in the ark of the covenant, was hidden from the gaze of the people, so Christ in the heart, our Bread from heaven (John xi.) is veiled from the sight of the unrenewed man. "Hidden manna" not only because the outward world knows it not and intermeddles not with it, but because however much the Christian receives, there is still a richer portion hidden until his enlarged faith shall disclose it. Thus is Christ to the believer a manna ever hidden in the heart and in the treasury of his grace and the infinity of his love—ever revealing and never fully revealed—unveiled in a measure in time, and unavailing throughout eternity.

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

OUR N. York correspondent "Y," ever watchful and judicious in procuring valuable matter for the pages of the Guide, has sent us the following, clipped from the Belfast News Letter, just received by her from Dr. and Mrs. Palmer.—**EDITOR.**

REVIVAL MOVEMENT IN BELFAST, IRELAND.

The meetings held each evening in the different places of worship continue to be well attended, and the revival movement proceeds daily.

At almost all the meetings several cases of conviction occur; and the great majority of those so convinced subsequently profess conversion.

At the prayer-meetings held in private houses, chiefly by laymen, the number of penitents exceeds those in the churches, and many are brought to seek for mercy while engaged at their usual avocations. The number of Roman Catholics who have been led to look to Christ as their only Saviour, far exceeds what is generally known, as many cases of conversion amongst the members of the Church of Rome are not made public, lest the converts might suffer persecution if such were widely circulated among their co-religionists. The new converts from Rome seem to understand the way of salvation "by faith" as thoroughly as if they had been all their lives taught that doctrine. Mrs. Palmer, the American authoress, and Dr. Palmer, are now on a visit in Belfast; and last evening, as well as that of Thursday, both of them addressed the meetings in Donegal place Methodist Chapel. It is expected that Mrs. Palmer will take part in the services in the other Methodist churches during her stay in this town, and arrangements have been made that she will next attend a meeting in Frederick street Wesleyan Methodist church. She is herself a member of the Methodist E. Church of the United States.

The Belfast News Letter contains also a communication in reference to the work in connexion with the Wesleyans on the Ballyclare circuit. We regret our want of space for the whole account, but we can only give the closing statements:—

In conclusion, let me say, I have witnessed the revival in many localities, and the results are glorious. We cannot but speak of the things which we have seen and heard. We see around this country the Lord's day better observed. Intemperate habits—the bane of our country—are to a great extent abandoned. Brawlers have become peaceful. I know of many degrading novels which have been committed to the flames; and some, instead of carrying a pack of cards, carry with them a copy of the Word of God. Scoffers may sneer, but facts are stubborn things. **ROBERT COLLIER.**

Ballyclare, July 13th, 1859.

The following are extracts from an account in the Boston Journal, taken from the Edinburgh Witness which contain further information of the wonderful dealings of God with the people of Ireland:—

FOURTY THOUSAND PEOPLE AT A PRAYER MEETING.—The Edinburgh Witness gives the subjoined account of a very remarkable prayer meeting, probably the largest ever held since the dawn of the Christian era:

"A great union prayer meeting, in connection with the present remarkable movement, was held in the open air in Belfast, Ireland, on Wednesday forenoon, at half-past eleven o'clock. In order to accommodate all parties, the use of the spacious grounds of the Royal Botanic Gardens was obtained for holding the meeting; and as it was well known that many persons from the surrounding country were desirous to be present, special trains of uncommon length were run by the different railway companies. Some idea of the interest felt may be imagined when we state that it is computed that no fewer than fifteen thousand individuals arrived in Belfast, and that from thirty-five to forty thousand persons in all were present at the services.

The Rev. John Johnson, of Tullilish, Moderator of the General Assembly of the Irish Presbyterian church, presided, and he was supported by the ministers of the different Protestant denominations in and around Belfast. After prayer, the chairman read a chapter from the Holy Scriptures, and then gave out the 100th Psalm; and never before in Belfast did so many voices unite in such hearty accord in singing this favorite song of Zion. Scarcely had the first note been raised on the platform, when it was caught up by the immense assemblage, the majority of the voices combining in surprising and unexpected harmony; and as each stanza closed, the dying away of the cadence in the far distance of the throng, had an effect at once solemn and thrilling. Short addresses were delivered by ministers and converts, and also by Mr. William Dickson of Edinburgh, and Mr. Peter Drummond of Sterling. Prayers were also offered up, and verses from hymns sung. As it was impossible for the speakers on the central platform to make themselves heard by the whole of the vast multitude, clergymen and others scattered themselves among them, each forming the centre of a large congregation which immediately gathered around, joining in devotional exercises.

"At one time there were no less than twenty of these subordinate meetings, numbering from five hundred to one thousand each. Every here and there throughout the immense multitude, while the hymn or prayer was arising on high, persons were being struck down under a sense of deep and overpowering conviction of sin. Inside of some of these circles there could not have been fewer than twenty persons—chiefly females—apparently under the influence of spiritual visitation, at the same moment; and some of them prostrate upon the sward, and others reclining upon the laps of friends. These were affected in various ways—some weeping bitterly, but silently, under a deep conviction of sin; some crying piteously for mercy; and others unable to utter a word, so thoroughly were their physical faculties in abeyance.

"In many parts of the garden, groups of boys and girls, who had retired from the body of the congregation, formed in the shrubbery little meetings for prayer and exhortation among themselves. Some of these were ragged little boys, who had evidently belonged to the outcast classes. One of these cases was that of a little boy, about eleven years old, who, in a very retired part of the garden, engaged in prayer, surrounded by about twenty lads of the same age and class. This lad was, it appears, neglected by his parents, and formerly obtained a scanty livelihood by hawking ballads through the streets; and the tattered garments in which he as well as his companions were arrayed on Wednesday showed that, in that respect, their prospects in life had not much improved.

"At the close of the general meeting, one of the ministers of the town, who has moved a great deal among the juvenile population, was surrounded by a large assemblage of boys, who ultimately formed themselves into a procession, and marched into town, singing

'O! that will be joyful.'

Many of these children evidently belonged to the lowest classes of society. A portion of the procession, which divided from the rest, on arriving at the Pound district, ceased to sing till they had passed the dangerous precincts, and resumed their song when they passed into Townsend street. The immense concourse of people left the gardens in its most orderly manner—the majority of them evidently impressed with the conviction that it was 'good for them to have been there.' A few manufactories and other places of business were closed for the day, in order to allow the workers to join in the above services."

CHINA MISSION. — We have received from "A Sister in the M. E. Church," one dollar for this Mission, which we have passed into the General Treasury, through Mr. J. P. Magee, Agent of the Methodist Book Depository in this city.

THE GUIDE—ITS FRIENDS AND ITS ENEMIES.

Few of our readers, probably, have any idea of an editor's trials. It cannot be supposed, of course, that everything published in a periodical will meet with universal approval, or that the particular system adopted by those who superintend the press should harmonize with the convictions of all readers. Our duty is seen from different standpoints—we see through different spectacles, or mediums. What one man may feel an obligation to do, another, under totally different circumstances, may conscientiously believe it wrong to do. Can any one doubt this? If not, what occasion do we find for forbearance!

We have been led to this thought by the various antagonisms we have of late been called to contend with. We are prepared to hear objections stated, and, so far as in our power, to answer them—but when motives are misinterpreted and impugned, and when among those who are seeking secretly to circumscribe our influence and check our circulation we find those who avowedly profess their love of holiness, we confess it touches the very quick. It hath pleased God to mould us into a very sensitive frame, and hence, while we trust that that grace has been given which "worketh no ill to our neighbor," we can not help feeling an unjust aspersions. Still, our confidence in God is unshaken.

Sometimes His providence develops a cause of opposition, which at the time was not even suspected; and at other times enemies have been turned to friends by a change of views produced evidently by the Spirit of truth. A year or two since, a Christian sister informed us that her pastor had said, in presence of a number of his people, that he would not have a copy of the Guide in his house—nor would he allow any of his children to peruse its pages. That pastor was our fast friend in our earlier ministry. Together we had fought side by side the Lord's battles, and together we had blended our souls in holy sympathy and prayer. The occasion of this alienation was a marvel to us. The mystery, however, was soon explained. He has since abandoned the church and its precious doctrines,

and is now claimed as a champion of spiritualism.

We know that every cause of opposition is not susceptible of a like explanation. We desire to give all credit for integrity of motive, and all we ask in return is that the same will be conceded to us. To those who think that the Guide should alter its course, we have only to say, Beloved, we cannot abandon the beaten path that we have trod for the last twenty years. God has blessed us in it and given it the seal of his approval, and whether motives are impugned or not, we must walk in the light we have and abide the issue. We trust that those for whom this remark is intended will understand us.

We thank God there is another side to this picture. Among some enemies, we have had raised up to us a host of friends. Scarcely a remittance is made to us that has not some cheering testimony of what the Guide is doing—some "God-speed," to encourage in our work. We thank you, beloved, over and over again. Your words have more than once been balm to a wounded spirit. May God reward you, and strengthen us all to do and suffer his will.

BOOK NOTICES.

THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL AND THE FINAL CONDITION OF THE WICKED, CAREFULLY CONSIDERED. By ROBERT W. LANDIS. New York: Carlton & Porter, 200 Mulberry Street. Boston: J. P. Magee, 5 Cornhill. 1859.

Mr. Landis evidently addressed himself to the task of making his book a thorough treatise on the subject discussed, and admirably has he succeeded. Learning, ability, and untiring industry and research, are stamped upon its pages. The annihilationists will find their arguments annihilated, and kindred errors must yield to the truthful assaults it makes upon their foundations. It will at once become a standard work, especially as a book of reference in every well furnished ministerial library.

THE POWER OF FAITH. A NARRATIVE OF SARAH JORDAN. By MRS. P. L. UPHAM. Boston: Henry Hoyt, 9 Cornhill. 1859.

This is a simple, unpretending, but touching narrative of one, who, in the midst of extraordinary affliction bore a steady testimony concerning the privilege of the believer to receive full salvation in this life. The lesson taught by her life must profit every serious reader. Her efforts "to do good and to communicate," though pressed with poverty as well as constant bodily suffering, and her cheerful acquiescence in the whole will of God concerning her, attest the depth of her Christian grace. It is a book for all who "hunger and thirst after righteousness," but especially for the sick room.

[From our New York Correspondent.]

MRS. PALMER IN ENGLAND AND IRELAND.

Mr. P. has found her engagements so numerous that she has not as yet been able to prepare communications for periodicals. But we think little mementos from private letters will be acceptable to friends generally.

Extract from Manchester:—

"The body and mind are so closely associated that what depresses one has a tendency toward depressing the other. I do believe that it is the design of the God of the temple, that both you, and our dear E—, should be choice offerings for the service of the sanctuary; but if you would unitedly be such, it will be needful, that you unitedly lay yourselves as a whole *burnt offering* on the service of the church, making all your social and domestic arrangements subservient to the duties of your high and holy calling. This your parents have unitedly aimed to do, and the Lord has cared for them; temporally and spiritually they have lacked no good thing.

"Paul's admonition to Timothy, (1 Tim., iv., 15), was greatly blessed to me over twenty years ago.

"I used to permit worldly care to be far too engrossing; felt nothing could be quite right, unless I was at the foundation of it. But I afterwards felt, in view of the fact 'that the life is more than meat, and the body more than raiment,' and the great work there is for every member of the household of faith to do, that I must hasten to be about it, or another would take my crown. About this time I opened my Bible and read, 'a great and effectual door is opened unto me, but there are many adversaries.' Through grace, I resolved that I would overleap all, and through Christ strengthening me, firmly took a stand against all opposing influences. — *Death or victory!* was my motto. From that time the God of providence and grace began to undertake for us, both spiritually, physically, and in regard to

various temporal matters, as never before, — so that we have often been constrained to sing with the poet, —

'Thou on the Lord rely,
So safe shalt thou go on;
Fix on his work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.'

"Our lot, since we have been here has fallen among most interesting friends. Perhaps you remember a letter of invitation from London, which said, 'If ye judge me worthy, come and abide with me,' etc., received a few weeks before we left America. We found this Mrs. K—, truly the elect lady, whose praise is in all the churches; her influence, and her all, are laid at the foot of the cross.

"Her servants are all pious; and those within doors seemed to have been brought to Jesus through her instrumentality. — The service of God was manifestly the Alpha and Omega of her hospitable mansion.

"In some things English and American habits are, to a marked degree, diverse.

"The Sovereign of England is most affectionately beloved by her people. It is really beautiful to see how ready, and with what general consent, her subjects unite, in speaking well of her.

"Though not a Christian after the Lady Maxwell stamp, yet I do not doubt she is, in many respects, a model of excellence.

"I do not doubt but the queen is herself a lovely and affectionate daughter, and is also bringing up her own daughters in a way to make them models of womanly propriety.

"Her royal majesty the queen is in the habit of going daily to visit her mother, the Duchess of Kent.

"Well I would like to hear our people speak with as much veneration and affection of our legislative authorities, and State institutions, as the people of England do of theirs.

"Seldom have we passed a day without seeing souls saved. Again and again.

have we seen the communion rail crowded, at the places we have visited. We are daily in expectation of leaving for Ireland, where the Lord is carrying on a wonderful work, mostly, as far as we can gather, among the Presbyterians, although the Wesleyans are not without showers of mercy."

Having just arrived in Belfast, speaking of the work of the Lord there, — she says: —

"Such a revival of God as is going on in this part of Ireland, exceeds, probably, anything that has been witnessed in any land.

"It does not quite equal among our own people, that which we have seen in various portions of America. But among denominations where the power of Christianity has been but little known, the wonder working power of God has been gloriously manifest.

"As far as time will allow I will, in the future, strive to give you some particulars."

[Selected.]

THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

CHILD, amidst the flowers at play,
While the red light fades away;
Mother, with thy earnest eye
Ever following silently;
Father, by the breeze of eve
Called thy harvest-work to leave;
Pray! — ere yet the dark hours be,
Lift the heart and bend the knee!

Traveller, in the stranger's land,
Far from thine own household band;
Mourner, haunted by the tone
Of a voice from this world gone;
Captivè, in whose narrow cell
Sunshine hath no leave to dwell;
Sailor, on the darkening sea —
Lift the heart and bend the knee.

Warrior, that from battle won
Breathest now at set of sun;
Woman, o'er the lowly slain
Weeping on his burial plain;
Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,
Kindred by one holy tie,
Heaven's first star alike ye see —
Lift the heart and bend the knee.

—Mrs. Hemans.

[Original.]

[Continued from the August Number.]

THE UNION OF THE VINE AND BRANCHES.

BY A. P. J.

The excision of the fruitless branches, for their continued unfruitfulness—and the purifying of the fruitful branches for the promotion of increased fruitfulness.

Every branch in me that beareth not fruit he taketh away: and every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth it that it may bear more fruit. John, 15: 2.

THE divine visitation signified in the first part of the above text, applies both to churches and individuals. The cutting off of the Jewish church or nation, is a solemn and terrible warning to the presumptuous professor, who founds his hope upon that to which salvation never has been promised; and who is determined to persevere in deluding himself into the belief that he is a child of grace, because he can talk about justifying faith without that entire change of heart in which all things have become new; and by which only a man can attain to spiritual union with Christ; and whatever else a man may be or do, "if he has not the Spirit of Christ he is none of his; for ye are justified by the spirit of our God." 1 Cor. 6: 11. This is the process by which the justifying blood is applied to us individually. It is vain for a man who is neither transformed by the Spirit, nor willing "to be renewed in the spirit of his mind," to claim the justifying blood as his own. It is not saying we are justified, but "being justified by the Spirit of our God," that creates a substantial foundation for hope. It is necessary to reiterate these truths again and again in this day of religious mistakes and subterfuges; for the theology that substitutes mere belief in a system of orthodox doctrines for that spiritual faith "that beareth witness with our spirit that we are the children of God," is most mischievous in its results, and is a hindrance to genuine faith, by deluding into a false rest on an unsafe foundation, and thus precludes the importunate seeking after true spiritual union. Of all the errors of modern

heresies, the pretext that we are clothed in Christ's righteousness, without being personally transformed into that righteousness, is the most subversive of genuine Christian experience; transformation is the very process by which we are conformed to his pattern of "holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord." It is lamentable to see such persistent blindness in sincere professors who have many lovely and loveable traits of character. They do much humane work, also, and are only unfaithful in the work of the Spirit, substituting human work for the work of the Spirit, in the same manner that men put human faith in the place of the witness of the Spirit. They rather consider the gospel as designed to furnish a substitute for holiness than as a system which requires perfection and purity in all its parts. They would scarcely be induced to receive a gospel which they could not by some process of exegetical torture, make a substitute for personal transformation. All this originates in their carnal preferences, because it costs the flesh something to be transformed into the spiritual man. Their carnal desires they must have; therefore, to quiet their consciences, they must explain away the necessity of their crucifixion. How they hang upon the words of such teachers as explain away this necessity; especially if their sophistry has the merit of ingenuity and plausibility in sparing their carnality. And how liberally they pay them for veiling the truth and muffling "the sword of the Spirit," so that its edge may fall gently on their besetting sins, and spare their darling idols. They baptize those lusts that they determine not to sacrifice, by Christian names, and continue to nourish them under a changed exterior of sober formality. It was not in Bunyan's days alone that the name of "my Lord Covetousness" was changed into "Prudent Thrifty." But "God is not mocked." A change of name is not a change of principle. He has pronounced "covetousness

idolatry," in the infallible "word that cannot pass away." Neither was it peculiar to the age of the stern old Pilgrim that my "Lord Licentiousness" assumed the name of "Harmless Mirth." The carnally minded professor will still pet-name his carnal pleasures, but nevertheless, "she that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth." (1 Tim. 5: 6.) O, consider these things! This want of consideration was one of the charges against the backsliding house of Israel previous to their casting away. "My people will not consider." "Consider your ways," was an oft repeated invocation of the Prophets to this unfortunate people who refused to consider and return "to the good old paths where soul-rest was promised." (Jer. 6: 14—19.)

And this is applicable to the Christian church, who are threatened with the like excision for lukewarmness alone, because lukewarmness in a cause so lovely is synonymous with alienation from spiritual union. For if the Spirit of Christ dwelt within them they would obey his commandments, for this is the test of love (John, 14: 21, 23, 24; and 1 John, 5: 3.) And if his Spirit dwelt within us, we would be zealous. We could not be lukewarm either in "working out our own salvation," nor in striving to lead lost souls to Christ. For the spirit of zeal that induced him to leave the joys of heaven and suffer the pains and privations of life, with the full knowledge of an agonizing death always before him, would manifest itself in us in a similar zeal, as far as our finite powers extend. And of course the absence of his spirit from our hearts would be absence of corresponding zeal also. Therefore lukewarmness is the inevitable result; and in this sense is alienation or apostasy. They have a zeal for something like the rejected house of Israel. Paul bore witness to it, but it "was not according to knowledge." But this very zeal, righteous as it may appear, may be a hindrance (by furnishing an opiate for their consciences) to the attainment of

that zeal for true godliness which was to be a peculiar mark of the people "he gave himself to redeem from all iniquity," that "he might purify them unto himself." We can understand, then, why the voice of the Spirit, speaking through the Apostle said, "I would thou wert cold." Even this were preferable to lukewarmness; for the indifferent know their need: but the lukewarm, depending upon their form of godliness, and lulled to sleep by teachers that "cry peace, peace, when there is no peace," say "I am rich, and increased in goods, and have need of nothing." "So then, because thou art lukewarm, and neither hot or cold, I will spue thee out of my mouth."

"I know thy works." It is remarkable that the messages to each of the seven churches commenced with the declaration, "I know thy works." And does he not know ours? O, that all-searching eye, that is forever upon the most secret thoughts of our hearts; the heights and depths of which David so terribly portrays in the 139th Psalm. It seemed like the heart-shriek of an agonized soul that had made gigantic efforts to escape from its piercing presence, and yet all in vain. "Whither shall I flee from thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence?" "Thou understandest my thoughts afar off, and art acquainted with all my ways." "If I say surely the darkness shall cover me, even the night shall be light about me; yea, the darkness hideth not from thee." Remember it is the secrets of men that are to be judged by Jesus Christ at that day, not those things that are manifest to men only. Will you not consider your ways? will you not seek that cleansing from all sin, which is promised in the Word, and which nowhere promises a salvation in sin? Where does it encourage a hope which leaves its possessor impure? Does it not definitely declare that "every one that hath this hope, purifieth himself even as he is pure?" (1 John, 3: 3,) plainly designating purity as the right

foundation for hope. Are you seeking that standard of purity? Are you examining each feeling, thought, word, temper and disposition by his, as manifested in his life-teachings and example? Is this thought as pure as his? is this temper as meek? is this disposition as forgiving, forbearing and unworldly as his? Is my sensuality all as spiritualized? Consider your ways. The command is, "strive to enter in, for many, I say unto you, shall seek to enter, but shall not be able." These were not a people who were indifferent; they sought to enter. They were not unbelievers who denied him—they called him "Lord." Neither were they idle servants—they had done many wonderful works; but yet, they were condemned for not doing his will. It is of the utmost importance that we take the direction of the Spirit of God, for no vague work will do in its stead. We may think we are doing his work on gospel principles, and yet be as much mistaken as these poor creatures, who were so certain that they even argued their grounds of acceptance with the Lord himself. Shall we be found like them, or among those who, like Paul, are forgetting the things that are behind, and following and reaching after those which are before; pressing toward the mark of the high calling in Christ? (Phillip. 3: 7—14.) See what high attainments and mighty works he had to forget, to press on still higher. Where are the reaching Christians pressing on to the high mark? Forgetting past losses and crosses, trials and troubles, ignoring present pleasure and profit, and only desiring to be clothed upon by his righteousness, and to reach the standard given in his word.

He made a very reasonable demand of them in connection with his declaration that they were rejected because they had not done his will. "Why call ye me Lord, and do not the things that I say?" Are not these injunctions to holiness, sanctification and purity, a part of that word they were condemned for not doing?

It is more; it is the chief part. For the whole object, aim and end of the gospel is for the promotion of holy living, not holy dying only, as some say who wish to indulge themselves while living. Think of the fearful sin of impunity in supposing we can neglect any part of it. Why was it given if it was not to be kept? These are not idle threats. God is not a man that he could trifle. Where are the reaching Christians, who, like Paul while striving to save others, are "keeping their own bodies under?" Are they not rather reaching after worldly approbation, earthly ease and carnal comforts? Does not God know this? Is he not a discernor of the thoughts and intents of the heart? Yet they are living for the eye of man. Can man help us in that day when "they shall call upon the rocks and mountains to fall upon them," rather than bear the indignant glance of a slighted Saviour? For whatever a man's heart is most set upon, he will use most efforts to attain. The injunction is not to give most only, but all diligence; and if their hearts are really set upon sanctification, they will die rather than yield. They will spend whole nights in prayer. Their every breath becomes a prayer; their whole being becomes an agonizing desire for it. Those who have not wrestled for this, scarcely understand the meaning of the word. Body, soul and spirit are united in strong labor that would annihilate life itself if unsustained by superhuman strength. Nor will the strife cease, though it should last through a life, and that life should be as long as Methusaleh's, if the soul is set on holiness, and if sin has become so hateful that life would be resigned rather than endure it. But when the soul has arrived at a true wrestling state it will soon find relief. Jacob found it in one night. "By his strength he had power with God." "Yea, he had power over the angel, and prevailed." But how did he prevail over the angel? Where was the secret of that strength which had power with God? "He wept

and made supplication unto him." "Therefore, turn thou to thy God, (in the same manner), and wait on him continually." (Hosea 12: 3-6.) Our Saviour has too tender a heart to hear long the fearful cries, and groans, and tears of a soul in travail. "He will give deliverance." This was the secret of Israel's strength; not that there was any merit in his tears and prayers, but because his supplications were made to a Saviour "that can be touched with a feeling of our infirmities." (Heb. 4: 15, 16.)

What a drop of cool water is this text to the burning thirst of such a soul. And because his compassions fail not, "Jacob's God, who blessed Jacob's wrestling, will still give both grace and glory." The grace of pardon for sin and deliverance from its indwelling power and presence. Who would not thirst after such a Saviour? "He is altogether lovely. This is my beloved, and this is my friend." (Sol. Songs 5: 16.) "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God!" A pilgrim for days without water on the burning sands of Sahara, does not seek with more eager haste and desire the little oasis around the water-springs, than the thirsty soul searches the Word for a little promise to hang a hope upon. It really does feed on the word, it becomes its meat and drink day and night. How anxiously and ardently each text that promises full deliverance from sin, is sought out and eagerly devoured, none but a soul famished for the word can ever know. But when the heart still cleaves to its flesh, and don't want to be quite delivered from sin, but desires to reserve something for self, it passes hurriedly by such texts, and strives to explain them away. They never get beyond Paul's description of the carnal man, sold under sin, in the seventh chapter of Romans; but when they come to Paul's state of anguish, when he felt the burden of sin was as a body of death, they will soon find that Paul's next cry is a shout of victory: "I

thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord." And this was not a fancied deliverance which left the soul still in bondage. "For we have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear, but the spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba Father." "For where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty." There can be no bondage where the spirit is, "for perfect love (which is one of the fruits of the spirit) casteth out all fear" of every kind. How lamentable it is to hear persons claiming to be children of adoption, who are still in bondage to fear, care and grief; and more lamentable still to hear them contending that they can't be delivered from this bondage. Deliverance from such bondage is adoption, yet confessedly bearing none of these marks, they still profess to be children of adoption upon the ground of a fancied election, or some other plea equally unsafe and untrustworthy. It is enough to make Angels weep to see the many errors with which men blindfold genuine truth. We hear carnally-minded men repeat over the text "There is now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the spirit,"—as if merely repeating over the text gave them a claim to a promise that belongs alone to the spiritual man. These no condemnation disciples, were not only "in the Spirit," but "walked after the Spirit;" they were "led by the Spirit," they "spoke by the Spirit," and had the full "witness of the Spirit." Can we conceive of a greater absurdity than a man who is yet in bondage to the flesh, applying such promises to himself? And more than this, they don't want to be loosened from it; and their arguing against the possibility of being loosed, proves them yet to be in bondage; for of course, if they can't be liberated, they have not been; and yet they claim adoption, which is freedom from bondage. It proves more, that they do not want to be liberated upon gospel terms. Another proof is they hate those texts that promise full salvation. While

to the soul in search of salvation from sin, the most delightful text in the whole Bible is that in which the meaning of the very name of Jesus is salvation from sin. "Thou shalt call his name Jesus because he shall save his people from their sins."

I can well recollect how my soul was filled with "joy unspeakable and full of glory" when this promised salvation from sin was first found. And here let me record a lamentable fact. I had never read a theological work on the subject. I had never heard a sermon on it, nor ever heard or read that there was a salvation from all sin. To this ignorance I attribute the unusual length of time in which I endured this baptism of anguish without a word of instruction or encouragement, feeling my way in the dark, and seizing each promise as a new-found pleasure, with a soul-embrace that nothing short of death could unclasp. God seemed angry with me, yet I would cling to him with the constant cry, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." He seemed to spurn me away from his feet every time I approached the footstool of grace; yet the permanent feeling of my heart was, (though never expressed in words), God himself cannot keep me away from him; he can but kill me, and I will die there. I felt a wish to creep to his feet without his knowing it, and to lie there and gaze at his loveliness unseen—for I felt too unworthy to look at him—not that I was convicted of any particular sin, except the sins of omission in not having loved and served him with my whole being, for I had been conscientious to the best of my knowledge, but my wasted hours burned into my very conscience. This, my second conviction, was very different from my first, for then I groaned to be delivered from the law of sin and death through the blood of Christ; and my joy was so great when I obtained pardon from sin, and not knowing there was a deliverance from all sin; so that when this second conviction came with such overwhelm-

ing power, immersing me in grief for indwelling sin, I thought God was about to cast me away. O, that I had then had one word of instruction on the nature of this second work of grace, that there was a salvation from sin as well as a pardon for sin. There is one fact in connection with this which I must not forget to record. There was an humble old man who had been wrestling for this grace for me the whole year of my soul-wrestling. He had received this full salvation himself, but was too timid to confess it. He would sometimes say, "the Lord had blessed his soul and made him happy; and he said the Lord did not give him this at first, but that he had made it an especial subject of prayer after his conversion." But he never spoke of a full salvation from sin for fear of its being too strong meat for me to receive. Think of this — afraid to tell me, who was thirsting, hungering, fainting for the very thing his fears kept from me. Think of this, ye timid ones, who know and feel that there is a full salvation, and rather proclaim it to all in season and out of season, than miss the ministry of comfort to the secret thirst of one soul.

My long baptism of anguish has had two effects on my whole life. One is to make me cleave to the blessing with a life and death grasp, as the one thing needful, in which all things else have become nothing. I have heard of its being lost by some, but they never could have agonized for it, or they would never have let it go. O, how suffering endears the thing for which we have suffered. Another is that I have fully determined by the help of God, to communicate what the Lord has taught me on this subject to every inquiring soul, and never to be deterred by the fear of its being unseasonable, for if it is not "meat in due season" now, the knowledge may be an advantage hereafter. And we cannot always know when it is seasonable, for there are many seeking souls that have the greatest repugnance

to speaking of their religious exercises, as I had at that time. No human being knew the state of my soul. Though now, through an imperative sense of duty I feel impelled to speak much of religious experience, and I find it aids some more than any other form of Christian comfort or instruction. I will copy a little prayer written during that season of spiritual desolation and helplessness, as a contrast to my present happy state; for it may encourage some who are passing through a similar state, and in the depths of their anguish can see no end to their sufferings. Such may take courage, for the deeper the suffering, the nearer the crisis and its succeeding joy. I had been reading the promise of the nearness of the Lord to all that call upon him in truth. I knew that the promises of God were true, infallibly true, and this raised the inquiry, if I had called upon him in truth, he seemed to stand so far off, and nearness was what my soul hungered and thirsted for,—and he is not near me, and is near those who call upon him in truth—then I have not called upon him in the true manner. I have had a habit of transcribing my thoughts from my earliest years. It has become almost as natural a habit as thought itself, and consequently a paper and pencil are always kept at hand. The following is a copy of this prayer from a paper of that date. I read it to some friends recently who are passing through the same ordeal, and who are difficult to persuade that they can ever come to my present joyous experience, who could scarcely realize that I had ever known that helpless state of weakness. It was an encouragement to them, and I copy it in the hope it will be so to others:

"The Lord is nigh to all that call upon him—to all that call upon him in truth." (145th Psalm, 18th verse.) O, Lord, art thou near me now? Dost thou hear the voice of my supplication? Has my cry gone up before thee? Have I called upon thee in truth? O, teach me so to call,

that thou wilt help a helpless, hopeless sufferer. Hopeless in all, save thy mercy! Hopeless in all, save thy bounty! O, look down in pitying mercy on my protracted sufferings, and relieve for thy mercies' sake. O, that thou wouldst attend unto the voice of my prayer; that thou wouldst in pity attend to the voiceless woe of my weeping spirit, mute with a despair too deep for utterance! O, help the weakness of thy frail creature!"

At other times I could only say, pity, save and comfort me! It was as much as I could do to live under the weight of speechless misery that I continually endured. I remember looking out on a bright May day when all nature was vocal with praise, and thinking all is joy and light every where but here in my breast, and there all is midnight darkness. The sun shone with a golden yellow brightness that seemed to smile with very gladness; yet, with all my love of nature, the beautiful scene before me only served to increase and intensify my grief, from contrast—a grief to which, at that time, I could see no end. It is certainly true, that hope—settled, permanent hope—does dwell in the godly mind alone; and that the dross of nature must be consumed before it can be thus established. Previous to this purgation, it is liable to many disturbances. To be spiritually minded, is to be delivered from agitation and all disturbing apprehensions. What is this life without spiritual union with divine strength? One single word will write its general character and universal history—agitation. What is life hereafter without this divine union? Misery—irremediable misery. I do not take up the pen to prove the existence of spiritual union—that would be useless to those who have the Bible; for re-union with the Spirit of God as the only remedy for fallen nature, is written upon the face of his word in indelible characters. "And he that hath this hope, (of re-union,) purifieth himself even as he is pure." I do not attempt to

prove a thing already proved, but to press the importance and necessity of spiritual union and consequent purity of heart, and to warn of the peril of stopping short of that "holiness without which no man shall see the Lord." Wo to the soul that stops short of it! It must either pass through the fire of purgation, or be condemned with the world. There is no other alternative, as no man can see the Lord without holiness. "Therefore he chastens us for our profit, that we might be partakers of his holiness." But if we would judge ourselves we should not be judged. But when we are judged of the Lord, we are chastened that we should not be condemned with the world. Remember that a whole church was judged for lukewarmness alone, and they were not chastened that they might be partakers of this holiness, but destroyed.

Let those then, who are in this state rather covet the chastening, than a similar condemnation; but they may escape both, since "if we would judge ourselves we should not be judged." "Be zealous therefore, and repent, for as many as I love I rebuke and chasten." And those who are now undergoing this process of purgation, may shorten and even remove it at once, for if he chastens us "as a father chasteneth his own son," we know that a good father will not chasten his child after he has submitted in the thing for which he chastened him. The Lord's dealings with us are very reasonable, and he brings them down within the compass of our understanding and affections, by familiar household comparisons. He is anxious that his children should not consider his salutary corrections in the light of a stern judge executing the sentence of the law upon a criminal, but in the light of paternal discipline. This, none can escape unless they press on without delay to the highest state of spiritual union; notwithstanding they may bear good fruit, they must not stop short of completion. "For every branch in me that beareth

not fruit, he purgeth it that it may bring forth more fruit." This, of course, is spiritual fruit, and of the divine pattern. And the Vine will bear this kind of fruit in its branches when the union is completed, both for ourselves and for others, for we are not saved for ourselves alone, "For none of us liveth to himself." It is for our selfish indifference to the salvation of souls, more than for our defects, that causes much of our chastening. It was for unfruitfulness that the house of Israel was cut off, as shown in the fruitless fig-tree and other Scriptures like the following: "And when the time of the fruit grew near, he sent his servants to the husbandmen that they might receive the fruits of it; but found nothing thereon but leaves." Consider this, ye husbandmen, who teach your flocks a high state of improvement in the natural man, rather than a transformation into the spiritual man. "For ye are laborers together with God; ye are God's husbandry." If ye are seeking to improve the natural man, by natural means, you are not laboring together with him in seeking to restore that which was lost. It was the loss of the Spirit at the fall that caused the alienation of the creature from the creator; and nothing less than its restoration can answer the purposes of redemption. "For if ye live after the flesh ye shall die: but if ye through the Spirit, do modify the deeds of the body, ye shall live." "And if Christ be in you, the body is dead because of sin, (or because sin is dead,) but the Spirit is life because of righteousness." "Knowing this, that our old man is crucified, that the body of sin might be destroyed." Here it speaks of the destruction of the body of sin; and for this very thing Christ died, not to save us in sin, but to exterminate it in us, that the law of righteousness might be fulfilled in us. It was not holiness in ourselves only, but the fruit of holiness, that was to result from spiritual union and life. For this cause also, the Jewish sacrificial or ceremonial

law was to be abolished. For the law made nothing *perfect*, but the bringing in of a better hope did. "Wherefore ye are also become dead to the law by the body of Christ, that we should be married unto another, even to him who is raised from the dead." For what purpose are we married or united to him in spirit? Is it to be a barren union? No, but that we should bring forth fruit unto God. "For being now made free from sin, and become servants to God, ye have your fruit unto holiness." Fruit unto holiness in ourselves, and fruit unto God by making disciples by virtue of our spiritual union—the indwelling spirit directing us. Christ, in the heart of the believer, is the directing power, and his servants the working power. "Therefore, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the Lord; for as much as ye know that your labor is not in vain. For I have chosen you that ye should go and bring forth fruit." "That ye bear much fruit, so shall ye be my disciples." It is not by improving the natural man, but by supplanting it, that genuine disciples can be made. "For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the Sons of God." It is the privilege of teachers to be led by the Spirit, to be filled by the Spirit, to have all the fulness of God, for this is promised, and anything that is promised we may pray for. If teachers are not led by the Spirit themselves, their teachings will never tend to the restoration of that which is lost, (spiritual life,) for the restoration of the Spirit must be by the extermination of the natural propensities, not by a suppressed or modified nature. And these teachers that have never had the natural man crucified in themselves, cannot know how to train others. They may fill their churches with professors "having the form of godliness but denying its power." They have led them into religious proprieties and conformity to church ordinances; and thus they may present a striking likeness to genuine Christianity, and yet may be

as far from spiritual life as a marble statue, however beautifully sculptured, and however near the resemblance to the person for whom it was taken.

Christianity is a spiritual resemblance of Christ; not surely of his form of flesh or his outward example alone, but his inward purity also. But statutory Christianity copies the external likeness or letter of the law which killeth, or in other words, "hath a name to live and is dead; while they not only evade spiritual unity which giveth life," but deny its power or bring it down to the measure of the improved natural man. Is there any thing they deny more than spiritual power in transforming the natural man? Because the things of the Spirit are foolishness to the natural man, neither can he understand them, for they are spiritually discerned. There are so many natural men in the church, that spirituality is put out of it, and the spiritually minded scarcely find a home in its once sacred precincts. But remember the fearful excision of the Jews. How little they realized their state. They considered themselves blameless in all the ordinances of the law. And so they were — the Saviour himself bore witness to their exactitude in these. He called them "white, clean and beautiful outside." Yet he accused them of inward impurity. This they determined not to bear, but derided him when he told them covetousness would be their ruin. "For their heart is waxed gross and their eyes have they closed." Yet his threat was not an idle one. "He will miserably destroy them, and will let out his vineyard unto other husbandmen, which shall render him their fruit in their season." "Therefore, I say unto you, the kingdom of God shall be taken from you and given to a people bringing forth the fruits thereof." Was not this carried out even in a more terrible manner than that set forth in the prophecy, by their chastisement and dispersion, which dispersion continues to this day? When the Saviour announced this, the

Jews would have laid violent hands on him but "for fear of the multitude." "They all made light of it." "But neither their rage nor unbelief averted the coming judgments." He did miserably destroy them. "Be not high minded, but fear." "For if God spared not the natural branches, take heed, lest he also spare not thee." "Continue in his goodness, otherwise thou shalt be cut off." It concerns each individual being to attend to this warning, for every one of us shall give account of himself to God. "Remember then from whence thou art fallen, and repent and do thy first works, or else I will come unto thee quickly, and will remove thy candlestick out of its place, except thou repent." "He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith. Hear its warning voice to the seven churches, for they have all been destroyed according to the threatened judgment." "For I gave her space to repent, but she repented not." "Be zealous therefore, and repent, for as many as I love, I rebuke and chasten."

Philadelphia, Aug. 12, 1859.

[To be continued.]

[Selected.]

BREATHING AFTER CHRIST.

COME, dear Redeemer, to this heart,
That longs to call thee mine —
That longs to yield its all to thee,
And be for ever thine.

Yes, come, and full possession take,
And every sin dethrone;
Bid every idol to depart,
And reign thyself alone.

But if indeed, by thy rich grace,
E'en now this heart is thine,
Oh speak, and let me hear thy voice,
And let me feel thee mine.

Speak but the word, and light and joy
Shall animate this breast;
Breathe, and the influence divine
Shall soothe this soul to rest.

Then softly onward as I go,
My tongue shall sweetly sing,
And join with angels as they praise
My Saviour and my king.

Am. Messenger.

[Original.]

EPISTOLARY ILLUSTRATION OF
CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

BY DORA.

MY DEAR SISTER:—I invite your attention to one or two more illustrations of the way of faith, that have come under my own observation, for I have often derived great benefit from learning just how others have been enabled to believe. The first one to which I will cite you, bore from the commencement the impress of the Divine signet. I will relate the entire circumstance, as it illustrates another truth connected with Christian experience, viz., *Divine guidance*.

Several years ago I attended a camp-meeting in W—. The last night of the meeting, I entered a tent where a prayer-meeting was in progress. Several were gathered in a circle, as subjects of prayer. I felt much burdened after entering the tent, and such a spirit of uneasiness took hold upon me that, in order to obtain relief, I left the tent. I became immediately calm, and a "still, small voice" internally said, "Go to U— tent." I was a stranger to its inmates, and hesitated. I met a friend and invited her to go with me to the U— tent, but she declined. After wandering about a little, I said to myself, as I heard the voice of prayer and praise from the tent I had left, "I will go back and unite in the exercises of that meeting, I will labor for those penitent souls, and not indulge in those feelings that led me away, for they were no doubt the influence of temptation."

With this resolve, I reentered the tent. God's spirit was evidently moving in the assembly, but I felt it not, or rather, I did not partake of its influence in the manner it was there operating. I again felt that burden roll upon my soul, and so uneasy was I in spirit, that finding I could not there find rest, I arose and left the tent. All was at once calm within—perfect

stillness reigned in my heart, and once more came that inward voice, saying, "Go to U— tent." It seemed passing strange to me why I should feel thus impressed to go to a tent where I was wholly unacquainted, but now I obeyed the impulse. As I passed within the door, the glory of God came down upon me and so filled my soul that I shouted aloud, "Glory to God!" I felt that *power* was given unto me. I was "filled with the Holy Ghost," and for what purpose will soon be evident.

A class-meeting was in progress. Soon after I had entered the tent, the leader addressed a young lady seated in the remotest part of the tent. She was a penitent sinner, and requested prayer. The leader remarked, "We will offer prayer on your behalf." Once more that voice said to me, "Go, kneel by her side, and teach her the way of faith." With difficulty I made my way to her, (for the tent was filled,) and kneeled by her. My first inquiry was, "Are you willing to give yourself and your all to Christ?" "I am," was her prompt reply. "Are you willing now to make the entire surrender of yourself to him?" "Yes, I am," said she, decidedly. "Will you do it now?" "Yes." I requested her to say aloud, "O Lord, I give myself to thee; I will now to be thine." She did so very heartily. She was in earnest about it. I repeated to her some of the precious promises, indicating that just at that point Christ had promised to accept and save her, closing with the language of the apostle, "Ye are servants to whomsoever ye yield yourselves servants to obey;" and then added, now you have consecrated yourself the Lord; you have yielded yourself to be his servant, to obey him henceforth; now he commands you to *believe on him*, to reckon yourself to be his from this moment. Say, "*I am thine, Lord.*" Here, for the first time, nature began to shrink. "I want to *feel* that I am the Lord's, before I say so," was the reply. That was perfectly natural, was it not? But no,

she must now begin to exercise that faith which would introduce her into the new life, and, as I told her, that would bring the *feeling* assurance that she was the Lord's. First, her faith must rest upon the promise, "I will receive you," and then, after faith had appropriated it, the witness would follow. She took encouragement, and said, "I am thine, Lord," "I am thine, Lord," several times, but with much fearfulness, and the coveted feeling not being realized, she cried out, "Lord, let me *feel* that I am thine." Once more I labored to bring her back to the sure word of promise, and to persuade her to go entirely out of herself, and risk everything on the word of God. Again she hesitatingly repeats the words after me, "I am thine, Lord," but soon she prays, "Lord, let me *feel* that I am thine."—Words of encouragement brought her back again, and she repeats the precious words, "I am thine, Lord." Each time she utters them, strength is given; soon all doubt vanishes; she has fully grasped the sentiment, and, on the wings of faith, it begins to soar up, up, until she reaches the throne of God, and lays it upon the golden altar, where the incense constantly ascends from the censer of the great High Priest. Now, she is *saved*, but not just yet has the joy of assurance been imparted to her soul. One more test, and the victory is fully won. I led her on differently from what I had ever done before with any individual, but I did but follow the promptings of the invisible Teacher.

Now, sister, say, "Praise the Lord, I am his," said I, addressing her. "But I want to feel to praise him," said she, thus reverting back to her former difficulty. But God will have her detached from this. "Are you the Lord's?" "Yes." "Ought you not to praise him that you are his—praise him for receiving you?" "Yes; but I want to *feel* to praise him." "Come now, my sister, think no longer of your feelings, but praise the Lord for his goodness in receiving you. Say, 'Praise the

Lord, I am his.'" She did so for a moment, and then cried out, "Lord, let me *feel* to praise thee." "Feeling or no feeling, praise the Lord," said I. She began again, and soon her voice increased to a higher tone—the Spirit began to inspire praise. Higher, and higher still, rose the voice of praise; and now, with the witness in her heart, she could, with *feeling*, say, "Praise the Lord, I am his."

An individual upon my right now seized my hand. She was in much distress of mind, agonizing for full salvation, and while I was endeavoring to lead her mind to the point of entire consecration, she would ever and anon cry out, "*Anything but that, Lord, anything but that, Lord!*" I labored long to induce her to yield the cherished object which prevented the blessing, but apparently in vain, and sought to tear myself away, for I was much exhausted, but she held me fast. I urged the entire surrender, and soon she exclaimed, "*Any way, Lord, only bless!*" and fell along the ground, helpless, overpowered by the manifestation of the Spirit. As soon as she obtained the victory, another soul, deeply sorrowing, engaged my attention at my left, and not until she too was delivered, was I conscious of what was passing around me. Then I arose—my work was done there—the meeting had closed. How many prayed I knew not, who spoke I knew not, but my soul, and the whole tent, seemed to be filled with the glory of God.

My letter is long, and I will close by saying, "*Feeling, or no feeling, believe,*" and say, with the sister, "*Any way, Lord, only bless!*"

INTERNAL EVIDENCE.

A man of subtle reasoning asked
A peasant if he knew,
What is the internal evidence
That proves his Bible true?
The terms of disputative art
Had never reached his ear;
He laid his hand upon his heart,
And only answered, "Here!"

[Original.]

THE HIGHER CHRISTIAN LIFE.

BY E. E. H.

THE desire for holiness is peculiar to the Christian. In every renewed heart there are yearnings for something higher and purer,—for an experience not yet attained. In some instances this desire is so intense as to burden the soul; the longing one cries out continually, in the language of the Psalmist, "Create in me a clean heart, O God!" This desire for a richer experience and a "higher life," implanted in the bosom of the saint by the Spirit of God, and peculiar to Christians of every sect, is proof that such an experience is actually attainable.

What is the "higher life?" Let us view the inquiry as coming from Christians of all denominations, and in the answer, as far as possible avoid giving offence to the prejudices of any in the choice of terms.

The "higher life" is simply *the standard of the gospel*. Differing as we do in theories, and the modes of expressing our denominational beliefs, we think that no one will object to our answer, for it covers the whole ground of Christian attainment. By the "standard of the gospel," we mean the laws of the "Christian dispensation,"—the standard that Christ himself hath set up for his followers. All will agree that it is the *highest practical piety*. It is impossible to go beyond it; on the other hand, it is possible that our theories may not reach it.

In a few brief thoughts let us attempt to define that pure and blessed experience realized in the attainment of the gospel standard. We have given to it the appellation of the "Higher Christian Life."—Call it what we may—"the fulness of God," "being complete in Christ," "sanctification by faith," or "higher life," the terms only differ, the grand experience remains the same. Among the dis-

tinguishing characteristics of this second experience, we mention,

First, *the entire subjugation of the will*. O, the discord that exists between the human will and that of heaven. Not alone in the unregenerate heart is this want of harmony. Too often, alas! too often between the renewed will and that of God is the unison incomplete. True, the divine mandate may be heard, and obedience may be rendered; but so hesitatingly, so unwillingly, that the virtue of the act is nearly destroyed. Just here is the difference between the merely justified Christian, and the one who has realized the experience of which we speak; the one obeys because obedience is required; with the other obedience is *instinctive*. The latter does not wait to be told; with filial devotion he anticipates the Father's wish, and cheerfully, self-sacrificingly, does his will. The will of the sanctified Christian is entirely subdued. Though adversity in all its bitterness be his, and grief rest crushingly upon his spirit, yet in these and in all circumstances, the only exclamation that bursts from his lips is this, "Father, thy will be done." He is willing to do anything, *be* anything, *suffer* anything, that his Master requires of him. With that most devoted Christian woman, the noble Mary Lyon, he can say, "There is nothing in the universe that I fear, but that I shall not know my duty, or shall fail to perform it."

Again, *full trust or faith* is a distinguishing characteristic of this experience. When we believe unto full salvation, we have left "Doubting Castle" behind us. Henceforth, foreboding fears and painful disquietude in regard to the future, form no part of our experience. We have learned to trust—we have grasped the simple faith of the child in all its confiding simplicity. Our temporal prospects may be blighted, yea, every earthly hope may fail, but with the calm smile of a holy trust we can say, "All will be right." The dark angel, Death, at whose approach the

millions tremble, has no terrors for us. The "inward assurance," the voice of the Spirit whispering to the soul of heaven, fills us with triumph. The keen eye of a mighty faith pierces the mist, and catches even prolonged views of the "happy land" beyond the tide.

Again, *perfect love* is a part of the experience to which we refer. Indeed it constitutes so important a part of it, that it is sometimes given as a name to the experience itself. But some may object to the term "perfect love." If they do, they will object to the language of an inspired apostle. It is said that "perfect love casteth out fear." Beyond the grave there is no fear. Then it is evident, that the love necessary in producing such a result must be exercised during the earthly life. But, again, it is a precept of the Christian dispensation, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart," &c. Here, all the affection that it is possible for the human heart to exercise is required, and it can be no less than the love of which John speaks, calling it "perfect." The want of this affection—this intense love for the Deity, and for the Christ-like, wherever it exists, is the cause of the strife and variance among Christians. O, were its presence universal, earth would be restored to its Eden beauty again; joy such as the angels know would take up its abode in the human heart.

Once more, the "higher life" is characterized by *purity*. A "full salvation" implies not only the forgiveness of sin, but a cleansing *from* sin. The Holy Volume is very explicit upon this point. "And thou shalt call his name Jesus, for he shall save his people *from* their sins." "Having, therefore, these promises, dearly beloved, let us cleanse ourselves *from* all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, *perfecting* holiness in the fear of God." "And the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us *from* all sin." "And the very God of peace sanctify you *wholly*." Could no other passage be adduced to prove an

entire spirit-cleansing attainable, we should regard the latter as sufficient, or else Paul does not mean what he says. Verily an inspired apostle would not pray for that which it is impossible for God to grant. The thought is absurd.

"*Blessed* are the pure in heart." O, if there is a state on earth infinitely full of blessings, and above measure desirable, it is this precious salvation *from* sin.

We have thus noticed some of the more important characteristics of the "higher Christian life." Now the question arises: "How is this experience attained?" We answer, by simple faith. Many Christians ignore the doctrine of "sanctification by faith." To these let me say, with an earnest desire to know the truth, let us examine this point—Is sanctification the result of faith, or not?

It is no part of God's plan to bestow spiritual blessings unconditionally. For him to do so; for him to bestow the blessing of justification and forgiveness upon one and withhold the same from another, without any reference to the choice or faith of the individuals concerned, would be unjust. Now, if this be true of justification, it seems to us that it must be of sanctification, for there is an almost perfect analogy between the two. Both are the work of the same mighty Spirit, both are necessary to a complete salvation.

But what is the condition for the bestowment of spiritual blessings? We find the answer in those sweet words of Jesus, "*Ask*, and ye shall receive;" and again, in the language of the sacred poet:

"Prayer is appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give."

But without faith there can be no acceptable prayer. Indeed, so indispensable is it to a successful petition, that it is said, "According to your faith be it unto you," Therefore it is immaterial whether we call *faith* or *prayer* the condition of the bestowment of spiritual blessings. Now the question arises: Is sanctification a blessing for which we may pray? We appeal to

Inspiration. In the beautiful prayer of Christ, in the 11th chapter of St. John's gospel, we find this petition: "Sanctify them through thy truth." Again, in the first epistle of Paul to the Thessalonian Christians, we find this prayer of Paul:—"And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly." Now, if Jesus, the Head of the church, and Paul, his "chiefest apostle," prayed for the sanctification of believers, surely we are justified in doing the same; and if we are to pray for it, it necessarily follows that *faith is to be exercised* in regard to it, else our prayer will not be acceptable. Again, notice in this prayer of Christ, "Sanctify them through thy truth," that the truth is the means of sanctification. But abstract truth cannot affect us. *Faith in the truth* is required, if it is to exert upon us a saving influence.

It is said, "By grace are ye saved, through faith." But justification is only a part of our salvation. Sanctification is necessary to complete it. To say, then, that God has no reference to our faith in the sanctifying process, is inconsistent with the language of the passage just quoted. We might multiply texts upon this point, but at present will only point the reader's attention to Acts xxvi. 18, where the doctrine of sanctification by faith is directly asserted.

O, beloved, have you sought a "full salvation?" Are you to-day rejoicing in the blessedness and triumph of this blissful second experience? With many to whom this question is addressed, I know that this is not the case. Let me urge you to seek *at once* an entire spirit-cleansing. You believe a full salvation attainable. Then do not stifle conviction, and grieve the Spirit by delaying to do that which you know to be *present* duty. As in that happy moment when you first believed you found the Lord, when you sought him with your whole heart; so now you will find him in the pure embrace of a perfect love. O, that all the followers of Jesus might know by a happy experience the sweet

submission to the will of God, the simple yet mighty faith, the unutterable love, and the joy-inspiring purity, realized in the attainment of the gospel standard.

ORANGE, CT.

[Selected.]

SECRET PRAYER.

THERE is a power above all earthly power,
The power of *secret prayer*;
The soul's relief in sorrow's darkest hour,
Its refuge from despair.

O, what a boon, to steal away alone,
When Earth no help can bring,
And offer our petitions at the Throne
Of the Eternal King,

Who listens graciously to our appeals,
Who all our anguish knows,
And more than any temporal father feels
Compassion for our woes;

To whom our prayer no studied language needs,
No form, so chill and dead;
Who listens to the contrite heart that pleads,
When not a word is said.

Who makes his face to shine—who fills the mind
With hope and calm delight,
And in whom all who put their trust, shall find
Life's hardest fortunes light.

Boston Journal.

GOD ABOVE ALL.—An astronomer who had long idolized his favorite science, became a zealous convert to spiritual Christianity. His intimate friend, knowing his extreme devotion to astronomical study, asked him, "What will you do with your astronomy?" His answer was worthy of a Christian philosopher, "I am bound for heaven," said he, "and I take the stars in my way!" By these words the astronomer taught his friends that he had transferred his affections from the created to the Creator—that instead of finding his highest pleasure out of God, he found it in God; and that the true use of the visible was to assist him in his aspirations after the invisible and eternal.

RIGHT OF PRIVATE JUDGMENT.—

"Every man must think for himself, since every man must give account for himself to God."—*Wesley.*

[Selected.]

SCOTLAND'S MAIDEN MARTYR.

IF to words that so beautifully and tenderly set forth tender sympathy, which Christ, as their Head, cherishes for his beloved people, I could venture to add any that ever fell from mortal lips, I would select those of Margaret Wilson, Scotland's Maiden Martyr.

Some two hundred years ago, there was a dark period of suffering in this land, when deeds of bloody cruelty were committed on God's people, not outdone by Indian butcheries. One day the tide is flowing in the Solway Frith, rushing like a race horse, with snowy mane, to the shore. It is occupied by groups of weeping spectators. They keep their eyes fixed on two objects on the wet sand. There, two women, each tied fast by their arms and limbs to a stake, stood within the seamark; and many an earnest prayer is going up to heaven, that Christ, who bends from his throne to the sight, would help them now in their hour of need. The eldest of the two is staked farthest out. Margaret, the young martyr, stands bound, a fair sacrifice, near by the shore. Well, on the big billows come, hissing, to their naked feet; on, and further on they come, death riding on the top of the waves, and eyed by those tender women with unflinching courage. The waters rise and rise, till, amid a scream and cry of horror from the shore, the lessening form of her that had death first to face, is lost in the foam of the surging wave. It recedes, but only to return; and now, the sufferer gasping for breath, the death-struggle is begun; and now, for Margaret's trial and her noble answer. "What see you yonder?" said the murderers, as, while the waters rose cold on her own limbs, they pointed her attention to her fellow confessor, in the suffocating agonies of a protracted death. In response, full of the boldest faith and brightest hope, and all the divine unfathomed consolation of any text to you,

she firmly answered, "I see Christ suffering in one of his own members." Brave and glorious words!—borrowed in that hour from the precious language of my text, and leading us to the apostle's most comforting and sublime conclusion, "We have not an high priest that cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin. Let us, therefore, come boldly to the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy and find grace to help in time of need."—*Dr. Guthrie.*

[Selected.]

SOON AND FOREVER.

"Soon and forever! Such promise our trust,
Though ashes to ashes and dust unto dust:
Soon, and forever our union shall be
Made perfect, our glorious Redeemer, in thee.
When the sins and the sorrows of time shall be
o'er,

Its pangs and its partings remembered no more—
When life cannot fall, and when death cannot
sever,

Christians with Christ, shall be soon—and forever.

"Soon, and forever, the breaking of day
Shall drive all the night-clouds of error away,
Soon, and forever, we'll see as we've seen,
And learn the deep meaning of things that have
been,

When fightings without us, and fears from within
Shall weary no more in the conflict of sin—
Where tears, and where fears, and where death
shall be never,

Christians with Christ shall be, soon—and forever.

"Soon, and forever, the work shall be done,
The warfare accomplished, the victory won,
Soon, and forever, the soldier lay down
His sword for a harp, and cross for a crown;
Then droop not in sorrow, despond not in fear,
A glorious to-morrow is brightening and near;
When—blessed reward by each faithful endeavor—
or—

Christians with Christ shall be, soon—and forever.

FAITH IS TRUE REASON. — "Carnal reason always traces everything from God to second causes, and there leave them floating upon uncertainties; but faith traces them up to their first cause, and fixes them there, by which means God's hand is known and glorified."—*Huntington.*

[Original.]

A MINISTER'S TESTIMONY.

BY REV. W. COOLEY.

DEAR BROTHER: I have felt some degree of modesty, for various reasons, in giving to the public my experience: but as I make it my business here below to serve my Master in any way he may call me to do it; and as all I have belongs to him, I consent to give you the outlines. It is now about four years since the Lord entirely sanctified my soul. Truly he has led me in a way I knew not. But bless his name forever, how sweetly and fully he does save me out of the hands of all my enemies! I praise God that for a long time I have felt so fully established in his love; yet it took me some time to learn the ways of Satan, so as to get entire victory in all of his assaults; and my defects may admonish and warn others. I was converted among the Otsego hills about twenty-three years ago, and for nearly seventeen years past have belonged to the Genesee Conference. There were a few times previous to my sanctification in which my mind was much impressed with the necessity of a clean heart, but I failed to obtain it. The first strong conviction I ever felt for this blessing was at the Vienna Conference, where I received my first ordination, by Bishop Hamline, who presided at the Conference, and preached and talked upon holiness as I had never heard any one before, and my heart was brought into deeper sympathy with it than at any previous time. But after the Conference was over I heard no more upon the subject, and my convictions passed away. But in 1849, when Bro. Eleazer Thomas, now of the California Advocate, came on to the now Olean District, as presiding elder, I heard holiness preached with power, and saw it exemplified in a living witness; and I was again awakened, and sought this state of grace, but was led into a straight place, and failed to bear the cross; and though

I was somewhat blessed in making the consecration I did, yet I fell short, and when, after trials and temptations swept over me, I fell into a state of weakness and uncertainty, part of the time without the witness of my justification, then I would wrestle with God and regain my peace, and again lose it. And so it was, up and down, for several years. The result of this state was, the ministry became to me a burden hardly to be endured; and I often thought of locating, and even went so far at one time as to arrange to go into business, but concluded not to do so. Some of this time I became skeptical on the subject of holiness, and believed it was not a distinct work, but a simple growth in grace. But why should any one try to disprove by his *want* of the experience of holiness, the *positive experience* of thousands of the most intelligent members of the church? But O, how little did I accomplish for the Lord during those years! In 1854, I was sent to Somerset, within the bounds of Niagara district, and Bro. Joseph McCreery was appointed to Yates, an adjoining charge. He and his devoted wife had before this time come out into the clear light of full salvation; but the district was in a sad state indeed, with but little life and spirituality, and but very few who enjoyed entire holiness. Bro. McCreery saw it, and deplored it, and as a remedy, he went in strongly for a camp-meeting; and after a severe struggle, as there had not been one on the district for fourteen years, he succeeded in getting one appointed, which is known as the Newfane rainy camp-meeting. It was a rainy time, indeed, but God was there in power to save and sanctify many souls, and among the rest my companion experienced this blessing. This meeting was the beginning of a new era in that district, and a brighter day has dawned since. The camp-meeting was a great blessing to me in many respects, but it was soon after it closed that I felt I must have a clean

heart. The difference in the preaching at that meeting showed me, that *to be useful, every minister must have power with God*. There were many powerless and useless sermons preached, but those who were free in the Lord preached with great simplicity and power, and *moved the people*! I felt I was justified; but O, the deep sense of unlikeness to God, and the presence in my heart of roots of bitterness, or the remains of the carnal nature, made me abhor myself, and seek relief alone in Jesus. The experience of my companion encouraged me to seek earnestly for this blessing; and in a few days after the camp-meeting closed, I was enabled to believe in Christ while riding along the road, and was set free at once. I entered into the rest of faith, and what light and joy filled my soul! The people of my charge were destitute of the life or fruits of religion, and had been for years, and my efforts to arouse them were not earnest enough to accomplish much; but now the Lord gave me and my wife courage to assault the devil, and work for the salvation of the people; and a revival commenced immediately, which swept on through haying and harvesting, and one hundred souls were converted, a majority of whom were heads of families. This was a bright day in my pilgrimage. But during the session of the Conference in 1856, we passed through some exciting scenes, and I allowed my eye to get off from Jesus. The result was, darkness came over my soul, and I remained in this state until November, when, at Ridgeville, where I was preaching, we held a general quarterly meeting. The now sainted W. C. Kendall, with his pious wife, and some others of the Lord's laborers, came to help us in the meeting, and their faithful, thorough course was a great benefit to me; and in my house, surrounded by these prevailing ones, I went into the fire, but came out into the clear light. When I transferred my all into the hands of Jesus, and believed in him, I felt a shock

of divine power pass all over me as sensibly as if it had been a shock of electricity. Though I felt fully saved, yet I did not experience much joy for a day or two, and then it came and flooded my soul; and, glory be to God, how much of this pure, celestial joy he has given me during these few years past! The Lord now gave me and my companion courage to work for him in a more sacrificing manner than at any time before. The village of Pendleton is two miles from Ridgeville, on the Erie Canal, and had been noted for its wickedness for many years. At this time there was not a soul in the place who enjoyed salvation, and only a few who professed religion; but all kinds of vice prevailed there, and the only church in the place belonged to the Roman Catholics. We went into the place to work for God; but having no places to stay with the people, we were obliged to get a room, and fix it up after camp-meeting style; and then we commenced to visit from house to house, warning the people in the day-time, and holding meetings in the evening at the school-house. Souls soon began to seek the Lord, and the devil roared most furiously for a few days; but God displayed his power to save, and many were thoroughly converted — some from rum shops, some from gambling dens, and some from Universalism; and now there is a comfortable church, and a good society in Pendleton. Bless the Lord for such victories! Nothing but full salvation could have held us up in such a dreadful battle with sin as that was. My next appointment was to Kendall circuit, where I found a much larger band of real pilgrims than at any previous place, as this was Bro. F. H. Purdy's first battle ground in this Conference, and many victories were achieved here years ago. I rejoiced to labor with such a people; but I found more violent opposition to holiness here on the part of some, than I had ever met before; and after seeing so much of this, I thought

perhaps God would be pleased with my adopting a less stringent course, and thus accommodate the feelings of these opposers, hoping they might yield to his claims, and thus be cured. But this compromising course made them no better. It only brought my own soul into darkness for a time; and when I discovered the trouble, humbled myself before God, and earnestly sought freedom again, these words were applied to my heart with great power: "Wherefore come out from among them; and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing, and I will receive you." I complied fully with the condition, and came to God with an honest heart; and now, as all things were out of the way, faith took hold of the promise, and unspeakable joy filled my soul again. Since that time, I have felt shut up to this straight and thorough way; and the Lord does hold me up in a wonderful manner, in standing for the truth. At another time I experienced more powerful temptations than ever before, and deep heaviness and absence of joy continued longer than usual. The temptation now was that I had grieved the Spirit away: and this was pressed upon my mind so hard that I believed it, and settled down in this feeling. I then commenced to pray God to give me salvation, and to cleanse my heart; which led me into a desolate and discouraged state; and it now seemed to me I could never live in the enjoyment of holiness; and after this manner I was assailed with sore temptations, but did not see them to be such then. In this state I went on for a while; but one day as I was walking along the street, a voice seemed to say to me, "That was all a temptation of the devil;" and now my heart responded, "It certainly was, and I ought to have resisted it;" and just then the light began to break into my soul once more, and then and there I settled it that he should never deceive me in that way again. But at this point my mind was called to several tests, suggested

in the form of searching interrogatories. One was, "*Are you willing to be regarded as a fool, for Christ's sake?*" My heart said, "*Yes, I am.*" Another was, "*Are you now willing to be like some of your sisters, who have great freedom in the Lord — to have their simplicity and exercises?*" My answer was, "*Yes, Lord, I will follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth.*" And O, how the light and glory filled my soul! How completely I was enabled to give myself to Christ then, and how he has filled me with love and joy from that hour! He *does* give me simplicity and some of the exercises, but, bless his name, it is all right. I regard this as the chastening of the Lord, and it has done me much good. The devil has tried his former game many times since; but I go to Jesus every time, holding on to him by faith, and the tempter's power is soon broken. At such times I step out on these promises: "God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will, with the temptation, also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it." "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." How they have held me up! And in this way I have proved that the trial of my faith is more precious than gold tried with fire. Praise the Lord! But often, when the tempter comes, and finds none of his goods in the *heart*, (for Christ has spoiled them all,) he assails the *head*, and tries to get us to reasoning upon some of the mysteries or exercises of religion, so as to confuse the mind. But I have learned to walk by faith, and not by reason, or feeling, or joy, or sight, but *naked faith in Christ*. How the Lord does enable me to cast every care upon him, and to commit all my ways and, interests, temporal as well as spiritual, into his hands! This love frees me from fear of want, of death, of reproach, and of consequences. The Lord condescends to bless me at the family altar, in secret prayer, in reading the Bible and other good books, in the

prayer meeting, while walking the streets and riding along the highway, and in trying to preach the Gospel to the people; and causes my full soul to rejoice with unspeakable joy. Hallelujah to the Lamb!

Kendall, Aug. 6, 1859.

[Selected.]

THY WILL BE DONE.

"Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven."

WHEN life is like some gentle rill,
Whose waves through blooming meadows run,
While summer breezes o'er it play
Where'er its sparkling waters stray,
How easy then it is to say,
"Thy will be done!"

When life is like that gentle rill
While frosty winter rests thereon,
And icy fotters bar its way,
And storms, for summer winds, have sway,
How very hard it is to say,
"Thy will be done!"

When life is like some lofty tree,
Whose green leaves glisten in the sun,
While from its top the wild bird's lay
Is heard throughout the merry day,
How easy then it is to say,
"Thy will be done!"

When life is like that lofty tree,
Whose leaves have fallen one by one,
Its glories trampled in the clay,
And all its minstrels flown away,
How very hard it is to say,
"Thy will be done!"

When life is full of hope and joy,
And pleasure's voices lure us on,
And every path our feet essay,
Is stepped to measures light and gay,
How easy then it is to say,
"Thy will be done!"

When life is full of doubt and care,
And every winning charm is gone,
And all around us is decay,
Nor even hope comes to betray,
How very hard it is to say,
"Thy will be done!"

When life's great work is all performed,
And the unfading wreath is won,
How gladly doth the soul obey
The voice that summons it away,
How easy then it is to say,
"Thy will be done!"

[Original.]
DRESS.

DEAR BROTHER DEGEN,—I am aware that it is not designed to devote much of your space to this specific subject; but whatever is said should, for the plainest reasons, be in perfect keeping with the standard of Bible holiness. If not much is said *against* superfluity in dress, least of all should we give it any positive *sanc-tion*. We have no disposition to make this subject a "hobby," and yet it is one of the things to be looked after, and made to conform to God's word. Since the great and terrible God has concerned himself with this matter, we cannot say, on approaching it, with our beloved sister of the "Beauty" recently, that "our first feeling is, 'I am doing a great work, and cannot come down';—why should the work cease while I come down to dress?" Verily, the "work" will *not* cease by giving this, and all other practical topics, a befitting place, for they are a part of the *work itself*. Whatever is connected with the development of pride or humility in the heart, must come under the legitimate province of a periodical designed to deal in religious experience.

One object of this article is to interpose an objection to a sentiment advanced in the September Guide by a writer for whom we entertain a high respect, which appears to us very unguarded and loose. And in replying to this, we hope at the same time to answer the desires of those dear brethren who are pained at the laxity that characterizes the views and practice of many, and to set the general subject in such a light as shall abide the test of reason and religion. The writer just referred to, in discoursing on the "love of the beautiful," holds this language: "As we come back into the original simplicity in which our first parents were created, we shall say, let beautiful things, let beautiful subjects, let beautiful combinations cheer the path of life all along; let flowers adorn the head of the young,

and of other ages." Further on, she says: "We are in a day, I believe, of intelligent enjoyment of the beautiful among Christians. We must make an allowance for the superabundance which the young always crave, of what is in itself desirable to them, and realize they will get a chastened taste by proper example and cultivation of mind."

We object to the language, first, because it is entirely *unnecessary*. Church members of modern times, and especially the young, of both sexes, are sufficiently prone to worldly conformity, without being directly *encouraged* in a course of vanity. Whoever looks over our congregations through the land, and marks the gaudy extravagance and fashionable display that everywhere appear, must be compelled to admit that men and women are swift to learn all the merit there is in superfluous dress, without any special prompting.

We object, further, because of the advantage that will be taken of such concessions, and the pernicious results that may be expected to follow. What broader license do fashionable professors desire than may be inferred from this phraseology? They find it in their *hearts* to flaunt out in all the flowers and furbelows of the world; their greatest trouble is to find a *justification* for such a course. What a relief it must be to have their vanity so kindly apologized for by persons of exalted pretensions to piety! They will hence take to themselves a flattering unction, lull their consciences more soundly to sleep, and go on their way rejoicing. "Let *flowers* adorn the head of the young, and of other ages!" Well, thousands have done so in advance of the precept, and thousands more are ready to do it as soon as present restraint is a little more fully removed. They will hail the above sentiment as exactly the thing to bolster them up in their unhallowed attachments, and enable them to swing out more clearly

than ever into the general current of—*common sinners!*

As to the general question of dress, where is the propriety or religion in arraying ourselves in the foolish trappings of this perverted world, or encouraging others to do the same? If a love for the beautiful necessitates a high regard for the variegated flower-beds we sometimes see located around the heads of professed Christians, we must confess to a sad deficiency of taste in this direction. And as to the *piety* of such a course, the Word of God is sufficiently explicit to settle the question with all Christians forever. See 1 Tim. ii. 9, 10; 1 Pet. iii. 3, 4. These passages mean *something*, and it is rather difficult to give them any figurative interpretation.

In addition to all the teachings of Scripture bearing directly and indirectly upon the subject, and which all Christians possess in common, members of the *Methodist* church are favored with special light and bound by special obligations, touching this whole matter of worldly conformity. Not only does the general rule of Discipline unite with the Bible in prohibiting the "putting on of gold and costly apparel," but in chapter viii. we find the following pointed language:—

Quest. "Should we insist on the rules concerning dress?"

Ans. "By all means. This is no time to give encouragement to superfluity of apparel. Therefore receive none into the church till they have left off superfluous ornaments." Every true Methodist is bound to comply with these sentiments.

But while we would have members of the M. E. Church feel the full force of the vows they have assumed, we would not have *any* fancy themselves freed from a similar obligation. Besides the *direct* allusions in Scripture to the subject in hand, there are many general principles laid down, from which we can easily infer our duty. "Be not conformed to this world,"

Rom. xii. 2. This is a sweeping command, evidently applying to our conversation, spirit, dress, and general conduct. "Wherefore, come out from among them and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you," 2 Cor. vi. 17. Here the same general doctrine is taught, that Christians and sinners are expected to be different from each other, in all the leading aspects of their character. "*Whether ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God,*" 1 Cor. x. 31. Here is an injunction that extends to the very minutiae of life. Who will claim that they load themselves down with jewels and artificials to glorify God. It were strange, indeed, if God should declare himself glorified by a course of conduct in direct violation of his own command: "*Whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father by him,*" Col. iii. 17. Let that dear Christian friend, who thinks it so pious to fix up in the regalia of fashionable life, apply this test at every step in the process of arranging the gaudy attire and useless ornaments employed. Suppose it to be the case of a sister, who commences by spending an hour in curling her hair. Hark! we hear her saying, in solemn accents: "I do this in the name of the 'Lord Jesus!'" She next adjusts her ten-dollar pin, and puts on from one to six finger rings—"all in the name of the Lord Jesus!" Head-dress, earrings, bracelets and ruffles are, *of course*, worn "in the name of the Lord Jesus!" A costly bonnet, covered with bows and feathers, and filled with artificials, is carefully placed over the curling curls, "all in the name of the Lord Jesus!" And who will doubt that all the fringes and flounces with which her body is decorated are worn "in the name of the Lord Jesus?"

"But there can be no harm in wearing these things, so long as I don't set my heart on them," says one. Very true, if the

case were supposable. But what are the facts? In the first place, if you *do* set your heart on them, they will prove a certain snare, and, therefore, should be given up *at once*. If, on the other hand, you do *not* set your affections on them, it will be the easiest thing imaginable to tear them off; and you will do so *this very hour*, rather than longer grieve the hearts of your dear brethren in Christ. Suppose you *try* it; and if you do not find a secret nerve running from your vain equipage to your very heart, you will prove an exception to the general rule.

"But," says another, "if I begin to trim down, *I know not where to draw the line.*" And because they are unable to discriminate perfectly, they shut their eyes to *all* the claims of God, and rush heedlessly on in fashion's road. But how specious is this whole argument, as will appear when applied to other points, which are also the subjects of revelation. For instance, the Bible forbids covetousness, but if I begin to preach against it, I know not where to draw the line. The Bible also forbids intemperance; but if I begin to denounce it, I cannot tell where to draw the line. Shall I therefore let these sins go unrebuked? We fear this whole train of apology is a mere *dodge*, generally employed by those who love display and worldly honor. We never knew one, who honestly desired to know and to do the will of God, in respect to dress, that could not tell where to stop; and in every instance they have preserved neatness, modesty, decency, and comfort.

We cannot, however, stop to notice all the vain pretences of those who try so hard to excuse themselves from the path of self-denial. They have almost unnumbered apologies and palliations to offer, but the worst of all for them is, that they find no endorsement in the word of God. Some are so deluded as to suppose themselves fully justified in wearing needless ornaments on the ground that a *friend*—perhaps a dying friend—bestowed them,

with the request that they should be worn; thus allowing the ill-timed advice of a short-sighted mortal to outweigh the authority of the Lord Most High. Others are deceived into the idea of supposing that they can be more useful to others; especially, that they can gain more certain access to the hearts and houses of those in high life, by conforming to their general habit of outward show. Nothing can be more ruinous than such policy. We inevitably lose our power and spirituality by all such compromising with the spirit and practice of those who know not God. The whole genius of our Christianity is at war with everything like ostentation and display. Christians are expected to "renounce the world, with all its vain pomp and glory." Unless there is enough in salvation to wean our hearts from grovelling desires and worldly affinities, it must be to a great extent a *failure*. But we are sure it is *not* a failure. There is power in the glorious gospel of Jesus Christ to free us from earth's foolish trappings, and give us in return an inward consolation that far transcends the highest transports of earth-born pleasure. Plainness is not religion, but Bible religion supposes plainness, and will accept of no substitute. All plain persons are not deeply spiritual, but we hazard little in saying, that all deeply spiritual persons are *plain in their attire*. Let Christians dress as they would be willing to appear at the *Judgment*, and we shall not fear to be responsible for their remaining superfluity. We suggest this as a suitable motto for every follower of Jesus — *Plainness, purity, power*.

Your brother in Jesus,
A. A. PHELPS.

Lima, N. Y., Sept. 8, 1859.

FAITH.—"Faith builds in the dungeon and the lazar house its sublimest shrines; and up through roofs of stone, that shut up the eye of heaven, ascends the ladder where the angels glide to and fro, prayer."

[Selected.]

NEW TESTAMENT PRAYERS — THE APOSTLES.

THE apostolic epistles are full of prayer, both in doctrine and example. When Paul said, "I will, therefore, that men pray everywhere," he put into exhortation the practice of his own life. Prayer was a reality; it was asking on one side, and giving on the other. No metaphysical refinement prevented earnest petitions and continued supplication. The church now has but little faith in prayer except as a moral discipline. We have not, as we should, absolute faith that what we ask we shall receive, and that we shall *not* receive *unless we ask*. We find it necessary to qualify and soften such Scripture as this: "This is the confidence that we have in him, that, if we ask anything according to his will, he heareth us. And if we know that he heareth us, whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petitions that we desired of him." But why should we sponge this blessed scripture with a worldly-philosophico-exegesis, that we may shrink it to the measure of our stunted faith? Lord, increase our faith!

Apostolic prayers included *all things, temporal, social and political*, as well as spiritual.

Here, too, we have a semi-infidelity. We talk of natural laws, of cause and effect, as though He who ordained those laws and that chain of sequence had not said, "Ask, and ye shall receive." We forget that this latter is as truly a law of his moral government as gravitation is of his material empire. And if any conflict could arise, which would be dearer to him, his moral truth, or physical stability? But why not remember that he has undertaken an administration in which there shall be physical stability and answer to prayer? He is the *All-Sufficient*! Let us leave the harmony of the two in his keeping.

St. Paul said, "In everything, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your request be made known unto God."

In *everything*. There can be no broader statement; no more liberal charter. All our temporal wants, all we need as husbands and wives, as parents and children, as business men or laborers; in *everything*, we are to make our request known to God.

How tender the recognition of friends and human friendship in the hour of prayer! Paul said of Philemon, "I thank my God, making mention of thee always in my prayers." His prayer for his friend was special—by name—in view of his peculiar temptations and perils. So, too, did he remember Timothy, his son in the gospel, to whom he wrote, "I have remembrance of thee in my prayers night and day." Can friendship forget this? Can the wife forbear to call the name of her husband in prayer? Can the mother cease to "make mention" of her *wandering son*? Can the minister forbear to present the *names* of his co-laborers or of the peculiarly tempted members of his charge?

How earnestly prayed those apostolic pastors for the churches which they had planted! As the high-priest bore upon his breast-plate the names of the twelve tribes, so did those men of Christ bear the churches on their hearts! Of the Philipians the apostle said, "Always, in every prayer of mine, making request for you all." Of the Colossians, "We do not cease to pray for you." Of the Thessalonians, "Night and day, praying exceedingly that we might see your face, and might perfect that which is lacking in your faith. Now God himself and our Father, and our Lord Jesus Christ, direct our way unto you. And the Lord himself make you to increase and abound in love one toward another, and toward all men, even as we do toward you; to the end he may establish your hearts unblamable in holiness before God, even our

Father, at the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ with all his saints."

How grand the inspired prayer offered in behalf of the Ephesian Christians: "For this cause I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named, that he would grant you, according to the riches of his glory, to be strengthened with might by his Spirit in the inner man; that Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height, and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God."

Thus prayed the apostles for their flocks. Brother minister, have we that same spirit? Do we thus pour out our souls, and present our people at the mercy-seat?

Let the churches also observe how much the apostles desired the prayers of the believers, and as they read let them pray for their own ministers.

"I beseech you, brethren, for the Lord Jesus Christ's sake and for the love of the Spirit, that ye strive together with me in your prayers to God for me." "Pray for me, that utterance may be given unto me, that I may open my mouth boldly to make known the mystery of the gospel."—"Brethren, pray for us, . . . that God would open unto us a door of utterance. . . . Finally, brethren, pray for us, that the word of the Lord may have free course, and be glorified, and that we may be delivered from unreasonable and wicked men."

Brethren, if an inspired apostle was so burdened by the care of this gospel as thus to cry for help, how must your youthful, inexperienced minister need it? Will you not henceforth criticise him *less* severely, and pray for him *more* devoutly? We doubt if a pastor can long remain cold and passionless while preaching to a people who "make mention of him con-

tinually in their prayers," and ask that "utterance may be given him." Remember the danger that a careless and prayerless people may bring the minister to their own level. Inspiration says: "There shall be, like people, like priest: and I will punish their ways, and reward their doings."

Christians are constantly exhorted to pray for one another and for the whole church, for "all saints." We need not quote the passages.

Again, the apostolic teaching requires us to pray, to make supplication for "all that are in authority." How often we forget this in the mad turmoil of party strife! We denounce them far more than we pray for them.

It may become duty to stand in firm resistance of evil, but we *know* we should pray for our rulers. Pray that they may be enlightened to apprehend duty, that they may refuse evil; be a terror to evil doers and a praise to them that do well.

Pray for our rulers. We are forgetful of this, sadly forgetful. If any of them are bad men, pray that they may be held in the mighty hand of God, that they shall have no power against that which is good, but that they may be led to "repentance unto life."

Finally, the apostolic prayers were ever accompanied with thanksgiving and active Christian effort. They fairly ring with ascriptions of praise, and are jubilant with gratitude. The soul adored as it plead!

So, too, they were attended with action. Each praying man became, as far as possible, the executor of his own request. Is there not in these things a lesson for the writer and the reader? — *N. W. Ch. Adv.*

HISTORY. — "If men could learn from history, what lessons it could teach them! But passion and party blind our eyes, and the light which experience gives is a lantern on the stern, which shines only on the waves behind us!" — *Coleridge.*

[Original.]

PROFESSING AND OBTAINING.

BY A STUDENT.

I AM very much gratified with the article in the September Guide, entitled "Surrender and Faith." Brother Phelps could not have done us greater service than to write just as he has written. These are critical times, I think, with the subject of entire sanctification. The subject has become one of interest so general, and so many feel ready to take the incipient steps in a holy life, that we are too ready to forget the great responsibilities of this holy profession, and the disastrous consequences of a misstep in the process of seeking, believing, professing, and the rest. I was forcibly reminded of this, two evenings ago, as I heard a sister giving an account of her state. After stating the steps by which she had been led, and after speaking clearly of the full flow of divine love which had been pouring into her heart for the last three days, she said, "How near I came to resting satisfied with believing I was sanctified, because I had consecrated myself, without knowing it to be so. But, last Friday evening, being told that I ought to know whether this work were done or not, I resolved not to rest without the assurance that it was accomplished; and now I am perfectly satisfied that God has sanctified my soul."

While we are assured that a thousand can have this work wrought for them, by the hand of God, as well as one, because each one of the thousand makes a full surrender of the heart, as if there were no other created being in existence, we must not forget that each one of the thousand is separately and singly a spectacle for heaven and earth to look upon, with a holy profession upon him. (And yet who would wish to profess less in the dominion of God than that of living without offence, inward or outward.) And if one should mistake, and get the profession without the reality, how much suffering and confusion of mind would follow, and how

poorly prepared would such a one be to save this glorious doctrine from reproach in his own case. I could wish that the directions in the article above referred to, might be presented, in all their pathos, to the mind of every seeker of this fulness of grace. I do not doubt that we are right in urging those who are willing to become perfect subjects of the heavenly kingdom to make all diligence in getting to the place where the heart shall be dispossessed of its last foe, but we should be very cautious how we try to make them believe they are there. God himself will tell them of it when they get there. The sincere, self-desperate seeker does not need to have human lips tell him that he has got where God meets him to purify him. Every mind has its own peculiar obstructions and hindrances, and the Searcher of hearts understands these better than we do. And every mind has its own future, and the Most High knows what is the best process to prepare it for that future development which it has got to come into; and he will not allow any waste of the strength of that soul that is struggling with all its energies to get where it can have its life with him.

Some minds, from their very constitution, can travel over the distance between where they have been living and where they intend now to commence living much more rapidly than others. Heaven deals with each mind as it is now, however much it is to be improved by the grace that is to be given. If each one is taught that, in making a full consecration, the habit of unbelief of God, in relation to itself, is to be given up; and if this part of the surrender is made, as well as the rest, the soul is in a state to believe whatever God gives it grounds to believe. O! that the Spirit of heavenly wisdom might descend upon us, that we may be prepared to teach as God teaches, and not mix the haste of nature with the elements which we have learned from him.

September, 1850.

[Selected.]

NO NIGHT IN HEAVEN.

"And there shall be no night there." — Rev. 23 : 5.

No night in Heaven! no gathering gloom
Shall o'er that glorious landscape ever come;
No tears shall fall in sadness o'er those flowers
That breathe their fragrance through celestial
bowers.

No night in heaven! no dreadful hour
Of mental darkness, or the tempter's power —
Across those skies no envious cloud shall roll,
To dim the sunlight of the raptured soul.

No night in Heaven! Forbid to sleep,
These eyes no more their mournful vigils keep;
Their fountains dried — their tears all wiped
away —

They gaze undazzled on eternal day.

No night in Heaven! no sorrow's reign,
No secret anguish, no corporeal pain;
No shivering limbs, no burning fever there;
No soul's eclipse, no winter of despair.

No night in Heaven! but endless noon;
No fast declining sun nor waning moon;
But there the LAMB shall yield perpetual light,
Mid pastures green, and waters ever bright.

No night in Heaven! no darkened room,
No bed of death, nor silence of the tomb;
But breezes ever fresh with love and truth,
Shall brace the frame with an immortal youth.

No night in Heaven! But night is here,
The night of sorrow, and the night of fear;
I mourn the ills that now my steps attend,
And shrink from others that may yet impend.

No night in Heaven! O, had I faith
To rest in what the faithful witness saith,
That faith should make these hideous phantoms
flee,

And leave no night, henceforth, on earth to me.

LOVE.—"We fear they (the preachers) have leaned to that extreme (viz: preaching wrath), and some of their hearers may have lost the joy of faith. Need we ever preach the terrors of the Lord to those who know they are accepted in him? No, it is folly to do so; for love is to them the strongest of all motives." — Wesley, in the *Minutes of his Second Conference*, 1745.

JOHN AND PAUL.—"St. John's logic is oriental, and consists chiefly in position and parallel; while St. Paul's displays all the intricacies of the Greek system." — Coleridge.

The Guide to Holiness.

OCTOBER, 1859.

EDITORIAL PAPERS.

HOLINESS—ITS RELATIONS TO BODILY INFIRMITIES.

CAN the highest privileges of the Christian be enjoyed under all forms of physical disease? This question, in substance, has been presented to us by an earnest inquirer, and it often comes up in some form amidst the conflicts to which we are subject from being "in the body." As it is not a question of curious speculation, but one of important practical bearings, we shall attempt a few plain remarks upon it.

If in the highest privileges of the Christian the beatific sights and rapturous joys often granted to the believer are necessarily included, we should unhesitatingly answer the question in the negative. But we are not sure that these are the highest blessings of our holiest states, or any indispensable part of them. But if being "one with Christ," and being united to him "as the branch is united to the vine"—and having no will out of his—loving God with all the heart, and being filled with "the fulness of God"—cover, in their deep and glorious meaning, the highest privilege of the Christian, then we think both Scripture and experience assure us that it can dwell in the heart and shine in the life from the fiercest ordeals to which the body may subject it.

But the question has reference mostly, perhaps, to a certain class of diseases, termed, somewhat vaguely, nervous diseases. These are sure to make serious inroads upon the Christian's enjoyments, and too frequently upon his faith and love also. The difficulty in many such cases seems to us more a physical and mental than a religious one. It is when bodily disorders produce a state of mind bordering on insanity that our perplexity arises. The best mental philosophers and the most experienced physicians are at a loss to tell, in numberless cases, when the personal responsibility ends in downright insanity. Our doctrine as religious teachers is, that where there is sufficient reason to constitute accountability, there may be genuine and, for aught we can see, the highest forms of faith and love. But an exemption from mental disorders is no more promised as a necessary fruit of these, than freedom from bodily infirmities. Under the influence of a disordered mind there may be intense mental anguish, as there is bodily pain from physical disease. The afflicted subject of the loss of reason may pass from the highest religious peace into the inexpressible sorrow of utter despair. But

his relation to God has not been lost. He stands where he stood at the last moment of his sanity. The mental darkness is not divine wrath. It is not the eye of faith that is dimmed, but the mental sight, whose disorder has made faith as well as every other moral power impossible. Such persons often feel a painful sense of condemnation; but God is greater than our hearts, and knoweth all things. But because we cannot decide in individual cases whether this irresponsible state has been reached, we are at a loss for the proper advice where the sufferer seeks, in a tone of earnest entreaty, for some instruction by which he may be delivered from his truly deplorable state. No doubt the wise treatment of the body is more necessary, in many cases, than religious counsel. Fresh and cheerful company, and a freedom from all perplexing secular duties, may be the most direct avenues through which comfort can be imparted to the soul.

But admitting moral accountability, the truth clearly is, that the highest favor of God is possible under every form and degree of disease—a favor both attained and witnessed. It would be superfluous to quote Scripture to support so obvious a position. Under the general head of afflictions, doubtless bodily diseases are included, which are all declared to be good. The apostle says, "I take pleasure in infirmities," for "when I am weak then am I strong;" and pages of examples might be adduced from the most common observation of Christians who have maintained faith and hope under long protracted and painful forms of disease. Indeed, this is the very furnace which God often chooses to refine those he loves. It is a token of his special regard, and a guaranty that we shall reign with him.

But an important point in this whole subject is the influence which physical disorders have in modifying and frequently changing the form of manifestation of religious emotion. This is often overlooked, and this influence becomes an occasion of great perplexity. The conscientious believer whose joy has been accustomed to overflow, is

"worn by slowly rolling years,
Or broke by sickness in a day,"—

and finds it difficult to believe that his steady peace is as sure an evidence of God's favor as his former ecstasies. The active and burden-bearing disciple, who has found labor for Christ a continual feast to his soul, when he is shut up in an invalid's room can with difficulty realize that the change in his emotional nature is consistent with an unabated nearness to God. The enemy whispers that the standard of holiness has now been lowered. But the tempted should not be in haste to admit the truthfulness of this suggestion. It is true that faith is in great danger of wavering under such circumstances. It is emphatically a time to watch unto prayer. But we suggest that the change in the feelings may be simply the result of altered physical conditions.

The same remarks may be made in a comparison of the religious manifestations of the healthy with those who are invalids. To measure ourselves by or among ourselves in this respect is not wise. He that *believeth* is saved, when and to the extent he believes. And though we may be in heaviness through manifold trials, whether from the flesh or the devil, yet to him who believes the Saviour will ever be in some form — *precious*.

This subject suggests an abundant occasion for the exercise of the charity that suffereth long. We may be wrong in attributing the sudden start and the sharp tone of voice of a broken invalid to unhallowed feeling. Who can tell how far they may be the pure instinct of disordered sensibility. We may add another burden when we ought to be seeking to remove one, by chiding the tactless turn of that drooping friend. The tongue has lost its wonted vivacity, because the body has lost its strength. "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ" — which is the law of love.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

INTERESTING INCIDENTS.

The following account is given by the Rev. Leigh Richmond, as having been related by a minister in a meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society:

"A drunkard was one day staggering in drink on the brink of the sea. His little son by him, three years of age, being very hungry, solicited him for something to eat. The miserable father, conscious of his poverty, and of the criminal cause of it, in a kind of rage, occasioned by his intemperance and despair, hurled the little innocent into the sea, and made off with himself. The poor little sufferer, finding a plank floating by his side on the water, clung to it. The wind soon wafted him and the plank into the sea. A British man-of-war passing by discovered the plank and child; a sailor, at the risk of his own life, plunged into the sea, and brought him on board. He could inform them little more than that his name was Jack. They gave him the name of poor Jack. He grew up on board that man-of-war, behaved well, and gained the love of all the officers and men. He became an officer of the sick and wounded department. During an action in the late war, an aged man came under his care nearly in a dying state. He was all attention to the dying stranger, but could not save his life.

"The aged stranger was dying, and thus addressed this kind young officer: 'For the great attention you have shown me, I give you this only treasure that I am possessed of; (presenting him with a Bible bearing the stamp of the British and Foreign Bible Society.) 'It was given me by a lady; has been the means of my conversion; and has been a great comfort to me. Read it, and it will lead you in the way you should go.' He went on to confess the wickedness and profligacy of his life before the reception of his Bible; and, among other enormities, how he once cast a little son, three years old, into the sea, because he cried to him for needful food.

"The young officer inquired of him the time and place, and found here was his own history. Reader, judge, if you can, of his feelings, to recognize in the dying old man his father, dying a penitent under his care! and judge of the feelings of the dying penitent, to find that same

young stranger was his son — the very son whom he had plunged into the sea, and had no idea but that he had immediately perished! A description of their mutual feelings will not be attempted. The old man soon expired in the arms of his son. The latter left the service and became a pious preacher of the Gospel. On closing this story, the minister in the meeting of the Bible Society bowed to the chairman and said, '*Sir, I am little Jack.*'"

LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

Children, do you love each other?

Are you always kind and true?

Do you always do to others

As you'd have them do to you?

Are you gentle to each other?

Are you careful, day by day,

Not to give offence by actions,

Or by anything you say?

Little children, love each other;

Never give another pain;

If your brother speak in anger,

Answer not in wrath again.

Be not selfish to each other;

Never spoil another's rest;

Strive to make each other happy,

And you will yourselves be blest.

SCRIPTURE CABINET.

CHRISTIAN CONDESCENSION.

Be not high things, but condescend to men of low estate. Rom. xii, 16.

CHRIST gave a wonderful illustration of condescension to his followers; "though he was rich, yet for our sakes he became poor, that we through his poverty might be rich." He left heaven and came to earth, and was made in the likeness of sinful man. "He was made like unto his brethren." What lowliness could be more striking! Explained by his condescension, how meaning is the injunction of the apostle, "Condescend to men of low estate."

Lady Huntingdon, for many years the friend and co-laborer of Wesley, was a remarkable example of Christian condescension. Though belonging to one of the noblest families of England, and surrounded by the flattery which riches and honor bring, she sought the spiritual good of the despised and poor. She says of them: "I have some difficulty in keeping them from clinging to me, such wondrous love they bear me." At one time she spoke to a workman who was repairing her garden wall, about the interests of his soul. Some years after, she was speaking to another of her servants, and said to him, "Thomas, I fear you never pray, nor look to Christ for salvation." "Your ladyship is mistaken," replied Thomas. "I heard what passed between you and James, some time since, and the word designed for him took effect on me." "How did you hear it?"

inquired the Countess. "I heard it," replied the man, "on the other side of the garden through a hole in the wall, and I never shall forget the impression I received." (Lady Huntingdon Portrayed, p. 32.) This same condescending Countess at one time discerned in David Taylor, a man who was employed as a laborer in her family, marks of true Christian activity. She immediately gave him the weight of her great influence and sent him out to call sinners to Christ. Taylor became a shining light. Sinners were converted by hundreds through his words, and large societies were founded. In after years, as a remote effect of his labors, Mary Redfield, subsequently the mother of *Jabez Bunting*, was converted. Thus, connected with the condescension of Lady Huntingdon, was the wonderful power for good of that luminary of our own day, whose brightness has just "melted away into the light of heaven."

GOD'S LOVE FOR HIS PEOPLE.

Yea, he loved his people; all his saints were in thy hand and they sat down at thy feet. Deut. xxxiii. 3.

Moses, in enumerating the blessings which God had conferred upon Israel, seems suddenly impressed with the reason of such amazing goodness. He exclaims, "He loved his people." It is worthy of remark that this declaration is made in connection with his reference to Sinai, from the top of which came such evidence of God's terrible majesty. He had just said, "The Lord came from Sinai and rose up from Seir unto them; he shined forth from Mount Paran, and he came with ten thousands of saints; from his right hand went a fiery law for them." If God loved his people when sending forth a *fiery law* for them, how truly we may see this truth when he publishes "glad tidings of great joy" in the gospel. If he loved Israel while subjecting them to the severe discipline to which their rebellious obstinacy compelled him, how much more will he love those who are of an humble and contrite heart. Let no man judge God. He has many ways of showing his love. Whether his people are in the school of the law, or in the glorious freedom of the gospel—whether bonds and imprisonments await them, or they have their lines in pleasant places—whether like Daniel they are in the lion's den, or like him raised to honor and power—whether, with Elijah, their lives are hunted by wicked men, or with him they ascend heavenward in a chariot of fire,—his love is the same. That his love led the children of Israel from Egypt, was a pledge that he would bring them, if faithful to him, into Canaan. That he has brought believers "from darkness to light, and from the power of sin and Satan unto God," is an assurance that he has provided a deliverance from all the filthiness of the flesh and spirit, and thus enables them triumphantly to sing,—

"Stronger his love than death or hell;
Its riches are unsearchable;
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, the breadth, the height."

GOD'S JEALOUSY OF HIS OWN GLORY.

"The Lord said unto Gideon, The people that are with thee are too many for me to give the Midianites into their hands, lest Israel vaunt themselves against me, saying Mine own hand hath saved me." Judges vii. 2.

THE Midianites who were about to fight against Gideon were one hundred and thirty-five thousand, and the Israelites thirty-two thousand; yet, when the latter were reduced to ten thousand they were too many, and God's severer test left only three hundred men. These were as truly contemptible, considered in relation to the triumph which they proposed to achieve, as was the cake of barley bread, in the dream of the Midianite, which overthrew his people's tents, and scattered their hosts. Gideon's valiant band were but torch-bearers,—while the Lord sent confusion among their enemies, and destroyed them by their own weapons. The event showed how wisely God had judged the hearts of the people. The Ephraimites "did chide sharply with Gideon," because he did not allow them a larger share in the honor of Midian's destruction.

While man is ever inclined to say, "Mine own hand hath saved me," God is loudly proclaiming, "My glory will I not give to another." How apparent is this truth, when his people exalt the means too much. These he will not bless, however well appointed, if they are honored above Him. A convenient place of worship, an eloquent preacher, a large and respectable congregation, and an intelligent membership—either singly or when they are found together—must not be relied upon as the ground of hope when the church go forth against the powers of darkness. "By my Spirit, saith the Lord," should be the divine teaching, which takes full possession of their hearts. And yet the "sword of Gideon" may be mentioned in connection with the "sword of the Lord," when God is fully recognized in giving edge and power to that sword. He does not disparage his own weapons, nor would he have men disparage them; neither does He despise him whom He hath appointed to wield them, but he must not "vaunt himself," but rather say,—

"And if thy grace vouchsafe to use
The meaneſt of thy creatures, me,
The deed, the time, the manner chooſe;
Let all my fruit be found of thee;
Let all my works in thee be wrought,—
By thee to full perfection brought."

PANTING AFTER THE GLORY OF GOD.

"Show me, I beseech thee, thy glory." Exodus xxxiii. 11.

MOSES, who utters this cry, had seen great displays of God's glory. He had been with him

forty days and forty nights in the mount. He had talked with him face to face, as a man talketh with his friend. He had gazed with wonder and awe upon his brightness in the pillar of fire, and upon his mysterious beaming from between the cherubim in the Holy of Holies. Yet these abundant revelations of the divine glory begat an intense burning to see and know more of Him; and thus it is with every renewed heart. Before the veil of sin is removed, there is nothing in him that, when we see him, we should desire him. He is as a root out of dry ground. But when faith lifts the veil from our eyes we see God as altogether lovely; and as the eye of faith becomes clearer and stronger, the glory of God is unfolded from the steady light of his Word and Spirit. Lost in Him the Christian exclaims, "Whom have I in heaven but thee, and there is none on earth I desire beside thee." All other desires become lost in this desire. Every earthly thing sinks into insignificance before the heavenly visions of the soul; it sees God in everything, hears his voice in every sound, and lays hold upon him in every event. In beholding God's glory, it becomes changed into his image, from glory into glory.

The admonition and the compliance of God in reference to Moses' request, are full of beautiful significance. So far as God's outward manifestation was desired, he was admonished that "no man shall see God and live," (verse 20). Yet He so far complied as to show him some glimpses of His overwhelming glory. The full manifestation of God's natural or spiritual being to finite man is plainly impossible. But he gratifies the desire to see his glory which the Holy Ghost inspires. It is seen in the face of Jesus Christ (2 Cor. iv., 6), who is the brightness of his Father's glory, and the express image of his person. (Heb. i. 3.) The Christian "sees God" when, by the cleansing blood of Christ, he is "pure in heart." And we are assured that the saints in heaven see him in his glory, and reign with him forever and ever. O! we shall be satisfied when we awake in his likeness, whether it is in time or eternity.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

A PAMPHLET has been published by a Presbyterian clergyman, concerning the religious interest in Balleymena, Ireland. It seems well to represent the gracious work in other portions of that country. We find the leading facts of the pamphlet in an exchange paper, which we condense still further for the Guide.

EDRTOA.

1. *Conviction of Sin.* The soul is felt to be guilty and lost. Sin is seen to be loathsome and deadly, and it is generally felt to be an intolerable burden, crushing the body and soul to hell. In almost all the unregenerate it produces an intense fear, an awful agonizing horror of eternal condemnation; whereas, in case of the slumbering, half-living, half-dead Christian, there is not this terror of final destruction, but a deep, and

sinking, and sorrowing sense of great unworthiness, of the basest ingratitude, of infuriated unfaithfulness, to the wrouged, the patient, and the precious Saviour.

2. *The Physical Features.* When the conviction as to its mental process reaches its crisis, the person, through weakness, is unable to sit or stand, and either kneels or lies down. A great number of converts are "mitten down" as suddenly, and they fall as nerveless, and paralyzed, and powerless, as if killed instantly by a gunshot. They fall with a deep groan—some with a wild cry of horror—the greater number with the intensely earnest plea, "Lord Jesus, have mercy on my soul." Usually the bodily distress and mental anguish continue till some degree of confidence in Christ is found. Then the look, the tone, the gestures, instantly change. The aspect of anguish and despair is exchanged for that of gratitude, and triumph, and adoration.

3. *The Mental Features.* There is not merely an illumination, so that sin is seen in its true colors, and truth in its beauty, and error in its deformity; but there is an impulse given to the memory and imagination, elevating these powers inconceivably beyond their ordinary range. Thus long forgotten are remembered with the freshness of yesterday; and religious instructions, and divine promises, and other passages of the Word, which may have been read or heard in youth, are recollected and repeated with a vigor and an accuracy, and a fluency, and a suitableness, altogether astonishing.

4. *Jesus is greatly glorified.* By all who have found a satisfactory peace in Christ he is dearly loved—by some intensely. Their state seems to be almost a continuous rapture. No matter what the creed or character—Romanist, Arian, Infidel—the first cry of the deeply convicted soul is—"Lord Jesus, have mercy on my soul." By all who profess to be converts, Christ is crowned Lord of all.

5. *The converts feel and manifest intense Love for each other.* In fact, they cannot be happy out of each other's society. Hence, for the first week or two, they are to be found gathered into particular houses, night and day, in companies, singing and praying; and at public meetings, if possible, they will be together.

6. *A deep Sympathy, a tender Compassion for the unconverted, the perishing.* Christ wept over the doomed Jerusalem; so do these youthful Christians, in the warm overflowing of their first love, tearfully plead with and for sinners to come to Christ.

7. *Great delight in the Word of God, and on the part of those who cannot read, a great Desire to learn.* A number of those convicted cannot read any, and not a few read but very imperfectly. A girl some sixteen years of age was awakened by the Spirit, through the Gospel preached in the streets of the town. She was the only remaining child of her mother. Soon after her conversion to Christ consumption marked her as its prey. She was three months confined to her bed before she died, and during that time she taught her awakened mother to read the Bible. In passing some doors, you may observe persons, varying in age from five to sixty years, laboring at their spelling-books; others listening to some neighbor reading for them the Book of God; and in the evening, after the work of the day is over, some kind young Christian converts anxiously employed in teaching these poor unlettered persons to read.

8. *Religious Services, public and private, are more highly appreciated, and more largely attended.* In this town at present, at public worship on Sabbath, the churches are thronged—pews, alleys, and vestibules. The "open-air services," whether in town or country, on any evening of the week, are attended by thousands; and these services, though so numerous, are not often far distant from each other.

9. *On the part of real Converts, an intense loathing of Sin.* I have seen persons again and again

thrown into distress, almost as great as in their first conviction, by the discovery of some sin committed by themselves, and even by witnessing great wickedness in others.

10. *A forgiving Spirit.* The injunction, "Love your enemies," is actually and heartily obeyed, and injuries fully and freely forgiven by persons who feel their own countless, fearful accounts forgiven by God.

11. *The Power of Prayer.* *Fervency*, intense fervency, is a characteristic of the prayer both of the convict and the convert.

Fluency is characteristic of the prayers of not a few. The supplications of some are condensed, pithy, and pointed—very "matter of fact." To those of others, principally females, belong a fluency, a sweet reverential familiarity, a poetry, a suitableness, a sublimity, altogether inconceivable to parties who have not heard them. I have sat confounded, humbled in the dust, in the presence of these supplicants.

12. *Lay Agency* has been extensively blessed in promoting the present revival. In former awakenings in these countries, and in America, ministers were the prominent agents. Edwards, and Wesley, and Whitfield, and Livingston, and Welsh, and Finney, and M'Cheyne, and Burns, were all regular preachers. Our converts hold prayer meetings, deliver public addresses in churches, school-houses, private houses, streets of towns, and in the open fields. Many of them are very popular with the people, especially of their own rank.

13. *The Results are good.* The ignorant, whether old or young, are docile; they are learning to read, that they may read God's book for themselves; the boisterous and quarrelsome have become calm and powerful; enemies love one another; the mouths that bellowed forth cursing and blasphemy, now praise and bless God's holy name; the Sabbath breaker remembers and keeps holy the Lord's day; the impure have abandoned their pollutions; the drunkard is sober, notwithstanding fiendish temptations from old acquaintances, and perhaps, poor fellow, from within also. Some publicans have abandoned their business; Sabbath-schools, prayer meetings, and houses of worship, are overcrowded; many ministers and members of the church, many parents and Sabbath-school teachers are revived, greatly refreshed, more loving, earnest, and diligent; good books and tracts are in great demand; many, very many, pray, who were never known to do so before; generosity to the cause of Christ is on the increase; the victims of the apostasy are alarmed; Romanists and Unitarians have been turned to the Bible as the only guide, and to Jesus as the only and divine Saviour; the godless multitude are awed into solemnity; the Lord Jesus is greatly glorified.

BOOK NOTICES.

ELLEN DACRE; or LIFE AT ADPT HESTER'S.
By the author of "Capt. Russell's Watchword."
Boston: Henry Hoyt, 9 Cornhill.

This prettily written story impressively illustrates the truth that humble spheres of labor may be productive of great good, as well as more honored ones. It shows that the little rill can be traced by the green verdure springing up in its course, as truly as the great river by the fertile fields along its banks. It enforces the great lesson of "sowing beside all waters."

KIND WORDS FOR CHILDREN, TO GUIDE THEM IN THE PATH OF PEACE. By HARVEY NEWCOMB, author of "How To Be a Man," &c.
Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

The elements of religious truth are here presented in a systematic though simple form. Sin, Repentance, Faith, A New-Heart, Juvenile Piety, Devotion, &c., are here discussed in an illustrative style that cannot fail to interest the young, and in these days, when, as the writer observes, the Lord appears to be "bringing many thousands of the young into the fold of the Good Shepherd," must do incalculable good.

A COMMENTARY, EXPLANATORY, DOCTRINAL AND PRACTICAL, ON THE EPISTLE TO THE EPHESIANS. By R. E. PATTISON, D. D., late President of Waterville College. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

The design of this work is, to use the writer's own words in the Preface, "the nourishment of the inner man—the illumination of the heart, by a clear and rich acquaintance, not with verbal or historical criticism, but with the scope and moral force of the word of God;" and the reason for selecting this Epistle for commentary has been, "that in no equally limited portion are so expressed or significantly interwoven, the three essential elements of religion—doctrine, experience and practical duties."

With the design and its general execution we are much pleased. The work, it is true, bears marks of the author's peculiar theological views, but these are not offensively obtruded. Of the fulness of Christ's grace, and its present availability, the writer seems to entertain the same views as have heretofore been held by the church. The true light, however, on this subject is fast disseminating, and will, in our humble judgment, yet triumph.

THEOPNEUSITA. The Bible: Its Doctrine, Origin and Inspiration, Deduced from Internal Evidence and the Testimonies of Nature, History and Science. By L. GAUSSEN, D. D., Prof. of Systematic Theology, &c. Cincinnati: Geo. S. Blanchard. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

The merits of this standard work are two well known to require commendation from our pen. What is the origin of the Bible? Is it of God, all of God, or of man? This is a vital question, and in the present age when skepticism is so active in its efforts to overthrow truth, it is of the first moment that every Christian should be fully prepared to answer it. Nothing human in our judgment can so effectually accomplish this as the work before us. It is a translation by D. D. Scott, of Glasgow, and is presented in a compact and convenient form.

BUTLER.

Music by REV. L. B. PETTENGILL.

Arranged by REV. W. Mc DONALD.

1. Land where the bones of our fathers are sleep-ing!

Land where our dear ones and fond ones are weeping! Land where the light of Je-

Retard.
ho - vah is shining! We leave thee lamenting, but not with repining.

Dark is our path o'er the dark rolling ocean; Hail to the land of our toils and our sorrows;
Sad are our hearts; but the fire of devotion Land of our rest! when a few more tomorrows
Kindles within;— and a far distant nation Pass o'er our heads, we will seek our cold pillows,
Shall learn from our lips the glad sound of salvation. And rest in our graves, far away o'er the billows.

[Selected.]

WILLIAM BRAMWELL.

BY REV. J. EVERETT,

Author of *The Village Blacksmith*, &c.

IN WILLIAM BRAMWELL, a native of Preston, in Lancashire, who entered the itinerant life in 1786 and died suddenly at Leeds, in 1818, we have one of the most illustrious examples of fervid zeal, which Methodism has to exhibit among its many burning brands. He stood about five feet nine or ten inches; was naturally inclined to feed, but kept his body under. His complexion was dark — his hair black — his features, though not large, strong — face inclined to round — a hard grip about the mouth, with a slight pout in the under lip — and an eye like a dagger, dark and searching. It was impossible to forget the form and expression of the countenance when once beheld; leaving an impression upon the mind, like the stamp of a seal, bold, minute, and well defined.

Charity and fidelity attended Bramwell in all his steps, — stripping even the garments from off his person to give to the poor, — and bearing down upon sin, in high and low, in public and private, in the church and in the world, with the withering effect of a flash of fire from heaven. Few men, for the length of his race, have been more distinguished than himself in modern times for the conversion of souls. He was, in the strictest sense, a revivalist; but generally conducted the work, and that too, at the very moment he was heaping fresh fuel upon the fire, with great discretion, himself — as the instrument under God, being absolute monarch in its management. Persons spake, or prayed, or sang, or were mute at his bidding. Like most revivalists, he had, wherever he moved, a coterie of his own, not constituting a party, in the improper sense of that term, nor yet formed through design; but certain zealous persons, who made him their rallying point, and who found while they acted conscientiously,

countenance, support, and employment. The less sensible and scrupulous of these would form themselves occasionally into parties, and would trumpet up Paul, Apollos or Cephas; but not with his sanction, or in his hearing.

He was rigorous, so far as he himself was concerned, to the point of asceticism — scrupulous to a fault: and would make all bend to him, like the forest yielding to the motion of the passing gale. Though naturally positive, dogmatic, and possessed of strong passions, he would never stand to contest the point with others, either in public or private. While all was hushed within by the grace of God, all was subdued from without by the spirit and practice of prayer — sometimes dropping on his knees in the midst of an argument in a Leaders' meeting, and pronouncing the blessing at its close. He was the subject of severe temptation; Luther himself never had more dreadful combats with invisible powers; but he was always uppermost in the struggle — and seemed, like the primitive teachers of Christianity, to be a man of one business — that of saving his own soul, and the souls of others. Time was valuable; and, as an early riser, he redeemed much from sleep, which he consecrated to study and prayer. He has been known to have four or five rounds in prayer with a friend before five o'clock in a morning, — the latter complaining of a want of matter, physical weakness, and aching knees. His faith, on some occasions, was so strong and commanding, that he only appeared to ask and to have; and there was generally a power in prayer, that brought those around him into more immediate communion with God, — the parties feeling as if they were breathing in another atmosphere, — all being ventilated by the pure breath of heaven. Being the subject of sudden impulses and impressions, it was no wonder that he should be found occasionally incorrect, but there was often a something connected with them, like the infallibility of instinct.

His reading, like his library, was not extensive, but select—and always directed to the useful. In fact, he studied more than he read, and prayed more than he studied. His house was emphatically a house of prayer, and every house he entered was transformed into the same.

It was his deep piety that induced the habit of spiritualizing, and led to such views, and to such a manner of illustrating different portions of the Bible, as could only be accounted for in connection with the fact of a mind deeply imbued with the Spirit of God; and he gave ample proof, that, had he cultivated the faculty, he would have risen to considerable eminence in the allegorical art; but he had too much good sense to indulge in it. He could have delineated the Christian in his difficulties, temptations, and ultimate triumph, with as much skill and poetical effect as Bunyan in his Pilgrim, and would have arrested the attention of an audience in the same way that the latter is known to do his readers; or in a manner somewhat similar—only on subjects the most serious and important, to the fixed attention of children, when engaged with a book that interests them—with a subject perhaps fictitious in itself, but with an admirable moral, and written for their amusement and profit. The slightest motion, or noise, or contrary look, caught his eagle eye, and called forth remark,—not so much on his own account, in being disturbed by it, but lest it should distract the attention of others, and prevent their profiting. Never did a mother watch with deeper feeling the slumbers of her infant in the cradle, lest foot, or hand, or voice should break its repose, than did he the profound attention of a congregation, which he never failed to secure from the least disturbance that might be likely to occur, either from within or from without.

Perhaps there was too great a disposition to accommodate his style, particularly in the relation of an anecdote, to the tastes of the common people, at the expense of

the habits and thinkings of persons in polished society. Still, in those stoopings, when he consented to become a fool for the purpose of reaching the less instructed of his auditors, and when he was never otherwise than useful, the style and subject were not altogether for persons who were but just beginning to hear, and who, like the readers of Sir Roger L'Estrange, could relish nothing but the meanest ideas, presented in the meanest language,—but something more elevated; and, though not exactly fitted for the acceptance, yet not at all calculated to excite the displeasure, of the educated portions of the community. Few men could tell an anecdote with finer effect in the pulpit than himself, or make a more appropriate selection for the subject—not even Dr. Dodd in his “Sermons to Young Men.” He could imitate, especially in cases of tenderness, the feeling, the language, the manner, and the sentiment, so exactly, that he seemed for the moment identified with the parties—at once fixing attention, and awakening the sympathies of his hearers to tears; not only impressing them with some moral truth, and depositing in the recollection some useful maxim, but preserving the interest which had been excited, to enable them to accompany him through the remainder of the discourse.

There was great sweetness, clearness, power, and flexibility in his voice; employing in public speaking, as in singing, the counter, the tenor, and the base,—alternately pouring into the ear the soft windings of the lute, and the roar of the lion; now evincing the melting, winning tenderness of the mother over her children, and then the fierceness of a West Indian tornado, sweeping all before it. It was exquisitely fitted to strains of serious earnestness, with amazing compass; and, in addition to softness, adapted to express scorn, indignation,—in short, all the passions; and of amazing pathos—free from all harshness and monotony.

His command over the passions was ab-

solate; he could wind them at will, — joy, suspense, terror, admiration, — all flickering or settling upon the countenances of his hearers, like clouds or patches of sunshine across the harvest-field, — himself the while, full of hope in reference to the yellow grain waving beneath his eye. To sinners especially he was a son of thunder; and his feelings, and thoughts, and language, being often highly poetical, he would sometimes run on with a number of bold, brief, yet harmonious sentences, full of fire and imagery, — falling on the ear like blank verse, — increasing in strength of thought and volume of voice, — now rolling like a swelling flood, or dashing downward, from steep to steep, — breaking down every embankment, — and carrying away trees, cattle, houses, and inhabitants; or, perhaps, more properly — though still under figure, like a fire, first attacking by its ravages a single house — then increasing in fury — spreading from street to street, till the whole city, like another Moscow, seemed enveloped in flame — timbers crackling — roof after roof giving way — the reflection gleaming afar through the midnight heavens. In “the terrors of the Lord,” on the horrors of hell, we rarely ever — unless in the case of Benson in his Sermons on the Second Coming of Christ — heard his equal. The whole was so graphic, accompanied with such earnestness — such downright earnestness, that it rarely failed to rouse the sinner, and had such an effect upon the imagination, as to give an air of reality to what was otherwise only employed for illustration. He showered down upon meanness, lukewarmness, hypocrisy, vice in every form, a pitiless storm of the most fierce invective. With a transition as sudden in manner, language, subject, and feeling, he would, like a blink of sunshine, have issued from the tempest of passion he had raised, and would have placed salvation within the immediate reach of the sinner, like a rope, ladder, or other instrument of escape, to save from flood or fire;

and with a winning affection and anxiety, have charmed the penitent into instant faith in Christ.

He was distinguished for strength and condensation, rather than for the wire-drawings of thought. The text was always permitted to speak for itself. His plans were varied, his divisions and subdivisions often numerous; yet never embarrassing, either to himself or the hearer; always clear; remarkable for unity of design, — causing one part of the sermon to tell upon another, — occasionally throwing back, and bringing up the materials in hand, with amazing dexterity, and making them chime in with each other like a peal of bells. Still, much ingenuity, dovetailing, and contrivance as appeared in his sermons, and admirably as one part aided and bore upon another, he was incapable of “forging the long, compacted, and massive chain of demonstration.”

In fine, what the celebrated Dr. Chalmers, who has characterized Methodism, as “Christianity in Earnest,” once said of another Methodist preacher — the excellent George Thompson, — “I never saw a man go about the work of saving souls, in such a business-like manner, in all my life,” will apply equally well in the present instance. We have heard some persons talk of Bramwell, as if he were a weak, zealous, well-meaning man — themselves without a tithe of either his piety, or his intelligence; but we take the liberty of dissenting from them, and declare, that we know not a single sentence that is more expressive of his character, than the one employed to delineate the character of the Baptist — “A BURNING AND A SHINING LIGHT.”

EDUCATION is not valuable for the amount of knowledge it imparts. He is best educated who can do most for himself and humanity through means of his own education.

FAITH renders thanks for the sufferings, more than for the joys of earth.

[Original.]

CHRIST'S ABILITY TO SAVE HIS PEOPLE.

BY W. S. T.

"Wherefore he is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them."—Heb. 7:25.

THREE vital points are established by this scripture, viz.: the *time* of this salvation; the *extent*; and the *ability* or *qualifications* of its Author and Finisher. [We purposely reverse the order of the text in presenting them.]

First, then, the *time*. It is all-important that we know *when* this salvation from sin is to be consummated: in *life* or in *death*; in *time* or in *eternity*. This is so, for this obvious reason: if it is not in *this life*, it were useless to expect it, or pray or labor for it here. Rational men will not seek for what they deem impossible and unattainable. But, if this salvation from all sin is the privilege of God's people in the present life, then we should rationally expect that this would be a matter of revelation, as much as any one thing connected with the salvation. Nor is this *presumption* without foundation. Our expectation in this is fully met. There ought not to be any misunderstanding on this *particular* among those who hold Christ as the Head of the Church. We might multiply texts; but we prefer to rest the whole argument, as to the *time*, on two or three explicit passages. And no number of doubtful ones can nullify what is express and positive. This is the only true and safe rule of interpretation. Positive and undoubted Scriptures are not to be explained by obscure and doubtful ones; but the reverse. First, "He is able," as in the text above. Mark, the *tense* is the present. *Now*. Not he *will* be able to save "from all sin" at death. To say "he is able" to save at death would be as palpable a contradiction of *terms*. The expression, "εἰς το πᾶντελες," rendered "to the uttermost," would convey

the whole idea, had it been rendered "*forever* or *evermore*." If he is able to save forever, he is able to save for the present moment. So that the remark that is so common among us, that Christ saves us "*by the moment*," is logically and scripturally justified.

The next passage is, "If we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin."—1 Jno. 1:7. By reference to the context, the *design* and *meaning* of this text cannot be mistaken. The condition being fulfilled—"of walking in the light, as Christ is in the light"—the verification of the promise is ours at that moment. The verb "cleanseth," is in the present *tense*. The only obstacle in the way of Christ's blood cleansing us "from all sin" *now*, is either our *inability* to "walk in the light, as he is in the light," or our *unwillingness* to do so. The former cannot be the reason; for that would be highly discreditable to God to command us to perform an impossibility; therefore it must be the latter.

The last passage we will adduce is the Apostle Paul's prayer for the Thessalonian Church: "And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit, and soul, and body, be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ."—1 Thess. 5:23. As in the previous passages, so in this; everything in the text and context renders it impossible for us to mistake the point under consideration. This is the *entire* and *present* sanctification of believers. No established rule of interpretation can ever make these scriptures and their connections refer to anything else than the present and complete sanctification of God's children. When the Apostle here prays for the entire sanctification of the Church at Thessalonica, and their "blameless" preservation therein, "unto the (second) coming of our Lord Jesus Christ," we are to accord to him sincerity; and,

from our knowledge of the man, we must think that he prayed intelligently, even waiving altogether the important question of inspiration. *These*, passing over the hundred other collateral scriptures touching this point, form an irrefutable argument, that entire sanctification is the privilege of Christians in the present life, i. e., now.

The next point is *the extent or degree* of this salvation. "*To the uttermost*." This expression sufficiently marks the extent as to us. Should any maintain that the present rendering does not convey the Apostle's full meaning, as well as the marginal one, "*evermore*" or *forever*, we are quite willing to take that; for, literally, it means *in and through all times*. And that this is its true import, is evident from the Apostle's reasoning: "*seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for us*." This, our present and continued salvation, depends, then, upon the *perpetuity* of Christ's priesthood. Of the expression, "*To the uttermost*," Mr. Barnes says: "This does not mean simply *forever*, but that he has power to save them, so that their salvation shall be *complete*." Dr. Clarke's comment on the same passage is, to all intents, "*degrees and purposes; and always and in and through all times, places and circumstances; for all this is implied in the original word: but in and through all times seems to be the particular meaning here, because of what follows: He ever liveth,*" &c. The expressions, "*To save them to the uttermost*;" "*sanctify you wholly, your whole spirit, and soul, and body;*" and "*cleanseth us from all sin,*" clearly show the extent of this salvation as to us. This being settled, we come to notice

The Saviour's ability or qualifications thus to save us. "*He is able.*" This consoling doctrine has for its firm support the following facts:

1. *His infinite benevolence.* Our salvation had its origin in his boundless love, his yearning pity for us when exposed to eternal misery and wo! Love first con-

trived the scheme to save rebel man. "God so loved the world," &c. "For scarcely for a righteous man will one die: yet, peradventure, for a good man some would even dare to die, but God commendeth his love towards us in that while we were yet sinners—Christ died for us." "Hereby perceive we the love of God, because he laid down his life for us." Here we see the fountain of our salvation. It is wide enough, and deep enough, and pure enough, and good enough! It completely satisfies us, while it excites our adoring gratitude. It is complete as to Him.

2. *But Christ is omnipotent.* What his *infinite love* would prompt him to do for us, his *infinite power* would execute and render *certain*. "Who is this that cometh from Edom with dyed garments from Bozrah? This that is glorious in his apparel, travelling in the greatness of his strength? I that speak in righteousness; *mighty to save.*" This refers to his *moral* power or dignity. As to his *natural* power, all worlds and all things in them are said to have been created by him. Also, all things subsist and are upheld by him. "All things were made by him, and without him was not anything made." — Jno. 1: 3. "By him were all things created, that are in heaven, and that are in earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers, all things were created by him and for him; and he is above all things, and by him all things consist." — Col. 1: 16, 17. We have sufficient evidences of his power in his stupendous miracles, as healing the sick, blind, lame, and the dumb; his miracle of turning water into wine; of multiplying the loaves and fishes to feed the multitudes, and of raising the dead. Be it remembered that these were performed by his own power, and to establish his own mission. When his disciples and apostles performed miracles, they did it by a delegated power, and for Christ's honor and glory, not their

own. His *omnipotence*, then, supports his pretensions to save to the uttermost, and challenges our credence.

8. Another fact is his *truthfulness*. When hopes are excited, and promises made, we like to be assured of the promiser's veracity, as well as his ability. Well, the Saviour's veracity is as infinite and certain as his goodness and omnipotence. He is as "full of truth" as "grace." "Heaven and earth may pass away, but his word shall not pass away." "Guile was not found in his mouth." "He cannot lie." This impossibility may not be *natural*, but is *moral*, which is *better*. "Faithful is he that calleth you, who also will do it." Our doubts, if we entertain any, ought to recede, and our faith to be firmly established, by these considerations.

4. The last fact or qualification we will mention that Christ possesses, as a present and complete Saviour, is his *priestly office*. And this, it will be observed, is the one Paul urges in the text, For his ability to save to the uttermost. It may include all we have mentioned above. To be a priest or mediator, he must possess the natures of both parties. This Christ claims. "The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us." He is "the Son of man," as well as "the Son of God." Thus the nature suffered that sinned. But the fallen humanity needed sympathy. Therefore, "The Captain of our salvation was made perfect through suffering." "We have not an high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmity, but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin." If we are "encompassed with infirmity," so was he. In his sinless, tried and glorified humanity, our "great High Priest" has "passed into the heavens;" into "the holiest of all;" and there "ever liveth to make intercession for us." His being a *continual* and *everlasting* priesthood, qualifies him to be a *present* as well as a *future* Saviour. His intercessions know no cessation; therefore, we shall not lack in him a perfect Saviour for one

moment from this time, till death shall release us from trial, and introduce us to reward. The dignity of his *satisfaction*, and the presence of his glorified human nature, coupled with his divine, on the mediatorial seat, insure us present and full deliverance from sin, *now* and in the *future*.

Our inference from the above view and scriptures is, that there is no countenance given to that sentiment, entertained by many good people, that we *must* ever be *sinning* and *repenting* while in the body. *Necessary sinning*, which many affirm of man, would seem to be a contradiction. Can *right* or *wrong*, *virtue* or *vice*, *guilt* or *innocence*, be predicated of that which is *necessary*? which cannot but be, by some uncontrollable power? So we cannot think, But if men cannot be saved from all sin, i. e., wilful transgression in this life, what is the cause of it? There must be one of three reasons for this. First, either Christ does not desire our freedom "from all sin;" or, second, he is not *able* to liberate us; or, lastly, our refusal to accept him must be the cause.

Let us, then, notice the first reason,—That the Saviour does not desire our *entire freedom from sin in this life*. If he does not, there must be something in sin that affords him pleasure, or that will greatly benefit us. But how can this view consist with our information, gathered from God's word, respecting sin? If sin has caused all our wo and miseries; if it is the thing that God hates; if he cannot look upon it with any degree of allowance; if he "is angry," as he declares, "with the wicked every day;" if he will call all men into judgment, and punish them for sins unrepented of; how will we be able to reconcile all these facts and declarations with the idea that Christ does not wish our utter deliverance from it? As all this is so palpably and monstrously contradictory, we must abandon it, and clear Christ from any such *horrid* wish. "He came into the world to save sinners."

"His name shall be called Jesus, because he shall save his people from their sins." Therefore, he wishes their entire deliverance from sin *now*. He was sinless, undefiled and separate from sinners; he was holy, and has said, "Be ye also holy."

As it cannot arise from a want of desire in Christ, is it to be found in his inability? Does he detest sin, and wish its utter extermination, but lacks the ability to remove it? If so, what are we to do with his pretensions to omnipotence? He claims *almighty* power for himself; his inspired apostles claim the *same* for him. When he says, "I that speak in righteousness, mighty to save;" my "blood cleanseth from all sin;" "I am able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God through me;" is this all metaphor? — all declamation, without any meaning or reality? This, it will be perceived, would be a severe blow upon his truthfulness. — Would not the Saviour be imposing on the credulity and common sense of mankind, to make such declarations respecting his willingness and ability to save them from "all sin," and yet mean no such thing? But such an idea is too unworthy to be entertained by us any longer, even by way of argument. It is as unworthy our thoughts as of Christ's perfections. We know he is *naturally* and *morally* able to save us to the uttermost — all that come unto God through him.

Lastly, is not the reason, and the *only* reason, to be found in our *wilful refusal* to accept of this full and present salvation on the conditions laid down? Here it must be, and we shall stand guilty before him if we are not sanctified wholly before death. Let God be true, but all men liars. If we are not saved now from all sin, it is not because Christ is not desirous, and even anxious and able to save us, but because we do not accept the conditions upon which it is suspended. Nor is it because God has left us without ability to make the required consecration. This would be equally disparaging to his good-

ness and holiness, thus to require of us what we possessed not. Nay, he gives us *gracious ability* to comply, and our *wilful refusal* must bear the whole blame of our failing of present and full salvation. The *time* of this salvation, its *extent*, and the Saviour's *ability*, all conspire to encourage our hopes, and quicken our zeal and efforts for its present attainment.

Downieville, California, July 16, 1859.

THE following appeal is sent forth over the signatures of twenty-six pastors of evangelical churches in Philadelphia, including eight different denominations. It is one of the signs of the times, and a fact of permanent interest. We omit names for the sake of brevity. — EDITOR.

TO CHRISTIANS OF ALL DENOMINATIONS.

PRAYER FOR THE UNITY OF THE SPIRIT.

DEAR BRETHREN, — The thoughtful reader of our Lord's intercessory prayer must mark, with deep interest, the earnestness with which he prays for oneness among his disciples.

No less than four times, in that prayer (John xvii), does our blessed Lord offer the request (each slightly varying in phraseology), "that they all may be one," showing how near to His holy heart was this unity among His followers.

The Apostle St. Paul, guided by the Holy Ghost, presses upon the Christians at Rome, (xii. 5,) Corinth, (i. 10; xii. 12, of 1st Epistle,) Galatia, (iii. 28,) Ephesus, (iv. 3, 6,) Philippi, (ii. 2,) and Colosse, (iii. 11, 14,) this same unity of the spirit in the bond of peace.

Assured that all believers in Christ heartily desire that His prayer may be answered, and the apostle's injunctions obeyed; and that those needless divisions among Christians, which are so opposed to the Divine Will, and which so obstruct the progress of the pure gospel, may be done away, the undersigned respectfully suggest that one day be annually set apart

for special prayer, that God would grant that his believing children "may be made perfect in one," and that by the operation of the Holy Ghost, all Christians may be so joined together in unity of spirit and in the bond of peace, that they may be an holy temple, acceptable unto Him.

Thus humbly approaching the throne of grace, united in heart, with a request so consonant to the expressed will of God, we may believe that the Great Head of the church in answering prayer for increased *unity of the spirit*, will himself lead that church into such measures for the accomplishment of outward union as shall most redound to His glory.

We beg leave to designate the first Monday of October, as the day for such special prayer, and invite our Christian brethren generally to unite in these solemn supplications.

Philadelphia, July, 1859.

[Original.]

JESUS DIED FOR ME.

BY S. C. M.

WHEN sorrows frown and friends forsake,
When earth is lone and desolate;
My soul's exultant cry shall be,
That Jesus Christ hath died for me.

When grief-clouds gather in my sky,
And troubles deep are drawing nigh,
I then, amid the gloom, can see
That Jesus Christ hath died for me.

I'll bear the cross where sin abounds,
I will not shrink at earth's cold frowns,
But this my song shall ever be,
That Jesus suffered death for me.

His arm of love sustains me now,
The seal of love is on my brow;
My soul, why dost thou ever grieve?
Thy Saviour Christ forever lives.

I know in whom my spirit trusts,
The powers of sin may do their worst,
Unshaken still my faith shall be,
That Jesus Christ hath died for me.

O joy supreme, and faith that's blest,—
Here on my Saviour's bosom rest;
'Tis love's dear theme, and mercy's plea,
That Jesus Christ hath died for me.
Scott, N. Y.

[Original.]

THE UNITY AND DIVERSITY OF FAITH.

THE Apostle Paul, in speaking to the Romans upon Christian requirements, made this brief but distinct declaration, "*Whatsoever is not of faith, is sin!*" This explains to our mind the reason why Paul used such plainness of speech in regard to the necessity of having faith; and the great minuteness with which he describes and elucidates the various bearings it has upon the life of man. It also opens to our mind the reason of Christ's frequent allusions to faith.

Perhaps the words of inspiration are multiplied, and more powerfully concentrated upon this one word, *faith*, than any other in the gospel. There is but "*one* Lord, *one* faith, and *one* baptism;" yet the effects of this *one faith* are as varied as they are powerful, and we often speak of different kinds of faith when there is actually but *one* faith. There are many kinds of light emanating from *one* sun; the morning light, evening, day, and noon light; so, likewise, there are many kinds of faith emanating from the Son of Righteousness. It is only exhibiting the different forms of the same grace.

The Scriptures speak of "saving faith," "supplicating faith," "working faith," and "sanctifying faith." The four blend into a holy unity. "We go on from faith to faith till we arrive to the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God unto a perfect man." It is necessary to understand and embrace these several kinds, as the faith of which "Jesus is the author and finisher," before we can possess the unity of the faith, and live holy before God.

Saving faith concerns only God and self. *Supplicating faith* concerns only God and that prayed for. *Working faith* concerns only God and his holy service. *Sanctifying faith* concerns God and all these kinds of faith, fully understood and

perfected in man, to his complete salvation.

How many believe and are saved, that are not eminently *praying Christians*? How many believe and pray, that are not markedly *working Christians*? And how many believe, pray and work, that are not *sanctified Christians*?

The first is saving faith. Believing Christ is our Saviour, and not doubting our acceptance with God, however we may doubt that of others. Then we have holy confidence.

The second is supplicating faith. Believing Christ always ready to hear, bless, and do, according to his holy will, for ourselves and all that we pray for.

The third is working faith. Believing that we are a branch of the "true vine," and must "bring forth much fruit."

The fourth is sanctifying faith. Believing these several kinds of faith are enjoined upon us by God in his word, as necessary, before we can accomplish his holy will, and receive the sanction and co-operation of the Holy Spirit with all its cleansing power.

By saving faith, we derive holy confidence. By supplicating faith, we derive holy communion. By working faith, we derive holy strength. By sanctifying faith, we derive holy love.

If saving faith alone can sanctify and make holy, then the chief aim of holiness would be to secure our own salvation. If supplicating faith alone can secure holiness, then the chief aim of holiness would be to pray without ceasing; and if working faith alone can secure holiness, then the chief aim of holiness would be to labor and toil in the Lord's vineyard; — but we perceive, at once, the reasonableness of combining these into *one entire, living faith*! — as is necessary, to "secure our own salvation, to "pray without ceasing," and to labor and toil in the Lord's vineyard, before we can live holy in the sight of God; before we can receive the sanction of God, and the baptism of the Holy

Spirit — the sanctification of the *soul, body and mind*; before we can have the clear consciousness of God's approbation, the glad assurance of having consecrated all to God.

This is the great blessing of sanctification and holiness; the glad consciousness of having consecrated all to God, and willing to trust all to his infinite wisdom and mercy, now and forever. This, and only this, is the unity of the faith; the blessed faith, which the saints contend for.

This faith encompasses the whole sphere of Christian life, so that "whatsoever is not of faith is sin." The unity of faith ensures the "unity of the Spirit and the bond of peace. It ensures that charity that "believeth all things," and is the "bond of perfectness."

We have reason to believe that a greater part of the church possess only saving faith. This is a lamentable statement, but no less true. How often would the Saviour exclaim, if he were dwelling among us, as of old, "O, ye of little faith."

If we decide, from the outward appearance, of the present strength of faith in prayer by the prayer meetings, the deficient attendance, the lack of fervency and agonizing spirit, the irregularity of devotion in most of the members, we conclude that a very few possess supplicating faith. How few out of the many in the church, love the prayer meetings?

The paucity of numbers at the prayer meetings in comparison to those attendant upon the preaching, is a sad confirmation of this. And where are they who labor in the vineyard? Those who have "working faith," that "faith which worketh by love?" Are they not still less in number than those who have saving and supplicating faith? — and lastly, where are they who possess sanctifying faith, who believe that Christ can save to the uttermost, and hath cleansed them from all unrighteousness?

Alas! how few are they who exercise the *unity of the faith*! Few seem willing to acknowledge there is such a thing, and still less are they who desire it. "Many are called, but few chosen."

There is no doubt but these several kinds of faith are exercised in a variety of manner and way, unitedly and separately to some degree, by every Christian, so that they receive the blessing of divine acceptance, the co-operation of the Spirit, and work out glorious results. But there is a "way of life," "a pearl of great price," "a white stone," "a bright and shining light," "a bright and morning star," "a peace in believing," "a joy in the Holy Ghost," and "a power and might in the Spirit," which is the privilege of every Christian to have; and which he may exercise in the unity of the faith.

Saving faith is but the dawning light of the Christian's day; supplicating faith is the increasing light; working faith is the open day and increasing effulgence; and sanctifying faith is the meridian light in all its fulness and glory, shedding hallowed beams of love, on all around, with melting power.

By saving faith, all heavenly things are viewed as by the dawning light, shining over trees and mountains of sin and imperfection. Supplicating and working faith look higher up and behold, in increasing light and open day, the great duty and mission of life with its reward; and sanctifying faith looks up to Jesus, and beholds in the light that shines from the Lamb, purity, mercy and love; and that there is perfect righteousness, sanctification and redemption to all who have been redeemed and washed in his precious blood. The light of the moon and stars grow dim, and the sun vanisheth away into darkness, while looking to Jesus.

DISCIPLINE. — "Be exact in every point of discipline. Keep our rules and they will keep you." — *Milton*,

[Selected.]

THE PRAISE OF JESUS.

FROM THE LATIN OF ST. BERNARD.

O JESUS! sweetest name to me;
Hope of my lowly, breathing soul!
My inmost heart cries out for thee;
And holy tears refuse control.

Jesus, the sweetness of my heart!
Fountain of Life and Light! Inspire
My mind with joy — Thyself impart —
A joy exceeding all desire.

Thou visitest my heart. The while
How sweetly shines the truth therein!
Earth's sordid vanity grows vile,
While love, consuming, burns within.

Jesus! My Supreme Good! I feel
The fulness of thy love to me;
O, still thyself to me reveal,
That I may still thy glory see.

Whom deeply has thy love imbibed,
Whom sweetly Jesus has inspired,
Tastes joys that cannot be described,
And naught remains to be desired.

Jesus! Angelic grace is thine!
Sweet music in each ear thou art;
Honey upon each lip, divine,
And heavenly nectar in each heart.

I breathe for thee ten thousand sighs!
My Jesus, when wilt thou appear,
And with thyself my heart suffice,
And bless me with thy presence near?

What long I've sought, at length I see —
What long pursued, at length attained —
"To lie on Jesus' bosom free:
My whole heart with love inflamed."

O ardent flame! Blissful desire!
O sweet refreshment from above!
O sacred passion! holy fire!
Intensely God, the Son, to love.

Thou art my soul's supreme delight,
Love's perfect consummation pure;
My glory, thou — unfading, bright;
Jesus, the world's salvation sure.

Jesus! The rapture of my heart,
Thou art of Heaven the only joy;
Bliss, music, honey, nectar, part
In thee with all their base alloy.

Jesus! The holy martyr's crown!
The virgin's never fading flower!
The pure heart's lily of "renown!"
The conqueror's prize in victory's hour!
O, while I pray, deign to hear me —
Jesus! I crave no GOOD BUT THEE!

[Original.]

THE CHRISTIAN'S HIDDEN LIFE.

BY WETMORE.

EVERY Christian possesses a life in common with all other men, and another life in common with all other Christians and with God. While it may be said of the whole human family, "in him we live and move and have our being," it can be said of the Christian only, "Your life is hid with Christ in God." The Christian's life is distinguished by its pure spirituality, and is of such a refined and sanctified nature, that, without this, it cannot be supposed to exist. The properties of a Christian's life are such, that everything that is not Christ-like is forever excluded from being ranked with it. The strictest morality, however much it is required in order to be a Christian, cannot of itself produce a Christian life, or even form the entire outward part of a Christian character. There are duties devolving on the child of God which cannot be performed without the inward grace; and there are other duties which take for granted our conversion to God, and cannot become duties on any other ground than that of our adoption into his family. The Christian life is of such a higher, holier nature, that it cannot be brought down to any system of forms and ceremonies, or, by any association with morality, lose its hidden and distinctive character. It must dwell in the soul, and its fruits must issue from the soul, for the soul only can be in such a state. Compared with a moral life, the life hidden with Christ in God is one, the nature of which is more closely allied to the inward holiness of the divine, which flows more directly from the principles of gospel truth, and in all its relations sustains a more spiritual character; a life which is the result of being dead to sin, which follows a daily and entire death to the world, which flows from a crucifixion with Christ, and is sustained by the exercise of a continual and unwavering faith.

But we are told that this "life is hid with Christ in God." What a glorious and delightful concealment! What a blessed hiding-place is the bleeding side of Jesus!

" 'Tis there I would always abide,
And never a moment depart;
Concealed in the cleft of thy side,
Eternally held in thy heart."

The Scriptures say, God "has life in himself, and it is given to the Son to have life in himself, even as the Father;" but to the Christian it is given to have his life in Christ. Blessed dependence! O happy connection! "Your life is hid with Christ in God."

In the very first *principles and formation* of our Christian life it is thus concealed. Christian life is based on Christian principles, which are simply the doctrines taught by Christ, and the morality and devotion evinced in his life. Nothing but the former can constitute a Christian theory in the mind, and nothing but the latter can form a Christian character. So nothing, but the combination of the two, implanted in the soul by the Holy Ghost, can constitute that power and living nature which are called the Christian life.

The first principles on which the Christian lives, and by which his Christian experience is nourished and sustained, are not only of the same character as those which are essentially involved in the very life of God, but are actually the same, imparted by divine goodness, and received by a close connection with the Saviour, whom we are taught to consider the source and fountain of all moral excellence and truth. The principles which form a Christian mind, and the rules which govern a Christian conduct, must be the corresponding features in the mind and character of Christ. The Christian life "is hid with Christ in God." Then in respect to all that can form such a life, and from this eternal source, the Christian life is constantly and continually derived. Our life flows from our relation to, and

our association with Christ. The life of an independent, self-existent being is in himself; but the life of a poor, depending, helpless child of God is all in his divine Father. The branch lives, only while it remains united to the vine. The sweetest and most fragrant flowers, if broken from their stems, wither, whatever care we may take, because they lack vitality, and connection with the living branch; put them in water, and they may for a while appear the same, but they will soon wither and die. So if you take the Christian from the living vine, to which he is joined in such delightful union, though he may be favored with every other assistance, and artificial means of life and strength, and may for a while appear as before, he must gradually yield till all is over, and the most powerful influence cannot save nor restore. The formation of a Christian life is hid with Christ in God, and from him a living Christian must not be divided. "Without me ye can do nothing" the Saviour stamps on the mind of every follower, and their whole life illustrates and confirms this truth. The secret of living happy and living to God, is hidden from the world, and known only to the Christian from his association with Christ, and because "the secret of the Lord is with them that fear him."

But being hid with Christ in God, it is concealed from view, unknown and unappreciated by any save the child of God himself; and of him it is said, "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, and canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit." Shedding a glorious light around by his work of faith and labor of love, the Christian is concealed within them, and the power by which the whole is done, found only in God. We see the candle burning, but we see not the burning wick and the melting tallow which yield the dazzling brightness. So we see the Christian, but we see not that inward glorious Spirit by

which he lives. It is concealed from view, not by any darkness in the subject, but for want of a clearer perception, and a more spiritual discernment in the beholder; and often by the moral darkness of sin, which obscures our gaze. Its own derived light and the brightness of its borrowed rays conceal it from view. But to be hidden, implies its eternal safety. Anything concealed is supposed to be safe; and O, how safe the Christian's hiding place in God.

Here blissfully associated, and gloriously concealed in the Saviour, we can cry, "We will not fear though the earth be removed, and the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea, for the Lord of hosts is with us, and the God of Jacob is our refuge." "For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion, in the secret of his tabernacle will he hide me." "Under his wing shalt thou trust, and his truth shall be thy shield and buckler." We are in Jesus safe from his opposing violence, and from his deceiving power; the unholy power, which slays the faithful, trusting, believing Christian, must first drag him from the Saviour's loved embrace; tear him from the bosom of his Lord, and burst asunder those bonds of love which bind him in an inseparable union to the God of his salvation.

Bayfield, C. W.

[Original.]

EPISTOLARY ILLUSTRATION OF CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

BY DORA.

MY DEAR SISTER:—Why need you seek to do *great* things in order to secure salvation? I am aware that very many like yourself stumble at the simplicity of the way of faith—they verily think, as did brother B., that they must do "something more than that!" Let me tell you the incident, and just how he was led to see his folly.

I was attending a protracted meeting in an adjoining town, and had been endeavor-

oring, according to the ability given me by God, to assist souls in finding Jesus. A brother who had for years been stumbling at this simple way, called on me, and requested to be instructed in relation to the way of faith. Well, I endeavored to simplify it in various ways, but all had no effect. I was almost ready to give up, thinking I could not in any way help his mind. At length, in reply to my remark that he must make the unreserved surrender of himself to God, and that it was his privilege when all was consecrated, yea, and duty when he did this, to begin *then* to reckon himself the Lord's; simply believe that his offering was an acceptable one through Jesus Christ, he exclaimed, "*O that is too simple; I must do something more than that?*" Just then an illustration struck my mind; it was this: Bro. B., supposing you had a watch, and it would not keep good time. You try to regulate it, but all of your efforts are vain; now what would you do with it? "I would take it to a jeweller, and have it repaired," was his reply. Very well, but would you stand constantly by his side, and assist a little here, and a little there? "O no!" said he, "I should place the watch in his hands, and go about my business." Yes, yes, brother B., now do just so with that heart of yours. It is out of order, it does not keep good time, it is not in harmony with the great heart of Christ. Take it to him,—he is the great Repairer of hearts—he knows precisely how to regulate it: it was for this very purpose he came on earth, that he might put hearts in order—place it in his hands, and as you remarked respecting the watch, "go away about your business." "That is it! that is it! I will do it!" he exclaimed with much earnestness.

Why, sister F., the way of faith is simply itself. Look at the case of the man who came to the Saviour, saying, "Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean." Listen to the reply; *I will — be thou clean.*" He sends a blind man to the

pool of Siloam, there to wash off the clay which he had put upon his eyes. He washed, and came seeing. Was the virtue in Siloam's pool? Nay, verily, but in the *faith* that led him there to wash. Naaman was one of those who suppose they must "do some great thing," before the work can be accomplished. This simply bathing seven times in the despised Jordan, was not to be thought of. Dipping in Abana and Pharpar, would be far better. He turns away in his splendid chariot, enraged at the prophet's prescription. But his servant came near to him, and well understanding wherein his master's pride was wounded, he very meekly inquires of him, "My father, if the prophet had bid thee do some great thing, wouldst thou not have done it? how much rather, then, when he saith to thee, Wash, and be clean." O yes, there is no doubt that Naaman would readily have done some "great thing," and so would thousands do, could they thereby obtain salvation. But this simple "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved," is too small, — too trifling, — "I must do something more than that," is the feeling, though not always expressed.

"If by having one of my legs amputated, I could become a Christian, I would be one to-day," said a beloved friend with whom I had been conversing in regard to the interests of his soul. The way of faith looked to him like folly — he could not believe that on such a simple point, man's eternal destiny turned — that such a great change as the Christian spoke of could result from such a simple exercise. He too wished to do "something more," than merely believe — he too wanted to "do some great thing," or behold some striking outward manifestation.

Yours in love.

BEREAVEMENT. — My gems are falling away; but it is because God is making up his jewels. — *Wolfe.*

[Original.]

THE UNION OF THE VINE AND BRANCHES.

BY A. P. J.

"I am the vine, ye are the branches." "Every branch in me that beareth not fruit, he taketh away; and every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit."—John xv., 2, 5.

"Do the first works."—Rev. ii., 5.

In addition to the salutary warnings contained in the excision of the house of Israel, we have also that of the fearful apostasy and destruction of the seven churches of Asia Minor, and this, if we needed corroborative proof, is sufficient to convince us of the truth of God's threatened judgments, which, as history shows us, were fully carried out; for "space was given them to repent, but they repented not." After commenting upon the ruin of these seven Churches, Bishop Newton remarks: "such is the state and condition of the seven once glorious and flourishing churches; and there cannot be a stronger proof of the truth of prophecy, nor a more effectual warning to other Christians. These objects, as Wheeler justly observes, ought to make us, who enjoy the divine mercies, to tremble and earnestly contend to find out from whence we are fallen," and do daily fall from bad to worse; *that God is a God of purer eyes than to behold iniquity*; and seeing the axe is thus long since put to the root of the tree, should it not make us repent and turn to God, "lest we likewise perish." We see here what destruction the Lord hath brought on the earth. But it is the Lord's doings, and thence we may reap no small advantage by considering how just he is in all his judgments, and faithful in all his promises. We may truly say all these things happened unto them for ensamples; and they are written for our admonition, upon whom the ends of the world are come (1st Cor., x., 11, 12.) Wherefore let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall.—Bishop Newton, "on the Prophecies," page 456. But how

shall we take warning by these things? By fruitless regrets, and unfruitful prayers? No, but by obeying the Apostolic injunction, "Do the first works." For work stands in reference to repentance, as action does to thought. We must live out our prayers. For instance when we pray not to be led into temptation, we must avoid everything that may lead us into it, and also every person and place by which we might possibly be ensnared. Much praying and little work will not do, neither much work and little praying; prayer and work must go together, and this will be the case when the union of the vine and the branches is consummated. Every earnest Christian will see how far the church of the present day has receded from the works of the primitive church, and the necessity of "returning to the first works," which were written for our example and instruction. And indeed if we do not "remember from whence we are fallen," and return, what surety have we that we will not share a similar fate with those who "had space to repent, but repented not." This concerns every individual; no one should wait for another; but every member of Christ should commence the work in himself, and each heart should be a centre of reformation. For may it not be said to many of us, as to them, "I have not found thy works perfect before God." Yes, even those who believe in the attainment of Christian perfection, do they not often rather satisfy themselves with professing and proving the truths of the doctrine, than attaining it as a personal possession? But, nevertheless, it is only "every one that is perfect that shall be as his master," (Luke vi., 40.) Not every one that believes that he can be, and yet is not. See the commendations upon those who were threatened with the removal of light, and yet how much they still needed. "I know thy works and thy labor, and thy patience, and how thou canst not bear them which are evil;" and hast borne,

and hast patience, and for my name's sake hast labored, and hast not fainted." See what a character of excellence is here given. Where is there a church of the present day that would desire a higher commendation for endurance, patience, strength, and labor for Christ's sake? Yet this church was threatened with the removal of its candlestick out of its place. Not that any specific sin or transgression was charged against it, but because of its diminished love. "Because thou hast left thy first love." They were then addressed as a fallen people, in a certain sense, and exhorted to repent, and "do the first works." How intimately love, repentance, and works are connected in these passages. O how can men, Christian men, with their Bibles in their hands, and their eyes perhaps at this moment fixed upon the passages that contain these terrible warnings, sit down contentedly in a low state of grace! Remember the sudden threatened visitation upon Sardis, whose "works were not found perfect before God." "I will come on thee as a thief, and thou shalt not know what hour I will come upon thee." But the few who had not defiled their garments should not share indiscriminately the condemnation of a church whose "works were not found perfect before God." Thou hast a few names even in Sardis which have not defiled their garments, and they shall walk with me in white, for they are worthy. These were commended for their worthiness, and as the others were reprov'd because their "works were not found perfect;" the inference is, that those who were approved "were found perfect in their works before God." Let those who place works below the position in which the Bible has placed them, think of this. It may look like humility to say "we can do nothing," but it is a false humility that lowers the Bible standard, and not false only, but fatal, as we have seen in the fate of these once flourishing churches. This spurious humility is very delusive,

and fosters self-blindness more than any other sophistry. But only accuse those who declare themselves to be too unworthy to think that they can do any work for the Lord, of incompetency in other things, and see with what indignation and zeal they will vindicate their ability. If they will examine themselves closely by prayer, and by the word, they will soon discover that their assumed humility is only a pretext for the evasion of their responsibility, but they cannot evade its consequences, "for every branch in me that beareth not fruit, he taketh away; and every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bear more fruit." Peter addressed some as having purified their souls in obeying the truth, through the Spirit. They had been led by the Spirit, and had not taken counsel of their carnal preferences; such had judged themselves by the word, and therefore they did not need the fire of purgation, like those who would not judge themselves, and were chastened that they should not be condemned with the world. The pretext that excuses itself from the work of the Lord, on account of its nothingness, has no scriptural foundation, for the same word that declares "without me ye can do nothing" also declares "through Christ strengthening us we can do all things." If they worked for the Lord with their whole lives, as the Apostles did, and then call themselves unprofitable servants, they might be excused for their unprofitableness. But when they excuse themselves from godly labor, upon the plea of nothingness, and yet show sufficient ability in their own affairs, they cannot escape the sentence of unprofitable servants. "For as all things pertaining to godliness have been given us," with an implicit injunction to give all diligence in the use of the given means, the plea of nothingness becomes the most deceitful pretext for spiritual sloth, especially when they expend so much energy and ability

in carrying out their worldly schemes. This false plea of nothingness that induces spiritual sloth, and ungodly indolence in the use of means, differs as much from the real nothingness of genuine humility as darkness from light. It is because they think so much of self-promotion, that they refuse to become nothing, that they may grow in the divine strength, necessary for efficient working in the 'vineyard of Christ; for no man grows in Christ but as he becomes less in self. Therefore the profession of inability to work for Christ, implies a mistake in the very meaning of the nothingness of true humanity. For when a man has really become nothing in self, he has become something in Christ, and of course has an imparted power which he never could have had if he had not "put off the old man which is corrupt according to the deceitful lusts, and put on the new man, which, after God, is created in righteousness and true holiness." It is because "we are God's building that we are responsible as God's husbandry;" for he did not demolish the natural man, and build up the spiritual man, for self-saving alone. The scriptures recognize man as in a state of salvation when he is created anew in the image of him who created him. And if he has not the semblance of that new creation, how can he conceive himself to be in a state of salvation? If he has that new creation, he has a new power created within him which will produce a similar work or fruit. If a man, therefore, is engaged only in the work of self-saving, and has no holy anxiety for the salvation of other souls, he may well conclude that he has not been created "anew in the image of him" in whom selfishness had no part. For the new creation will impart both the desire for souls and the ability to speak effectually "the word which is the power of God unto salvation." "For it is not you that speak, but the Spirit that speaketh in you." "I will put my Spirit within you," was the promise,

and anything that is promised, we may pray for. And it is by the performance of this that he fulfils that other great and astonishing promise, "He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also." For if thou canst believe all things are possible to him that believeth, mistake not this for human belief, for no spiritual power is possible to the natural man. This faith is Christ in us. "Examine yourselves, therefore, whether ye be in the faith; prove your own selves. Know ye not your own selves that Jesus Christ is in you, except ye be reprobates." (2d Cor., xiii., 5.) Here the Apostle speaks of those who do not know that Christ is in them, as being reprobates? And this we may know, for the spirit of Christ is not a dumb spirit, and if it dwells with us it will testify of its presence. And as there is a positive promise of this witness of the Spirit, we should not rest without it. He that believes Christ will believe his word, and he that believes the word will search diligently to see what it promises; and he that wants Christ will make the promises his own. An indwelling Christ is the most precious of all the promises; it comprises them all in one, "and is profitable unto all things, having the promise of life that now is, and of that which is to come." But how am I to get it, many will say? By pleading the promises, for you may be assured that he is a faithful promiser, and never did give one that he did not intend to perform. If you want to be a child of God, you can be one on the proffered conditions. But if you come to Christ desiring to retain your fleshly lusts, you never desired nor intended to accept his proffered conditions. You have only sought him through fear, from an instinct of self-preservation; thus you come to him to get the very self preserved, which must be cast out before you can receive his unselfish Spirit. Those who really do want his Spirit are willing "to pluck out a right eye, or cut off a right hand" that

opposes his entrance. These are "the first works" to which we must return: to repudiate every thing that is not of Christ. For while we hold the world with one hand, and Christ in the other, we never can be brought into that near union typified by the vine and the branches. Let us take up the cross, and renounce worldly conformity, expensive dress, and every thing that can beget and foster a worldly spirit; though it should be like the plucking out of a right eye, or the excision of a right hand. It is necessary at times to "bind the sacrifice with cords to the horns of the altar." If we cannot sacrifice willingly, let us sacrifice unwillingly all that is displeasing to Christ, and continue to pray for willingness of spirit. Do what is right, whatever it may cost, and depend upon Christ to bless the act, for he will always help us in right doing. Depend upon it that he will not let his professed people go on much longer in the deceitful profession of forsaking all for him, while they act upon the principle of retaining all for self, and fret and pine when they cannot get more for self-indulgence. They act as if he had said, take up thy pleasure, and indulge thyself, and yet delude themselves into the belief that they are following him who said, "Whosoever doth not bear his cross daily, and follow after me, cannot be my disciple." And yet they expect to get to heaven by adopting the morals of Christianity, while they evade the cross of Christ. It is by an unholy alliance of the church with the world that the spiritual alliance with Christ has been severed. "Know ye not that the friendship of the world is enmity with God; whosoever, therefore, will be a friend of the world is the enemy of God." — (James, iv., 4.) Look at the example of the first Christians in this respect. Worldliness is spoken of as synonymous with a departure from the way of godliness. "Demas has forsaken me, having loved this present world." There is no other charge made against

Demas, and yet he was considered in a state of apostasy. How different was the walk of those Bible Christians whose examples are given as approved models. Instead of seeking worldly approbation, and conforming themselves to its fashions, they were only anxious to be separate from them. They never courted the approbation of the world, and so far from desiring to approach near enough to its customs to evade the charge of singularity, they rather sought to be a peculiar and remarked people; they did not mind being called plain, and unfashionable, or singular; to the contrary, this was a part of their testimony against "the pride of life." And they recognized the fact, that all the followers of Jesus must be witnesses in some way. "We know that we are of God, and the whole world lieth in wickedness." This was enough. The knowledge that they were in Christ prohibited the principle of their seeking the ties of friendship with a world at enmity with his principles. Neither did they desire its approbation, and the absence of this desire shielded them alike from the ensnaring power of its smiles, and depressing effects of its frowns. But some will say, the world has changed; surely its friendship cannot be so endangering to the soul's salvation now. It has changed, and this makes it more perilous; for while it has changed its aspect into an outward decency that very nearly resembles the face of Christianity, its principles are the same. Rend this covering of propriety and it will still, like the veiled prophet, be found to contain a monster's form beneath. If the church could have the fortitude to return at once to "the first works," in separating herself from worldliness, she might escape the fire of purgation, which otherwise must inevitably come, that she "be not condemned with the world." The church in the present state can never be the means of blessing to a world, whose follies and fashions she emulates and copies. And this state of the church,

and the world, and the chastisements that must precede the time of blessedness, is plainly foreshown in many scriptures. "For when thy judgments are in the earth, then the inhabitants of the world will learn righteousness. But when thy hand is lifted up, they will not see; but they shall see, for all nations shall come and worship thee when thy judgments are made manifest." There is not much hope for the church at large, until the anger of God is manifested in such a manner as they are least expecting. But God is now dealing with many individuals, by gradually loosening their earthly affections and worldly desires, in a variety of ways. From one he takes a child, or some other dear one; he suffers the world to turn against another, whose love of approbation is strong; he breaks up the carnal ease of another, and removes worldly possessions from the covetous; disappoints the ambitious man, to whom "fame is frankincense;" and in ways too numerous to mention, "breaks the vanity of human desires." But is he not dealing in mercy with us; and if we could see his purposes, and know that this is tender dealing, in comparison with that from which he saves us, how we would bless him for these very trials, and be doubly thankful that they are no worse. Let us give up at once and forever seeking to be something in "the life that now is," and live with a constant eye to "that which is to come," and we will instantaneously experience a freedom from bondage unknown before. I can well recollect what a struggle I had when the Spirit began to lead me into a renunciation of worldly conformity; I thought if I could be among a little colony of humble believers, away from worldly contact, where I could not be reproached by the worldly or unfashionable attire and humble living, I could make the renunciation, for I did not care for the things I was called to renounce, but I feared the censure of the world, though I soon perceived this would be turning aside from the cross. I wanted to do right, but had not the fortitude to bear the cross attending it. This, I thought, will never do; it would be like Nicodemus coming to the Saviour by night. He wanted to go to the Saviour, but if he went in open day the Jews would reproach him; his love to the Saviour was not quite strong enough to bear this. There were "many others who believed on him, yet they did not confess him, for fear of being put out of the synagogue," "for they loved the praise of men more than the praise of God." I perceived that this synagogue fear of fashionable professors prevailed to an alarming extent, especially the fear of being called fanatics. I also perceived we never had truly confessed him, if we had not put on his lowliness, both in spirit and in our outward walk and way of living. We must not only feel, but manifest his humility; he became nothing among men, and said, through his holy apostles, "Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus."—(Philip. ii., 5, 8.) It was plain that those who seek him in secret, and yet fail to wear his outward garb of humility, because it will lessen their standing in the eyes of men, were actuated by the Nicodemus spirit, and must incur the penalty of those synagogue fearers, who denied him before men, and were denied of him before his father. One was an actual, the other is a virtual denial. The principle is the same. The motives are un-Christ-like, and will produce the same results in the end. The many who believed on him among the chief rulers of the Jews, would have confessed him in name, if a profession of religion had been as fashionable as at the present day; but they would not forfeit their worldly standing. They preferred a "name in another's breath," to having their names written in the book of life. Thus, for a transient fame, in a transient world, in the transient breath of other lives as frail and fleeting as their own, they forfeited

the recompense of an eternal reward.
Truly

"Though fame is smoke, its fumes
Are frankincense to human thought."

But "God knoweth the thoughts of all hearts." "And what is highly esteemed among men is abomination in the sight of God." All this I saw plainly, and that the things I was called to renounce were not so sinful in themselves as the un-Christ-like motive which retained them, that of pleasing a world at enmity with him I professed to follow. And I also discovered that to renounce the Nicodemus example, and to crucify its reproach-avoiding spirit, I must take up the cross of humble living, and plain attire, in the midst of fashionable society, and bear its reproaches in the meek and quiet spirit of the Saviour. And, praise be unto his glorious name, and to the marvellous power and spirit of his example, he did enable me to make the renunciation, and from that moment I was freed from the bondage of opinion. And from that moment I saw also how far we had fallen from the standard of primitive Christianity, and that we must return "to the first works" recorded by the sacred pen of inspiration, for our instruction and example, and that we must not be influenced by worldly Christianity, or even by the best standards around us, for the most of them failed when called to bear that part of their Saviour's image which suffers for righteousness' sake, the sneers of a backsliding church, and the frowns of an ungodly world. And here let me pause to record the pleasure, and praise the privilege of cross-bearing, for the cross is the only place of peace and safety here, and blessing hereafter. This sense of pleasure and privilege increases daily, as new benefits are daily revealed by it. We receive a double accession of joy and peace for every sacrifice we are called to make for Christ, when made in the true spirit. If we could at once embrace his Spirit, when he said, I come not to do my

own, but my Father's will, we would save ourselves much painful discipline. And for what do we come to Christ, but to do his will? Surely we do not come to him to do our own wills; that would be coming to ourselves. I might have been saved much trouble if I had understood the law of entire sacrifice, for then I might have laid a whole burnt offering upon the altar of living faith, and been spared the tedious and painful process of a progressive sacrifice. I did not understand at that time the meaning of Rom. xii. 1, 2, "Present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service." "And be not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good and acceptable and perfect will of God." It was his will I should present a whole sacrifice; I did not do it, and yet I thought I was serving him. I did worse than this, for when he removed those things he would have me sacrifice, instead of proving what his good, and acceptable, and perfect will was, I was rather engaged in praying that he would permit me to retain the things that his good will would have me sacrifice. Thus I was rather endeavoring to prove and carry out my own will in my very prayers. Have we not need to ask "forgiveness for the iniquity of our holy things?" We think it a very good thing to pray. It is, when we pray by the Spirit. "For we know not what to pray for, as we ought." But we may be sure we are not praying by the Spirit when we are praying for self-indulgence. Our plea is God's goodness; yes, but it would not be goodness, but badness, to let us have things that would hinder our progress in grace, however much they might minister to our self-pleasing. To expect his goodness to minister to the very self he commands us to sacrifice, that it may be supplanted by his Spirit, would be as absurd as to expect a lover to promote the suit of a rival, an evil rival, that would

destroy the happiness of the loved ones. Christ loved our souls so well that he died to save them, and he will not, after such a sacrifice, permit our evil selves to mar the Spirit's wooing. And in this his goodness is most evident, for when he slays the carnal mind, he delivers us from the principle of death, to give us the spiritual mind, which is the principle of life. We are very thankful when the Lord lets us have our own wishes, but if we could see his true purpose, as we will when we are delivered from the dominion of self, we would rather thank him for our disappointments. And it is not true thankfulness that pines and frets when he is doing us the greatest good. We are bowing down to our gratifications rather than to him, when we are less thankful for crosses than pleasures.

In our next we will endeavor to show what the works of the first Christians were and how necessary it is that we return to them if we would evince true repentance and godliness, that our "works may be found perfect before God."

Philadelphia, Sept., 1859.

[Original.]

THE FAITH OF A CONVERTED ISRAELITE.

BY Y.

IN the Tuesday meeting, N. Y., one had spoken of his difficulties in believing the work of Christ in his own behalf, and was not very clear in the definition of his state.

Then another arose, a minister of the gospel, who said God treated us as intelligent beings, and only required the faith we were capable of exercising. His own position had been peculiarly unfavorable to faith in Jesus, for having been educated in Judaism, he had in his boyhood regarded Christ an impostor, and all who believed in him as hypocrites; and when exposed at a Christian school, he was taught by his parents that when in reading, he met with the name of Christ, he should cover it with his finger, and repeat the

prayer, "Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord." But when in after years he read the New Testament, and was convinced of its truth, and claims to his faith, and obedience, he at once accepted Jesus of Nazareth, his Messiah.

And now he never knows anything about the unbelief that many complain of, who have been educated in the faith of Christ, and is often astonished to hear people who have been thus trained, ever doubt the willingness of Christ to save, or the cleansing efficacy of his blood.

"For he said, Surely they are my people, children that will not lie; so he was their Saviour." Are we as kind to Israel as we should be, seeing we reap their benefits, in the instruction of their prophets, priests, and kings? Prayer in their behalf reaches the ear of the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob.

[Selected.]

JUST AS I AM.

Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am; and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot;
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, though toss'd about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
With tears within and foes without,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am — poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve —
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, thy love unknown,
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am — of that free love, [prove,
"The breadth, length, depth and height" to
Here for a season, then above,
O Lamb of God, I come!

—[CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.]

(Original.)

LIFE-SCENES FROM THE CAMP-GROUND.

BY M. D. W.

It was to me a precious privilege to be permitted to attend two camp-meetings; one at East Livermore and one at Bethel. I saw very plainly God's guiding hand in all this. Never was my soul so led out to labor for others—never did I realize more sensibly the power of the Spirit in my own heart, rendering my labors effective. I am abundantly encouraged to hope for brighter days to the church from this one fact: *The cry for the Pentecostal baptism was general.* It was the theme in all the tents. The last night of the meeting at East Livermore, services were continued in one tent until the break of day, and the victory was general. A few had received the baptism, and were, with hearts all-exultant, giving praise to God, and their appearance might lead one unacquainted with such manifestations to say, as did some in older time, "These men are filled with new wine." Many there were looking on with curious eye, when a sister requested the privilege of speaking. "Camp-meeting John" hushed the shouts, so that the sister could be heard. She then told the wondering crowd that what they now beheld was that which was prophesied of by the prophet Joel, and stated the prophecy. She then referred to the baptism received on the day of Pentecost, and then quoted the language of Peter, "The promise is unto you, and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call." She enforced this promise directly home upon every disciple of Christ, "It is unto you," and each might now claim that specific promise, and receive, by simple faith, the baptism of the Holy Spirit. This opened the way for personal effort, and she began to address herself to individuals thus, "Are you a disciple of Christ? Are you con-

scious of being now submitted to and accepted of him?" If the answer was in the affirmative, she remarked, "Then the promise is unto you, will you receive it?" The answer was invariably in the affirmative. "Then claim it by simple faith. Believe that you receive the blessing promised." "I will try," was the usual answer. "No, no, not 'try,' that expresses doubt, but believe." "Lord, I believe—I claim the blessing mine." I should judge that more than a score came up to the point in this manner, and, as the result, were filled with the Holy Ghost. Thirteen lay slain by the overpowering manifestation of the Spirit.

Two cases especially interested me on this occasion. A very intelligent looking gentleman stood looking on the scene with wonder, when the sister alluded to addressed him thus, "What think you of these things?" He hardly knew—it was to him new and strange, never before having attended a camp-meeting. "This," said the sister, "is the baptism of the Holy Ghost, such as was received on the day of Pentecost. Are you a disciple of Christ?" she asked. "Yes, I trust I am." "How long since you became a disciple?" "About a year since."—"Would you like to receive the baptism of the Spirit?" "Yes, I would." "Well, my dear brother, 'the promise is unto you,' as one whom the Lord has called; will you now look up to God for the reception of the blessing?" "Yes." "Will you now believe?" "I will try." "Try expresses doubt; say rather I do believe." After a little hesitation, he stepped out on the naked promise, in simplicity of faith, thus, "I do believe, I claim the blessing mine." This he repeated several times, and then he says, "Praise the Lord, praise the Lord," and for what? The inward testimony obtained by simply believing. Now he not only believed, but knew the blessing was all his own. Seeing him thus blest, the sister addressed herself to another standing by, and, with a coun-

tenance all aglow with happiness, she turned to him, and said, "Believe, believe; say *I do believe*, and the Lord will bless you." Within the limits of ten minutes, probably, he began to appropriate the promise, received the blessing, and began to instruct another in the "shorter way."

The other instance was this. The sister addressed a young lady who was gazing upon those who, within the circle, were giving glory to God, little thinking, perhaps, that she, too, might have the same gift. After a few words of instruction, she turned to another upon her left, and finding her, too, a disciple, she gave her the promise of the Father, urging her to claim it at once. She wished thus to do, but said it looked like taking a step in the dark. The sister held in her hand a book. "Now," said she, "close your eyes so that you cannot see me, nor the book that I have in my hand. I say to you, reach out your hand, and I will give you this book. Although you see neither the one who addresses you, nor the book offered, yet, if you have confidence in me, and want the book, you will at once extend your hand, expecting to receive." Just at that moment, they both took hold, by faith, upon the promise, and the Spirit fell upon them with a power that brought them to the ground, and there, for hours, they lay, supported by others, their faces radiant with heavenly light, and occasionally whispering forth praises to God.

If I had never before become a convert to the "shorter way," I certainly should have become one that night. It was simply believing on the Lord Jesus Christ for the very thing specified in the promise, and the blessing was at once realized. This, of course, was limited to the already consecrated heart. I beheld scores thus believe and enter into rest. It was not the prayers of others, nor their own protracted supplications, that brings the blessing, but their faith. The simple request of a consecrated heart, "O Lord, baptize me with the Holy Ghost," offered *believingly*, did

bring the gift of power. Do you not agree with me in this, my brother? Think you that Philip and the eunuch had a prayer-meeting? When he heard the evangelical exposition of Isaiah's prophecy, respecting the Messiah, he believed it, and wanted to be baptized. Did Philip hesitate? No; but says to him, "If thou *believest with all thine heart*, thou mayest." He replied, "*I believe*." That is the point — "*I believe*." Not "*I want to*," not "*I'll try to*," but "*I believe*." That faith brings us into contact with Jesus. Hallelujah!

[Selected.]

EVENING PRAYER.

I come to Thee, to-night,
In my lone closet where no eyes can see,
And dare to crave an interview with thee,
Father of love and light!

Softly the moonbeams shine
On the still branches of the shadowy trees,
While all sweet sounds of evening on the breeze
Steal through the alumbering vine.

Thou gavest the calm repose
That rests on all — the air, the birds, the flower,
The human spirit in its weary hour,
Now at the bright day's close.

'Tis Nature's time for prayer;
The silent praises of the glorious sky,
The earth's glad orisons, profound and high,
To heaven their breathings bear.

With them my soul would bend
In humble reverence at thy holy throne,
Trusting the merits of thy Son alone
Thy sceptre to extend.

If I this day have striven
With thy blest Spirit, or have bowed the knee
To aught of earth, in weak idolatry,
I pray to be forgiven.

If in my heart has been
An unforgiving thought, or word, or look,
Though deep the malice which I scarce could
brook,

Wash me from the dark sin.

If I have turned away
From grief or suffering which I might relieve,
Careless the cup of water e'en to give,
Forgive me, Lord, I pray.

And teach me how to feel
My sinful wanderings with a deeper smart,
And more of mercy and of grace impart,
My sinfulness to heal.

Father! my soul would be
Pure as the drops of eve's unsullied dew,
And as the stars whose nightly course is true,
So would I be to thee.

Not for myself alone
Would I these blessings of thy love implore,
But for each penitent the wide world o'er,
Whom thou hast called thine own.

And for my heart's best friends,
Whose steadfast kindness o'er my painful years
Has watched to soothe afflictions, griefs and tears,
My warmest prayers ascend.

Should o'er their path decline
The light of gladness, or of hope or health,
Be thou their solace, and their joy and wealth,
As they have long been mine.

And now, O Father, take
The heart I cast with humble faith on thee,
And cleanse its depths from each impurity,
For my Redeemer's sake.

—[Hymns of the Ages.]

[Selected.]

A WORD TO A MINISTER WHO BELIEVES IN HOLINESS.

You do not, cannot deny the fact that the efficacious blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin, that God is able and willing to bestow this blessing of perfect love on all who bow submissively to the mild sceptre, lay all upon the altar, Christ Jesus, come out from the world, touch not the unclean thing, "lay aside every weight," "abstain from all appearance of evil," and look to Jesus confidently. — Furthermore, you believe it the privilege and duty of all God's people to come into this blessed assurance, this gospel fulness, to "be dead, indeed, unto sin, and alive unto God, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

All these solemn, interesting, soul-cheering facts you admit, and still more, and yet, notwithstanding, you halt, shrink back, stand aloof, take no active, decided, definite, persevering stand in favor of this superlative, all-conquering grace. Instead of taking the lead as a public teacher, as you ought, in this important duty, standing up nobly and boldly in its defence, testifying publicly, definitely and experimentally, to this Bible truth, you fall back even behind the lay membership. There are those in your congregation, hungering and thirsting after this full salvation —

this purifying process — seeking earnestly and prayerfully the inner life.

These lambs of the flock need the fostering hand, some experienced one to lead them on to the living, overflowing fountain of salvation.

To whom are these inquiring souls to look for instruction, touching the "higher walks," if not to the pastor? What says the Holy One? "Feed my sheep." Who? the elders? Yes; the elders. See 1 Peter, v. 1, 2, 3. And you, brother, as a professed minister of Christ, should be the one to carry these lambs in the bosom of redeeming, sanctifying love; to point them *directly* to the promised land, the Canaan of perfect rest. And still you linger, hush the question, pass it by, to the grief of very many of God's "little ones." Beloved, what do you mean by this cold, frigid indifference to a subject that comes *directly* under your province and supervision? a subject of infinite moment, that causes all heaven to ring hallelujahs! God, by-and-by, will say to you, "Give account of thy stewardship." You know your Master's will, and do it not, therefore, may you not expect many stripes? It is a fearful thing to offend, cause to stumble, or to keep back any part of God's truth.

Better a mill-stone be hanged about your neck, and you cast into the depths of the sea.

See Ezek. xxxiv. 8, 9, 10.

Once more, brother. You are aware that, without a higher standard of piety in the church, the world cannot be saved. The chief cause of all the numerous and perpetual backslidings, the grievous departures from God, the covetousness, pride, fashion and folly, of the professed followers of Christ, is attributed to this one fact, viz.: "Not following on to know the Lord," not being "rooted and grounded in love." It's a holy ministry, a sanctified priesthood, a holy church, "without spot or wrinkle," we want — must have.

Hear the prophet. "In that day there

shall be upon the bells of the horses, HOLINESS TO THE LORD; and the pots in the Lord's house shall be like the bowls before the altar. Yea, every pot in Jerusalem, and in Judea, shall be holiness unto the Lord of hosts; and all they that sacrifice shall come and take of them, and see the therein; and in that day there shall be no more the Canaanite in the house of the Lord of hosts. Zach. xiv. 20, 21. — *Golden Rule.*

[Original.]

SCATTERED THOUGHTS.

BY Y.

WE should think as well of the work of God in our own hearts as we think of it in the hearts of others. That is thinking soberly, St. Paul says.

Taking one duty on trial at a time, to think, or pray about, saves us from hurry of spirit and lack of faith.

A celebrated divine has said, it is fanatical to wait for special leadings and impressions for plain duties and labors; we think so too—life and its demands are very common-sense things.

The Bible and every day necessities are very plain guide-boards to lead the instinct of our nature, as well as enlighten the understandings, and warm the heart to walk in the way that pleases God.

When we think over probable circumstances in our lot we are put to it how to decide,—but in a little while the providence of God disperses all the perplexities and makes the path clear before us,—then we sweetly acquiesce in the divine counsel and say all things work together for our good.

We retain unconsciously the savor of good, as well as the savor of evil. Then how great our unconscious influence. A word, a look, a smile discovers the principle which reigns within.

Our comforts are valuable according to the difficulty we had in obtaining them—so it is with the things of this life; and how much more precious are all the sweets

of God's love, after a siege of temptation and conflict.

Said one at the close of her morning devotion,—“Bless the Lord, O my soul, for all the sweets of grace,—the early habits of Christianity yield a thousand sacred joys which the worldling never dreams of.”

The wicked are hardened in their hearts when they pursue hard after God's people.

We do not in ordinary circumstances trust in the Lord as fully as we ought—if Abraham could have been perfected in faith in his own land he might have remained there. It is needful for us to be brought into emergencies—shut up to faith, before we prove the Lord—we like our own sight so much better than God's vision.

When tempted to fret with your own spiritual or temporal condition, begin immediately to praise the Lord, and the spirit of discontent will flee, and your peace will be restored,—sometimes a whole day of praise will be needful to rebuke effectually the natural temperament, or the enemy.

Who would like to be judged for a habitual state of mind, by what he may at times betray in his manner, while abstracted in one thought or shut up to one care. O, how unmindful, we exclaim, when the opportunity for sympathy or feeling is past—but the impression is made upon that heart or mind, and we perhaps endure that blame for a lifetime, unless allowance is made by similar home experience. Do we bring up as many favorable appeals at the court of conscience for others, as we do for ourselves?

How helpless and hopeless is the immortal Spirit without Christ, and how fondly the renewed heart clings to the Cross.

Are the seed of Abraham as much in our prayers and thoughts as they should be, in this day of the outpouring of the Holy Spirit? Christ is their own Messiah, and to him they must come for salvation.

Temptation is spoiled of its power when we know it is temptation.

[Selected.]

THE REAPERS.

THE field is broad, and the waving grain
Like the troubled ocean heaves,
And the reapers' song rings joyously
As they gather the golden sheaves.

Toll on, toll on, ye tireless ones,
Rest not till the set of sun,
Steadily, patiently working on
Till your harvest task is done.

Fair earth hath many a spreading field
Where the busy reapers roam,
E'er seeking the golden grain they come
From cottage and palace dome.

Oh! what do ye gather day by day,
Ye reapers in life's broad field?
Do earthly joys your weary hearts
A bountiful harvest yield?

Do ye gather them up with careful hands
To hoard in your storehouse here,
Where the rust will dim and the moth corrode
The treasures ye hold so dear?

Toll not for these glitt'ring toys of earth,
Tarnished with mildew and blight,
They glisten now in the morning sun,
But fade with the coming night.

Go forth in the world, ye sons of men,
Where the whit'ning harvest stands,
And glean in souls for the Saviour's crown
With earnest, tireless hands.

To you who are faithful unto death,
Oh! bright is the promise giv'n,
And gladly ye'll sing your "Harvest Home,"
Whose treasures are stored in Heav'n.
— *Congregational Herald.*

[Selected.]

JONATHAN EDWARDS'S CONSECRATION.

I HAVE this day solemnly renewed my baptismal covenant and self-dedication, which I made when I was received into the communion of the church. I have been before God, so that I am not in any respect my own. I claim no right to myself, no right in this understanding, this will, these affections that are in me; neither have I any right to this body, or its members; no right to this tongue; these hands, nor feet; no right to these senses, these eyes, these ears, or this smell or taste. I have given myself clear away and

have not retained anything of my own. I have been to God this morning, and told him that I gave myself wholly to him. I have given every power to him, so that for the future I challenge or claim no right to myself in any respect. I have expressly promised him, and do now promise almighty God, and by his grace I will not. I have this morning told him that I did take him for my whole portion and felicity, looking on nothing else as any part of my happiness, nor acting as if it were, and that his law is the constant rule of my obedience, and that I would fight with all my might against the world, the flesh, and the devil, to the end of my life, and believe in Jesus Christ, and receive him as a Prince and a Saviour, and would adhere to the faith and obedience of the gospel, how hazardous and difficult soever the profession and practice of it may be; that I did receive the blessed Spirit as my teacher, sanctifier, and only comforter; and cherish all his motions to enlighten, purify, confirm, comfort, and assist me. This I have done. I pray God, for the sake of Christ, to look upon me as a self-dedication, and to receive me now as entirely his own, deal with me in all respects as such, whether he afflicts or prospers me, or whatever he pleases to do to me, who am his. Now, henceforth, I am not to act in any respect as my own. I shall act as my own if I ever make use of any of my powers to do anything that is not to the glory of God, or not do anything that is to the glory of God, or do not make the glorifying of him my whole and entire business; if I murmur in the least at afflictions; if I grieve at the prosperity of others; if I am in any way uncharitable; if I am angry because of injuries; if I revenge my own cause; if I do anything purely to please myself, or avoid anything for the sake of my ease, or omit anything because it is a great self-denial; if I trust to myself; if I take any praise of any good I do, or rather God does by me, or if I am in any way proud.

[Selected.]

"THE LORD THINKETH FOR ME."

FEW men have known how to make nature minister to faith, and thanksgiving and joy, better than Luther. Once, on a journey, says one of his biographers, while he was passing a fine, rich grain-field, he broke out into a kind of rapturous thanksgiving to God, saying, "Oh, how good Thou art to us, unthankful and evil!" &c. When seated at his table one day, he noticed the keen and eager looks with which his children were eyeing a dish of sliced and sweetened peaches on the table, and said, "See now, I pray you, the assurance of hope set forth in the longing looks of those dear children!" Seeing one of his boys ordering about a powerful dog, and handling him as dogs will let nobody but boys handle them, Luther said, "That boy shows forth the law of God in his words and actions. God gave to man dominion over the creatures, and see him exercise it over an animal ten times as strong as himself. And how patiently the dog bears his little orders and buffetings!"

But the most beautiful incident of the kind related of this great-minded and simple-hearted man, (at least, so it seems to us,) is the following. Looking out of his window, one summer evening, he saw, on a tree at hand, a little bird making his brief and easy disposition for a night's rest. "Look," said he, "how that little fellow preaches faith to us all! He takes hold of his twig, tucks his head under his wing, and goes to sleep, *leaving God to think for him!*"

It was, indeed, a beautiful, most beautiful thought. And how happy, beyond all riches and greatness, is the mind which receives such impressions from nature, which can see and hear the great God in so little a thing as a bird going to roost on the twig of a tree! How wonderful and blessed that talisman which can thus turn the material into the spiritual, the earthly

into the heavenly, the little into the great, the sublime, the divine! "I have meat to eat," said the Saviour, "that ye know not of." And he who has this "mind that was in Christ" can say, "I have teachers, preachers, counsellors, books, companions, which ye know not of." To such a mind the world is a great library, every leaf of which is fraught with delight and wisdom; a boundless vista of pictures, every glance at which reveals some matchless touch of the Divine Artist, — of Him who paints as man never painted.

It was a beautiful thought of Luther's. But it was not an original one. Some three thousand years before his time, a suffering soul had found comfort in the thought, "The Lord thinketh for me." "I am poor and needy, but the Lord thinketh upon me;" (Psal. xl. 17) or, as it may be rendered, "for me;" especially when the word is compared with the sense in Psal. cxxiv. 1; lvi. 11; cxviii. 6, and Isaiah vi. 8, where, as in other instances, the Hebrew means "for, in behalf of." The word translated "thinketh" signifies also "to contrive, devise, plan, invent, to weave a curious texture, to compose a song or strain of music." "The Lord contrives, ponders, plans for me." The infinite Mind, the Almighty Hand, is at work "for me." The condescending goodness of God, the security of the believer, the certainty that "all things shall work together for good;" that through life's dark warp of "many sorrows" Divine skill will draw such bright threads of love and wisdom as to make the whole pattern at last an object for angels to gaze at, "an eternal excellency," a display forever of "the manifold wisdom of God," — all this is included and assured in that "the Lord thinketh for me." All tormenting care, all doubt of a happy issue, vanish when faith can say, "The Lord thinketh for me!"

ANGER. — There is a Latin saying; "Anger manages every thing badly."

The Guide to Holiness.

NOVEMBER, 1859.

EDITORIAL PAPERS.

ENTIRE CONSECRATION IN CONNECTION WITH ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION.

No doubt faith is the immediate condition of every spiritual blessing received from God. But there are always pre-requisites of faith itself which in their order are quite as properly regarded conditions of salvation as faith, since without them faith that brings salvation cannot be exercised.

Repentance is one of these remote conditions of salvation—a godly sorrow for sin, a sorrow for *my* sin, a full admission of its turpitude, abhorrence of it because it is sin, a practical forsaking of it and all occasions of temptation to it. Not until the heart reaches such a state, is it able to exercise faith in Christ.

Entire Consecration is another of these pre-requisites of faith, but in the case of persons seeking justifying grace, this self-abhorrence, this practical abandonment of all sinful ways, this full and hearty purpose to cease from sin and live piously henceforth, contains in itself much of the element of self-dedication to God: hence it commonly occurs that seekers of pardon are not conscious of the distinction between repentance and consecration, as acts of their own minds. *Not commonly* we say, though we know, in many cases the distinction does clearly exist in the apprehension of the penitent.

It seems evident from the tenor of Scripture teaching, and from the nature of the case, that no person can attain forgiveness of sin who does not repent of sin, and according to the light then enjoyed, consecrate himself to God. In this state, or perhaps we should say in the continual practice of consecration, he must live if he retain the justifying grace he has received.

But just here occurs a question. If entire consecration is necessary as a condition of justification, and if the soul must continue in entire consecration in order to maintain its justified relation to God, how then can we say to a justified believer, "you must consecrate yourself wholly to God, if you would obtain full salvation." This question is often asked, sometimes carpingly perhaps, but at other times with the sincerest desire for light upon the path of duty, and for a better knowledge of the way of salvation. We never find a greater pleasure in our work as conductors of the Guide than when we are able to help a struggling brother out of perplexity; and we will humbly submit some thoughts upon the point, trusting they may be made a blessing to some of our readers.

We would say to a person whom we regarded as in a clear state of justifying grace before God, if he should come to us for advice and direction as a seeker of full salvation, "*first of all consecrate yourself wholly to God for the blessing.*" We would say this—1st. Because consecration is an act that must be repeated over and over again through all the stages of the Christian life. Nearly all the eminent Christians we have ever known have practised the daily formal re-dedication of themselves, soul, body, talents, substance, social influence &c., to God, carefully reviewing the whole matter, and testing the heart upon each point in the growing light of a daily approximation to the Sun of Righteousness.

2. Because this process of re-dedication always accompanies, or rather precedes with some new feature of peculiar solemnity in every successive case, each special manifestation of the power of God to the soul, through every stage of its progress. We are persuaded that of all the thousands who read the Guide, there is not one who will read this paragraph but may truthfully say, "Thus hath the Lord led me."

3. The direction, entirely to consecrate the soul to God in such a case, is further proper from the following facts. The seeker is intent upon the entire eradication of sinful appetites, affections, passions, biases, from his heart, and the complete occupancy of his nature by grace.—Coming to God with such requests, he may well be assured that the light of eternal truth will shine into him with even terrible clearness. Oh the searchings of heart, the probings of conscience, through which the soul passes in these struggles to be free! In this clearer light, how deep and pervading appears the pollution of the soul. How adulterated with some debasing alloy appear the motives which in the past have prompted to even devotional acts. Now the act by which the soul yields up itself to these heart-searchings—these painful probings, is itself of the nature—the very essence of consecration.

From these introspections—these discoveries of remaining corruption, come relentings and self-abasement and contrition such as the spirit never knew before. This—call it what you will—deserves the name of penitence, with a significance profounder far than could attach to any grief for actual sin before justification.

4. But just here the light sends its beams along the path upon which the soul is now seeking to enter. New grace is to bring new duties and new trials. Some question of duty, of which the soul may have had glimpses in its better moods before, is sure to arise and confront the seeker now. Will that young man consent to preach the gospel? Will that woman put off her gay attire? Will that business man devote a given portion of his substance to deeds of piety and charity? Will you confess it? These, or similar questions, together with a view of crosses, trials, bereavements, desertion, poverty, persecution, troop up before the eye of the mind, and the spirit often

seems to ply the heart with the inquiry "Will you come out from the world to do that duty and to follow a lone Saviour through all this? Now the soul struggles to get its own consent, if we may so speak, to the terms on which it perceives the blessing of purity to be suspended, and this struggle is a struggle for entire consecration indeed—a struggle frequently far more severe than that which preceded the new birth in the same individual.

But how is it with the great mass of professing Christians who do not enjoy perfect love? Obviously some of them are entirely destitute of the grace of God. But what of those who exhibit many marks of grace, but who are habitually remiss in certain duties, and, to say the best, are frequently overcome of Satan. Now shall we say that these are not Christians in any sense? that they are children of the devil, and therefore ought to be out of the church? Let any minister that says so proceed accordingly in his administration. For ourselves, we beg to know if there is not such a thing as lukewarmness in religion? May not a real child of God be under the rebukes of his heavenly Father, while yet he is not turned out of doors and disinherited? If not, how then shall we interpret a score of such passages as the following? "Whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth"—"As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten; be zealous, therefore, and repent." Is there no such thing as languid piety? Are there none who follow Christ afar off? Are there no real Christians to whom God may speak in very tender and precious words of approval and love, calling them the church, and recounting with a fatherly satisfaction the evidences of their piety to him, but to whom he may yet say, "Nevertheless I have something against thee because thou hast left thy first love"? Alas, who does not see that in this very state—this twilight, dubious, anomalous condition, vast numbers in all the churches live? Hearers, but forgetful hearers—learners ever learning, and never able to come at the knowledge of the truth—out of bondage, but often in the snare of the devil—laggards along the road to life—pilgrims to glory, asleep in the bowers of carnal security—out of Egypt, but not in Canaan, and not exactly on the way to Canaan, but taxing the patience of the Almighty by their interminable gyrations in the wilderness.

Now every man who labors extensively in endeavoring to lead men to full salvation knows that in most of the cases he is called to deal with. He is engaged in instructing persons whose previous religious history has been of the equivocal and unsatisfactory character above noted; and what about entire consecration for these? "Ah! these are not Christians at all," says one. That is more than we dare affirm with our eye on God's word; and we notice it is more than most ministers dare affirm or hint in the ear of the party concerned. We should say they are a sort of

dwarfish, sickly, purblind race, having yet the marks of a celestial pedigree. They have not upon their consciences the assurance of the divine favor, of God's justifying, approving love from day to day, but they yet appear not to have lost their adoption into the divine family so but that they manifest at times some very satisfactory signs of the spiritual life.

Now we do solemnly declare that the very best treatment we have ever known to be bestowed on such cases is to divert the attention *at once* to the duty and privilege of seeking and enjoying the blessing of a clean heart, accompanied with the most definite and earnest exhortations to an immediate, full consecration of all to God for that blessed attainment.

In conclusion, then, we say that in view of all the above considerations, we deem the practice of directing the attention of seekers of full salvation to the duty of entire consecration, as a prerequisite of the attainment of that blessing not only allowable but eminently proper and even indispensable in every case. G.

Scranton, Pa., Sept. 28, 1859.

SCRIPTURE CABINET.

DESIRING TO SEE JESUS.

"Sir, we would see Jesus." John xii. 21.

ONE of the missionary papers gave, a few years ago, the following beautiful incident, illustrating the desire to see Jesus. The poor heathen boy desired to see him both with his natural and spiritual eye. He was gratified, as will be seen by the story, but not as he expected. He first saw him by faith, and then "face to face."

Not many years ago as a lady was sitting in the verandah of her Burmese house, a jungle boy came bounding through the opening in the hedge, which served as a gateway, and approaching her, inquired with eagerness, "Does Jesus Christ live here?" He was a boy about twelve years of age, his hair matted with filth, and bristling in every direction like the quills of a porcupine, and a dirty cloth of plaided cotton disposed in a most slovenly manner about his person. "Does Jesus Christ live here?" he asked, as he hastened up the steps of the verandah, and crouched at the feet of the lady. "What do you want of Jesus Christ?" she asked. "I want to see him," replied the boy, earnestly; "I want to confess to him." "Does he live here?" he continued with great emphasis. "I want to know that." "What have you been doing that you should want to confess to him?" inquired the lady. "Doing!" answered the boy, "why, I tell lies, I steal, I do everything bad. I am afraid of going to hell, and I want to see Jesus Christ, for I have heard he can save us from hell. Does he live here? O, tell me where I can find Jesus Christ." "You cannot see Jesus Christ now," replied the lady gently.

The fallen countenance of the inquirer, and a sharp, quick cry of distress, showed how keenly he felt the disappointment of not finding the Saviour there. "But I am his humble friend and follower," said the lady. At this the face of the little listener brightened, and she continued, "He has commissioned me to teach all those who wish to escape hell, how to do so." The joyful eagerness depicted in the boy's countenance at this declaration was beyond description. "Tell me, O tell me!" he exclaimed. "Only ask the Lord Jesus Christ to save me, and I will be your servant for life. Do not be angry. Do not send me away. I want to be saved." The next day, this boy was introduced into the little bamboo school-house in the character of the wild Karen boy, and such a greedy seeker after truth and holiness, had been seldom seen. Every day he came to the white teachers to learn something more about the Lord Jesus, and every day his feelings enlarged and his face became more animated. He at last found Jesus, was baptized, and received the Lord's Supper. He lived a short time a witness for Jesus, and died in triumph.

To all who would see Jesus, "The Spirit and the Bride say, come." He is not far from every one of you.

THE DOUBLE PORTION.

"And Elisha said, I pray thee, let a double portion of thy spirit be upon me." 2 Kings, ii. 9.

DR. KITTO's remarks upon this passage seem to be judicious:—"But what was that double portion of Elijah's spirit which his disciple desired? One would think that it expressed the possession of such qualities as should make him twice as great a prophet as his master. But it was not so; for although Elisha became a great prophet and wrought miracles as great as those of Elijah, and in greater number, no one feels that he was greater as a prophet or as a man, than his master, or so great. His meaning is explained by the fact that the heir was entitled to a double portion of his father's goods; hence in asking for a double portion of his master's spirit, Elijah meant to claim the heirship or succession to Elijah in his place as prophet in Israel. He had reason to suppose it was meant for him; but he wished to be assured of this by some token which should be satisfactory to himself and others."

Christians often refer to these words in their prayers, asking for a double portion of God's Spirit. If, according to the above interpretation, they mean such a portion of the Holy Ghost as shall be to them a token of their heirship with Christ, an assurance of their being made prophets to speak for God; how fully has he promised to answer. Elijah reckoned Elisha's request a "hard thing." But our Master regards such a request most graciously, for he giveth his Spirit freely unto those who ask. He gives it in a measure

satisfactory to his disciples, and demonstrative to others, by its fruits, of their discipleship.

A KNOWLEDGE OF GOD'S WORD IS GIVEN TO THOSE WHO KNOW HIM.

"Then shall we know; if we follow on to know the Lord." Hosea vi. 3.

"I SHOULD be willing to die this moment," said a lady to us, in inconsiderate haste, "if I could only know the mysteries of the spirit world." Equally impatient are many to understand the mysteries of salvation. What is faith? what is the new birth?—what do you mean by the witness of the Spirit?—and how can these save from guilt and fear, and fill the soul with satisfying peace? To these and kindred questions, the Scriptures answer, You shall know, if you follow on to know the Lord. If faith was simply a philosophical fact, to be apprehended by the intellect alone, it would be readily sought. If the new birth was a truth appealing to the reason only, and having its proof limited by the capabilities of the head, it would be to the pride of man an inviting object of search. If man's wisdom, unaided by divine illumination, could demonstrate the doctrine of the witness of the Spirit, it would be a matter of glorying to many to whom now it is an occasion of stumbling. But to know these clearly, unmistakably, man must know God. There is much in connection with them, and in reference to the deep things of God, for the intellect to do. They afford matter enough for its sublimest exercise. But that man sees them but dimly who does not know God; who does not know him through his Son. The psalmist says of God, "In thy light shall we see light;" and Christ says of himself, "If ye had known me ye should have known my Father also." Here then is a truth men are slow to learn. To know God by believing on Christ—to feel him in the heart—to be in mysterious union by sensible fellowship with him—is the true wisdom. The humble poor, the despised and unknown may have this knowledge, while the learned and the mighty may be fools. God has hidden it from the wise and prudent, and revealed it unto babes. "Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight."

But we must "follow on to know the Lord," for the revelations of divine things are "prepared as the morning." Truth is gradually unfolded as we progress. Its first beams are glorious, as is the dawn of the morning, and like it they become more and more glorious. It increaseth until there is no darkness at all, and the soul's limited capacity is filled, and it stands in awe at the depth of meaning which it perceives in every word of God. This knowledge is the microscopic power of the soul. Things that are small and insignificant to the natural eye, are expanded into exquisite beauty. It is its telescopic power also. Things that lie far in the future, dwelling in eternity and resting only on God's promise, or hid in the depth

of the Eternal Mind, and only faintly shadowed to a weak faith, fill the whole horizon of sight to those who have followed on to know the Lord. As in the natural world, the faint light in the heavens becomes suns under the wonderful instrument of the modern astronomer, so God's words, which seem only the nebulae of truth, become to the adult Christian, each a separate and shining star.

OUR OBEDIENCE NOT TO BE MADE A MATTER OF CONVENIENCE.

"In sowing time and in harvest thou shalt rest." Exodus xxxiv: 21.

In the pressing seasons of the year; both in spring when the seed must be sown or the coming summer will be lost, and in autumn when the golden harvest must be gathered or the winter's cold will blast it, you shall rest. You shall not regard your own convenience in the observance of my Sabbaths. Such is the spirit of the command. Obedience to God is of more value in his sight and to man than the richest harvest, and submission to his will than a full granary. Man ever seeks to compound with God; to give him a part of what he demands, and substitute for the rest something else; or to render him a service modified and shaped to suit his own convenience and supposed interest. He says, my business presses too much to allow time to read God's Word. Friends demand my attention, I cannot go to the house of prayer. I do not feel like being God's witness, either among his people or among the impenitent. Thus God's commands are made of no effect. While we trifle, God is preparing to call us to account. How many will he find "thinking their own thoughts and doing their own work?" How many lay not up a treasure in heaven, but "treasure up wrath against the day of wrath!" How many professed servants will be cut asunder, and appoint with hypocrites and unbelievers?

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

THE LOST FOUND.

ONCE there was a boy in Liverpool who went into the water to bathe, and he was carried out by the tide. Though he struggled long and hard, he was not able to swim against the ebbing tide, and he was taken far out to sea. He was picked up by a boat belonging to a vessel bound for Dublin. The poor little fellow was almost lost. The sailors were all very kind to him when he was taken into the vessel. One gave him a cap, another a jacket, another a pair of shoes; and so he was dressed in a strange way in their clothes.

But that evening, a gentleman who was walking near the place where the little boy had gone into the water, found his clothes lying on the shore.

He searched and made inquiries; but no tidings were to be heard of the poor little boy. He found a piece of paper in the pocket of the boy's coat, by which he discovered who it was to whom the clothes belonged. The kind man went with a sad and heavy heart to break the news to the parents. He said to the father, "I am very sorry to tell you that I found these clothes on the shore, and could not find the lad to whom they belonged. I almost fear he has been drowned." The father could hardly speak for grief; the mother was wild with sorrow. They caused every inquiry to be made, but no account was to be had of their dear boy. The house was sad; the little children missed their playfellow; mourning was ordered; the mother spent her time in crying, and the father's heart was heavy. He said little, but he felt much.

The lad was taken back in a vessel bound for Liverpool, and arrived on the day the mourning was to be brought home. As soon as he reached Liverpool, he set out toward his father's house. He did not wish to be seen in the strange cap and jacket and shoes which he had on, so he went by the lanes, where he would not meet those that knew him. At last he came to the hall door. He knocked. When the servant opened it and saw who it was, she screamed with joy, and said, "Here is Master Thomas!" His father rushed out and, bursting into tears, embraced him. His mother fainted. "There was no spirit in her." What a happy evening they all, parents and children, spent! They did not want the mourning. The father could say, with Jacob, "It is enough; my son is yet alive!"

But what do you think will be the rejoicing in heaven, when those who were in danger of being lost forever arrive safely on that happy shore? How will the angels rejoice, and the family of heaven be glad! Will not your pious fathers and mothers, or pious brothers and sisters, welcome you and say, "We rejoice to see you safe? Welcome! Welcome!" You will not go there as the boy did, with cap and clothes of which he was ashamed, but in garments of salvation, white as snow. And what must you become, to be ready to enter heaven when you die? You must believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, that the guilt and power of your sins may be taken away. You must seek the grace of the Holy Ghost to renew your hearts and to enable you to live a holy and useful life.

But remember the great multitude of heathen children, who have never heard a word about heaven, and who do not know that there is any Saviour for lost men. Suppose you had seen that Liverpool boy carried out to sea by the tide, how you would have pitied him! Then suppose you had seen the water full of boys, all drifting out beyond the reach of human help. How would your spirit have died within you! When you should have turned away and gone home, how sad you would have felt! No "pleasant bread" could you have eaten that night. But all the children of heathen lands are drifting onward without hope, to an eternal world.

DO THE BEST YOU CAN.

LITTLE ones, but think of this,
When your tasks you scan,
Turn not wearily away,
Do the best you can.

What though discouraged yesterday,
Fretting when you failed,
Doubts and difficulties flee,
If with zeal assailed.

Wisely work while youth-time lasts,
"Life is but a span,"
Frowns disfigure little ones,
Do the best you can.

Try each day to do your best,
Seek some one to please;
"Trying never yet was beat,"
Soon you'll work with ease.

Smiles and love be your reward,
By fond friends caressed;
This will be the guerdon sweet,
If you do your best.

Do your best, then, little ones,
At your work or play,
Happily the hours will pass,
Useful glide away.

LITTLE PILGRIM.

CHOCK FULL OF THE BIBLE.

Not long ago we heard a letter to the youth of a Sabbath-school read, in which the writer told of a good boy who went to sea—perhaps he was the cabin-boy. One of the counsels which his pious mother gave him when he left home was, "*Never drink a drop of rum.*"

The sailors used strong drink several times every day. When it stormed, they thought they must use it more freely to keep from taking cold. So they offered it to the boy, for the same reason they drank it themselves; but he refused to drink. During a severe storm, when they were all very wet, they urged the lad very hard to drink. They were afraid he would take cold and die. But he declared that he would not. Finally, one of the sailors, who had never tried his hand at making the little temperance hero drink, said that he knew he could make him take a dram. So he went to the brave lad, and did his best to induce him to take a little, but he would not touch a drop. He told the old sailor of his mother's counsel,—"Never drink a drop of rum,"—and he quoted Scripture to show that he was doing right, for he had been a good Sabbath-school scholar. The sailor never heard so much Bible in his life scarcely, as the little fellow poured in his ear. All he could reply was, "Your mother never stood watch on deck." He gave it up, however, as a bad job, and went back to his post. On being asked how he succeeded, "Oh!" said he, "you can't do anything with him, for he is chock full of the Bible!"

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

A FRIENDLY WORD WITH OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

Let us speak to you as to brethren and sisters beloved. We know but few of you in the flesh. But your articles breathe the spirit of our common Lord and Saviour, and therefore we have learned to love you, and expect to meet you face to face when we shall be glorified together. Some of you speak of the great benefit you have received from the Guide, its consolations in a sick room, its light coming to you in a moment of religious perplexity, and its prompting in despondency. Let God have all the glory, and pray for us that by grace we may abound more and more "in fruit unto holiness."

Feeling grateful for your prayers and sympathy, which we believe you bestow upon us, we desire to acknowledge the favor also of the labors of your pens. Many of these have greatly assisted us personally, and been of priceless value in the blessings they have conferred on our readers. But we have not used all the articles with which we have been favored, for to have done so would have imposed the necessity of publishing a magazine much larger than ours. Besides, all have not been suitable for our pages; none need feel disparaged by this statement, for the writings of the holiest and the ablest may be thus rejected. We use our best judgment in all love, and trust the forbearance of our friends. Yet we occasionally learn with pain that we have wounded the feelings of some kind Christian brother or sister. A note lately received, touched our sensibilities greatly. The sister (?) had taken our uniform rejection of her contributions as an intimation of doubt from us concerning the genuineness of her professed spiritual attainments. Alas, an enemy whispered that—yes, the Enemy, who is a liar from the beginning. Some of our rejected manuscripts breathe a most heavenly spirit. A father in the Christian life, who assures us that he has passed his three score and ten years, who dates his letters "*near Tennessee*," has by the sanctified spirit breathed into his contributions, begotten in our heart towards him the love of a son; yet we have never found a place for them in the Guide; they and their author are lodged in our best affections.

Not only does the rejection of articles sometimes wound, but alterations and excisions (we use our editorial right in the former but slightly) afflict even more. Bear with us, beloved, in this also. We act for the good of all, erringly doubtless often, but conscientiously and in love.

There is another source of sore trial, both to contributors, editors and printers. We refer to typographical errors. One such occurred in the Oct. Guide making the writer teach that we ought to "modify" rather than "mortify" the deeds of the body, a most sad theological heresy, which the esteemed author of the article would shudder

to own. We mean to give our readers as little occasion for trial in this way as possible.

Now, while our pen is in the ink, permit us to suggest a word to those (and we hope they are many) who propose still to write for the Guide. Write legibly. An article may be rejected because the many demands upon the editor's attention do not allow him time to *study it out*. He should be able to read it without painstaking. If you are not practised in the task of writing for the press, get a friend who is, to correct your manuscript; then copy it. This will benefit you and greatly aid us. Finally, we would suggest that but few persons, even among the educated and ready writers, can write *poetry*. Those, therefore, who fail in the attempt should be consoled that success here is not necessary to the largest usefulness, even in the use of the pen.

Having spoken thus freely, beloved, let us labor on together in the fellowship of the Spirit and the bond of peace. Write on, write often; write the best you can, and we will use your manuscripts with our best judgment, to glorify Him whose honor we all seek.

BOOK NOTICES.

INSIDE VIEWS OF METHODISM — A HAND BOOK FOR INQUIRERS AND BEGINNERS. By WILLIAM REDDY, of the Oneida Annual Conference. New York: Carlton & Porter.

Pp. 188, 16mo. The author is of the opinion that a position "inside" of the system is the proper stand-point of observation for getting truthful and accurate views of its mechanism, its furniture and its forces. Occupying this position himself, he has taken seventeen successive "Views" of the various peculiarities of the M. E. Church. Members and even ministers of the church will find the book a fine little compend of fact and argument in defence of the denomination. If a young convert were to receive a copy of this book at the hand of the pastor on uniting with the church he might be expected to attain a fuller acquaintance with the church of his choice in the six months of his probation, than many of its communicants have acquired in twenty years.

We suggest to pastors to procure at least a few copies for circulation among their several flocks.

G.

EVENINGS WITH GRANDFATHER BRADDOCK. Showing his labors, joys and triumphs in the Methodist Itinerancy. Being an antidote to "My Father Braddock." By Rev. Frank F. Fairview. Published by the author, and for sale at the Methodist Book and Tract Depository, 119 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia. Pp. 147.

This is the *Christian* view taken of what may be considered by some the objectionable features of

the Methodist itinerancy. Having never seen more of "My Father Braddock" than what is quoted in these pages, we cannot of course judge how far this volume is an antidote to the sentiments there advocated. Whatever may be said of the system, however, which doubtless has its defects (and what system has not) we do not see how a truly Christian heart, acquainted with the character of the men who manage it and of the results that have grown out of it, can assail it in the strong language expressed in these quotations. We would not make an idol of any system — Christ is our salvation, not Methodism, and yet we would remember the woe pronounced against those who offend one of Christ's little ones.

The author of Grandfather Braddock has evidently not been accustomed to prepare MS. for the press; but the defects are not such as would affect the interest with which the subject is invested.

THE HISTORY OF THE RELIGIOUS MOVEMENT OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY CALLED METHODISM. Considered in the different denominational forms of its relations to British and American Protestantism. By Abel Stevens LL.D. New York: Carlton & Porter.

We have received from our good brother, J. P. Magee, Agent of the Methodist Depository in this city, vols. 1 and 2 of this masterly work. — Without qualification we hesitate not to say, that of all the publications issued from our Book Room that have come under our own observation this takes the lead. It is not a glorification of Methodism, prepared for the denomination alone, but a comprehensive view of the great revival, of which, we think, Methodism is acknowledged by universal consent to be a leading element. The style and matter make them among the most readable and attractive volumes of the day to all denominations. The first volume brings the history down from the origin of Methodism to the death of Whitefield; and the second from the death of Whitefield to the death of Wesley. Two more volumes will complete the series. It is having, we are happy to hear, an extensive sale.

THE REFORMED WOMAN; or Passages from the life of Mrs. Anna Cooley. With brief sketches of her mission, and a plea for the fallen. By Edith Rivers. Boston. Published for the author. H. Hoyt.

This is the history of one who, rescued from the paths of degradation, is now devoting herself as a city missionary, to the salvation of others. It is a narrative of the most thrilling interest, showing how the downward progress is frequently accelerated by the chilling neglect, not to say persecution of family connexions. Read it, dear friends, and you will be led to magnify and adore the all-conquering power of grace.

{Original.]

WHICH? A CHRISTIAN, OR A SINNER?

BY MRS. E. R. WELLS.

THERE is a fatal error in the churches in regard to the doctrine of justification, an error which leads many to dream of heaven, and causes others to seek and profess to receive the blessing of holiness, when, in fact, they are only made partakers of justifying grace. We believe that many, who now profess holiness, are only living in a high state of justification, and are innocently resting in what they believe to be perfect love; who, could they see the light, would press on to the fulness. This is our apology for introducing this subject in a magazine devoted specially to the subject of holiness.

To reach our design we will briefly, in the language of our excellent catechism, say that "Justification is that act of God's free grace in which he pardons our sins, and accepts us as righteous in his sight for the sake of Christ," and that "Regeneration is the new birth of the soul, in the image of Christ, whereby we become the children of God." These are nearly identical, so that every one who is justified is also regenerated. Justification places us in a *new relation*, that of favor with God; regeneration, in a *new state*, that of being born again, or renewed in righteousness. It comes not within our province to defend this doctrine or define it technically, but to show, if possible, its practical bearing upon every-day life; what it will do for us; or, what it is to be saved in the lowest sense; to be a Christian at all, or, in any way meet to be called the children of God.

There are two evils in the church in regard to this doctrine; the one theoretical, the other practical. The first is that of elevating the standard *too high*; the other, in placing it *too low*. One affirms, that at conversion the soul is sanctified or made holy, so that growth in grace

is the only advance; while the other claims, in its *practical* bearing, that living in actual neglect of duty, and commission of some sins, is not incompatible with this state.

Of the first we have but little to say, only that it is opposed to the plain teachings of the word of God, and the doctrines of our church. It is contrary to the experience of almost all who live near to God, if not every saved soul; and though frequently tested, but few individuals, either through their written or verbal statement, have yet been found who *profess, even*, to attest to its truth by actual experience.

We have said there are those who place the standard too low; who, by their lives, deny the extent of this gracious work. With this class we have mainly to do in this article.

That the commission of sin is incompatible with this state of grace is too palpable to admit of argument. The word "justify" indicates the extent of this salvation. God cannot justify sin in his creatures. His law must remain unbroken by those who remain his children. He condemns sin of every character and degree, and upon whom his forgiving smile rests, is no condemnation.

To affirm we can transgress one of the least of God's commands and yet be accepted of him, is to say he does at the same time forbid and allow sin in his creatures; at the same time, justify and condemn. "Sin is the transgression of the law," and the known or wilful violation of that law is punishable with death,— "the soul that sinneth, it shall die." Mark the phraseology, "the soul that *sinneth*," — not that commits many and enormous sins, but "*sinneth*" the least sin, and but one sin, "it shall die," for the "wages of sin is death."

A large number of church members profess, by their church relation, to enjoy the blessing of pardon, and their class and prayer meeting testimonies go to prove

their belief in the constant retention of this grace; — but all along admitting their neglect of duty, and commission of sin, they claim that, though there are those who advance more rapidly, still they enjoy the favor of God, and are in the way of life. It is distressing to a saved heart to listen to such absurd testimonies, for the hopes of such are as groundless as those of the ungodly. God has no sinning Christians. His people are saved from sinning! and the wilful blindness of thousands is most lamentable. Who attends a class and does not listen to such statements? Who visits a prayer circle, and has not ocular demonstration of this fact?

Weekly we listen to them, but let such be approached with the direct question: Have you *now* the favor of God? Does his Spirit *now* bear a positive, unmistakable witness to all your sins being forgiven? The wavering, stammering reply would but too surely prove the sandy foundation of their hopes, and, in many instances, frankness and conscience would dictate an unequivocal assertion, that they had no such knowledge. A "love for the brethren" is as firm evidence as many possess, although Christ has said, "By this shall ye know that ye have love one to another, *if ye keep my commandments.*" "Past experience" is the burden of many a song, the sum total of many a one's religion, though God has said, "the path of the just is as a shining light, which shineth *more and more* unto the perfect day;" — and what is most lamentable, after searching truth has been uttered, and plain tests applied, the next testimony from those lips will be the same old story of failures and sins, and the same hope expressed of being a child of God. Can such be reached? Is there power in truth to move them? Can such eyes be opened? The Lord help and save them!

If we are justified at all, we are entirely; there is not one sin remaining unforgiven. If we are accepted of God at all, we become his children, and if so, we

have positive, reliable knowledge of the fact, "for the Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit that we are born of God." There is no room for doubt, it vanishes before the light of a conscious experience, and *while we remain in a state of favor or acceptance, we live without sin* for, "there is, therefore, now no condemnation to them which are *in Christ Jesus.*" If we are in Christ Jesus, at all, we have no condemnation; if we have none, it is because we do not sin, for God condemns the sinner. When we violate God's commands knowingly or wilfully, we fall from a state of favor and become aliens, yea, rebels in his dominions. This does not imply great guilt, but the mere neglect to do what we know is duty; the mere doing what we know, or ought to know, God forbids.

What? Would you assert that we can be one day a Christian, and the next a sinner? We assert that faith in the blood of Jesus will, in a moment, speak all our sins forgiven; and sin committed, of any character or degree, will in a moment sever us from the relation of acceptance with God; and only sincere repentance, and again acting faith in that blood can restore and save us. If we neglect this, then are we, indeed, no longer fellow citizens with the saints, though we profess loudly, and act the part of loyal subjects every otherwise. Ask that young convert if he can neglect duty, and not be enshrouded in darkness. Ask him if he can commit sin, and not feel the face of his reconciled Father turned from him. His conscience is tender, and he knows what conscious pardon means. Now does being long in the way disqualify from detection of sin? Does it give license in its indulgence? Nay, verily.

Those persons we have described, in their early history, knew what this meant, but so often have they sinned, and so often neglected duty, that their seared consciences cease to warn. Let such beware; for such a one is less a Christian than

when first born into the kingdom ; less than a babe in Christ, and can he be a Christian at all ? We appeal to conscience, the word of God, and the judgment day !

But you say, "you are describing persons professing holiness. We do not profess to live without sin." Not at all. We are simply defining the blessing of justification, what every saved Christian heart feels and enjoys. If you have not daily communion with God, not merely approach by way of prayer, but sensible revealments of mercy ; if you have not positive knowledge of acceptance, and are not growing up into Christ, your living head, then are you unsaved, and classed with the hypocrite and unbeliever. There is no other standard for the Christian ; his is no middle ground, no equivocal position. You are either saved or unsaved ; either in the road to heaven or the way to perdition. God has not a path for those who serve him faithfully, and another for those who profess allegiance, but "who do not the truth," and these paths leading to the same goal. Nay, verily. The broad way is travelled directly from the doors of our churches, and its terminus is none the less terrible. The bleeding heart of Jesus is wounded afresh in the house of his friends ! His cause is languishing, when millions profess to love it ! His steps are feeble and fainting, amid the tabernacles of his people, because so few wait for his coming as those who watch for the morning. When will Zion arise, and be girded with strength ? When will her spirituality be commensurate with her numerical importance ? When will our social gatherings be enlivened by the rehearsal of the constant victories of all who meet there, and the church able to make aggressive movements for God ? This low state of piety, this practical infidelity, this belief that some sins are consistent with Christian character, is sapping the foundations of our faith, crippling our energies, and eating like a cancer our very life.

The pulse of Zion beats feebly, and disease is fastened upon her. O that the trumpets would give a certain sound ; that the ministers of God would fearlessly declare the truth in this regard ; that they would "show the people their transgressions, and Israel their sins ;" that they would teach the doctrines of the cross as their Master taught them ! Then would soon the standard of justification be placed where the Bible erects, and false hopes thus cut off, their possessors would turn to Calvary's blood for life-giving salvation.

But how difficult to reach such hearts. The faithful minister feels it so. Wrapped in the enfoldings of security, relying upon a formal devotion, past experience, and love for the church, their delusion awakens the pity of the saved. The prophet says, "Will horses run upon the rock, will one plough there with oxen ?" Yet this is the work of the gospel minister to such ; it is unpromising, and often unyielding of fruit. It is calling to the dry bones of the valley, saying "Hear ye the word of the Lord," — but stiff and motionless and bleaching they lie, all unheeding of the voice of the prophet, or the alarm which their melancholy state produces upon those who live. The breath of God comes not upon them, and we fear resurrection power alone can move or affect them. The blast of Gabriel alone, "Awake, ye dead, and come to judgment," will reach and stir them. Would God, they would yield to the force of truth, cease to be hearers only, and become doers of the word ; renouncing all reliance upon the semblance, seek the power of a living gospel ; — taking their true position as penitent sinners, beseech the renovating power of the Holy Ghost.

O, could some melting sound of grace, some tender strain of Calvary, some claim of human responsibility, some association with the heavenly world, some mysterious Providence or visitation of mercy reach and save them ! But if they "hear not Moses and the Prophets, neither will they

be persuaded though one rose from the dead." Conscience-driven truth, Sinai-clothed law, the uplifted veil of retribution cannot affect them. A pen dipped in terror, portraying scenes of coming wrath; a tongue of fire, proclaiming God's eternal vengeance upon the ungodly; a heart of love, dissolving in pity at their awful state, — all the apparatus of Justice and Mercy combined, is powerless upon them, and we, wondering at their blindness, and hearts all bleeding at their delusion, beseech the sparing mercy of a just God.

But we return to those who profess holiness, and propose a few plain, practical questions. Did we thus understand the blessing of justification, when we professed it; and did we thus practise? Were we saved from *sinning*, and are we now saved from *sin*? It is astonishing that so many feel that to be saved from *sinning* is the high privilege of only those who profess perfect love. A low state of holiness that, which only keeps saved. *Justification* does that for a soul, preserving it from the power and dominion of sin. A state of triumph; a state of glorious advance and holiness is a state of mighty conquests for God; and one in which the soul, restlessly active and all astir with zeal, will be seeking objects of labor, and being "instant in season and out of season," will have constant *fruit* as the result of effort.

St. Albans, Vt.

JOY. — "It is the Christian's duty to be joyful; a sin to be sad in the service of such a Master, save for those unsaved. 'And whether we be afflicted, it is for your consolation and salvation.' The tears of the child of God are like rain in the sunshine." — *Hascall*.

RELIANCE is the essence of faith. Christ is the object of faith, the word is the food, and obedience the proof, so that true faith is a *depending upon Christ* for salvation in a way of *obedience* as he is offered in the word.

[Original.]

TO LOVERS OF HOLINESS.

BY REV. JOSEPH HARTWELL.

THIS heading is chosen because there are those of whom it is truly descriptive. They are of different classes. Those who now enjoy this state of grace; those who have enjoyed it, and who, though now destitute of the witness of it, yet love it above every other theme ever introduced to their attention; and those who, though they never enjoyed the state of holiness as a personal experience, yet have learned to admire it, and long after it, and are truly seeking it.

Will the lovers of this subject in these respective classes, allow me, with all deference, to make a few suggestions. I make them to *you*, because I know that your love for the cause will lead you to give them a careful and earnest consideration.

There is nothing in the universe that fallen spirits *hate* as they hate holiness. And the *cause*, doubtless, is that holiness is the mighty *opposite* of their own natures; and because its spirit is the motive power of the church of God, and invests her with the *might* which enables her to succeed against the powers of hell. The kingdom of darkness suffers loss precisely in proportion to the advance of holiness in the church; and her moral power is measured by the piety of her individual members. Hence, when Bible holiness is truly and clearly preached and urged upon Christians, and they begin earnestly to seek and obtain it, "Satan comes with great wrath because his time is short." And where it will best succeed, direct opposition is employed; but in other instances, "*devices*" of a more artful character. When Satan sees an "engine on the track," the moral force of which he cannot resist, then, if he may not actually turn engineer, and "run it into the ground," a favorite device is to tempt the working men into some great imprudence

or error, which will thwart the results which might have been achieved by such a moral force. Some will be tempted to stop short of duty; others to go too far. Those who will not stop short will be tempted to *commit* some great error; and the latter is doubtless more to be dreaded, for of all acting, *overacting* is the worst. Wesley says: "To *over-do* is to *un-do*." Powder is powerless without fire, but fire injudiciously applied, blows up the magazine. Persons thus acting defeat all purposes of good, and do vast injury. They may burn temples but not build them. Their zeal against the tares accomplishes but little more than the destruction of the wheat; and the *sick* are *killed* by their rash attempts to cure them. And persons thus acting not unfrequently destroy all hope of any improvement in their manner of working by saying: "It is for us to do our duty, and leave events with God!"

But my object was to call the attention of the thoughtful lover of holiness to the injury that may be done by making the impression that the zealous advocates and promoters of this subject are easily provoked or induced either to leave the church or to disregard her *order and peace*. I do not believe that this can be true of the *real and intelligent* lovers of holiness; and yet, this impression will be made, if its zealous advocates are known often to leave the church. Let this be so often done as to make the impression that great zeal for holiness is a prelude to a stampede out of the church, or of opposition to her order and discipline, and the usefulness of even the true and reliable will be fearfully curtailed, and Satan will make immense capital of it. Suspicion will be awakened against many excellent persons, and some may make it the occasion of neglecting the subject of holiness altogether, if not of opposition of its truest friends. It avails nothing to say, that such neglect and such opposition would be unreasonable and unjust. The *wise* will be careful *not to furnish* to such

persons a plea so specious. They would suffer much themselves, before hazarding injury to the cause of God by a step in itself so questionable.

Persons professing holiness should be careful to avoid everything that could make the *impression* that they are easily offended, or moved from their steadfastness.

I should not fail to say that these remarks should receive but a very *limited* application. The great majority professing this state are examples of diligence, faith and patience. The few exceptions, however, we fear may cripple the influence of a large class of the most useful among us, and do this in proportion as their movements attract attention. May the Lord pardon our errors, pity the weaknesses of humanity, and grant us "the wisdom which is profitable to direct." While we thank him for our prosperity as a people, let us humble ourselves in his presence, and pray that nothing may rise in our midst "to hurt or to destroy."

If "*God has raised us up to spread scriptural holiness over these lands*," we should not be surprised should Satan call off his troops from other parts of his dominions to attack us, and divert us from the great work of our calling. For this purpose a thousand incidental side-questions and issues will be introduced to engage our time and energies, that our great mission may be a failure! Upon the other hand, if we hold to our "work of faith and labor of love, and patience of hope in our Lord Jesus Christ, in the sight of God our Father, *without ceasing*," the next half-century will show that the mission of Methodism was now but *just opening*—that all we have done, as yet, was only clearing away rubbish preparatory to laying foundations for the temple of the Lord. Our distinctive doctrines and usages are making an impression as never before, and the field of the world is open before us, "white and ready to the harvest." May we not fail to appreciate the responsibility connected with our position.

[Original.]

BEING MADE PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERING.

BY A. JONES.

By the gracious revival that has reached this town, my way has been opened to duty in a certain direction. The obstructions by which I have been "hedged up" are not removed — all acquainted with me understand the allusion — yet a diviner life has been infused, by which I have power to surmount them. I have lost my timidity, and am prepared fully to testify with the apostle and the primitives, that I am baptized into Christ — into his death; that I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me.

It has been the highest aspiration of my soul to attain this rest; to know, every day, that I have ceased from my own works, and am living by the faith of the Son of God. Than this I can seek no greater happiness, no other heaven below. This, then, is my glory and joy, that I am being "made perfect through suffering." I am determined not to glory, save in the cross, by which the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world. No room for pride or self-complacency to creep in here.

Some may say, "Is this the happiness religion affords? Can we not be moulded into a high state of grace, but by suffering, mentally and physically? daily having the heart cut round — the will crucified — and this to be repeated and continued while life lasts?"

Yes; no honor or glory like being conformed to Christ. This suffering faith conforms us to his death; this receiving of the Spirit which is then and thus brought in, conforms us to his life, by a resurrection to a life of righteousness. What higher aim than to be as he is in this world, and to have him, the Father, and the Comforter, to dwell with us and be in us? This is the soul's satisfying portion. "Is this the highest? then growth in grace is at an end." By no means. A garden

cleared of weeds will grow better than before. The soil must still be stirred and opened to receive the sun and rain. Necessary and daily afflictions will thus move and mellow the soul, which must daily receive divine influences, and thus grow up and increase in all the will of God — imbibe more correct sentiments — more enlarged views — and expand to receive the fulness of God, which, more copiously poured in,

"Fills my soul, already full,
And shall forever fill."

Christ drank the bitter cup to the dregs, and left each a share, to be filled up in his members. Shall we refuse to hold communion with him and his saints, in "this single, sacred drop," by which we are to be conformed to his sufferings?

We all wish to reign with him; then we must be willing to be baptized with his baptism; not only as James and John, but as Job, Daniel, Jeremiah, and all the prophets and martyrs enumerated in the eleventh of Hebrews. St. Paul gloried in necessities, afflictions, reproaches, — nay, he would glory in nothing but the cross.

This is the economy of heaven to save lost man, the best that could be devised in the divine counsels, else it would not have been chosen by infinite wisdom, for God doth not willingly grieve or afflict the children of men.

I have often been in the furnace of affliction, often found God with me there, and rejoiced in the flame; yet, at other times, I seemed to suffer alone — felt that I was being consumed. But when the almighty Refiner drew me out of the crucible, I found he had been melting me to separate my dross. He was polishing his work, and stamping his image anew, to reflect his glory. I need not quote to substantiate. Every one that reads, recognizes these scripture metaphors, first used by the unerring Spirit in dictating the Word. I could not express the deep things of God, but under these figures. My words flow from fact and feeling; yet when

compared with the original copy, I am established and consoled to find such an agreement, both in matter and form, by the inspiration of the same Spirit on my heart.

Now, therefore, I resolve, that, in order to live in the Spirit and walk in the Spirit, I will rejoice in tribulation, glory in infirmity, count it joy to fall into temptation, cry Abba, Father, under chastisement,—being persecuted, to bless—in loss and disappointment, to say, “All things are mine,” etc., etc.

While musing on my restless bed, “among the shades I rolled;” and thus renewing my resolutions, I felt “the tongue of fire” to rest upon me. Being led by the Spirit, I have found the channel wherein to secure the continuance of this divine life.

I therefore now join my humble testimony to the cloud of living witnesses who in “burning words” are attesting these great truths; and may the hallowed fire unite with the flame they are raising, until it shall “set the kingdom in a blaze.”

These are no extravagant ideas, no random expressions, no hallucinations of wild fancy; they are the words of truth and soberness. The principles are founded in the promises, which we cannot doubt; for we feel the prophetic truths they teach as realities divinely demonstrated in our own experience. Instance, “He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire.”

North Gower, Oct. 1, 1859.

RELIGION.—Religion is the tie that connects man with his Creator, and holds him to his throne. If that tie is sundered or broken, he floats away a worthless atom in the universe—its proper attractions all gone, its destiny thwarted, and its whole future nothing but darkness, desolation, and death.—*Daniel Webster.*

If we study to honor God, we cannot do it better than by confessing our sins, and laying ourselves low at the feet of Jesus.

[Original.]

CHRIST MY ALL.

BY LEILA.

“I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ my Lord.” Phil. III. 8.

I COUNT all things but loss,
Let me but cease from sin,
And, clothed in Christ's own righteousness,
A holy life begin.

I count all things but loss,
And this one thing I do,
Forgetting those behind, I strive
To keep the prize in view.

If I count all but loss,
And raise toward the skies
The eye of faith, then onward move
And press toward the prize—

Counting all things but loss,
For Christ my dearest Lord,
I surely shall be found in him,
And gain a rich reward.

Then I may count as gain,
All that seemed loss before,
In full fruition I shall dwell
With him for evermore.

Give me, O Lord, to live
This life of faith below,
To apprehend my Saviour, God,
The power of Christ to know.

The power to live by faith,
And count all things but loss,
To turn aside from earthly gain,
And glory in his cross.

Thus, dearest Lord, would I
A faithful soldier be,
And while I keep the prize in view,
Press on to victory.

PRAYER.—A man may pray night and day and yet deceive himself; but no man can be assured of his security who does not pray. Prayer is faith passing into act; a union of the will and intellect realizing in an intellectual act. It is the whole man that prays. Less than this is wishing or lip-work—a charm or a mummery.—*Coleridge.*

HOW TO LABOR.—“Do a little at a time that you may do the more.”—*Wesley.*

[Original.]

THE INNER LIGHT.

DEAR BROTHER DEGEN:—I have often been solicited to write a communication for the "Guide," but have declined until the present. But, waiving all objections, I have concluded to submit the following to your disposal.

From the earliest of my recollection, I was deeply interested in the truths of the gospel; for, associated with those remembrances, are the Sabbath-school, the classroom, the love-feast, etc. At the age of fourteen, I was converted in a meeting held by my father, who has since gone up nearer the throne,

"Where beauty, innocence, and grace,
Shine brighter still from every face."

I united with the M. E. Church, and for some months partook freely of the "sincere milk of the word," and grew thereby. But neglecting to observe the divine order, namely, "leaving the principles of the doctrine of Christ," to "*go on unto perfection*," I became weak and ill prepared to withstand the subtlety of our arch enemy. My experience was something like the ebbing and flowing of the tide. Youthful lusts that war against the soul, would sometimes meet me, arrayed in all the charms of beauty, in all the glow of apparent innocence; and, failing to recognize my insidious foe, I was kept in bondage by youthful associations and unholy pleasures, from which it was my privilege and duty to be delivered. Again and again the voice of the Spirit would speak to my inmost soul, saying, "Be ye holy." But unbelief said, "Not so; this blessing is not for you, but for those that are called to fill more important stations, such as ministers, and other distinguished personages who have some important work assigned them, and need this high degree of grace to prepare them for its execution." But my heavenly Father, who had provided "some better things" for me, did not leave me in the wilderness of unbelief,

but led me in a way I knew not. My pathway was beset with thorns. The hand of disease was laid heavily upon me, and soon it was discovered that "the light of the body, which is the eye," was suffering under its power. A few short weeks more elapsed, and it was said, (and more keenly felt,) "*P. is blind!*" Home medical aid was sought, but no relief was found; and fears were entertained that I would never again behold the light. Borne on the lap of parental kindness to a distant place, where more skilful aid could be procured, I was left in the care of kind strangers. But the skill of the eminent was baffled, and ever and anon would come rushing on the chilling thought — *a blind girl!*

But the spiritual eye was not blind. Its perceptions were much clearer than ever before; and those truths which had been concealed by sin, and placed afar off by unbelief, were held before the mind in living light. Individual responsibility, personal effort, and improvement of talent, were looked upon as never before. My soul longed for a deeper knowledge of the word that giveth light; yet now, shut up within myself, how could I gain the desired knowledge? True I could have the Word of God read, and was often comforted while listening to its precious promises; but this did not satisfy me. I wanted to study the Book of books as I never had before. Prayer was made by the church, and often did high Heaven hear the solemn vows of my own heart to be only the Lord's. In the meantime, there was a voice that clearly spoke to the interior ear and said, "Thine eyes shall behold the light." Though every external evidence said there was no help, and I overheard the optician say he thought the optic nerve was dead, yet I was sanguine in the belief that I should see again. Through a marked chain of providences I was led to the house of a Mrs. H——, where, by the application of a simple medicine, my sight began to return. And now with what intense anxiety did I watch the return of letters!

Other objects seemed lost in the all-permeating desire to open the heaven-inspired volume and read its divine teachings. Again and again I would take it in my hand, bear it to the light, and look upon its sacred folds. After watching thus for some months, I beheld with my own eye these beautiful words: "Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have give I thee. In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, rise up and walk." It would be vain for me to attempt to describe the joy and gratitude that filled my heart. Suffice it to say, I do not think the lame man experienced any greater joy. And now I seemed placed upon the threshold of a new world. True, my identity was the same, but claims which I had not felt before were pressing upon me. My duty could not be merged in the mass, and I be guiltless before the Searcher of hearts. The fields were white already to harvest. The day was passing. The voice of God was heard sounding from the sacred word, clothed in all the potency of divine authority, saying, "Go ye also into the vineyard, and whatsoever is right, that shall ye receive." I embraced the opportunities of doing good, which were not few, and they were augmented as the love, the light, consequent on keeping God's commandments, were received. Truly "the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eye to behold the sun;" but sweeter far is the light which at the command of God shines in our hearts "to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ."

Although I may never be able to explain to the inexperienced the *modus operandi* of this work, yet *the fact is there*, beyond the possibility of a doubt. Though I may be mistaken in things that pertain to this life, yet *one thing I do know*, that "whereas I was once blind, now I see!" "God is light, and in him is no darkness at all." It is equally true that the faithful Christian walketh not in darkness. Christ is his light; the Spirit of God his life;

prayer his breath; holiness his health, and love his element. The tongues of men redeemed from the power of indwelling sin, want proper words to express the sweetness and glory with which the Son of God visits the soul that cannot rest without him. This blessing is not to be described, but *enjoyed*. It is to be written, not with ink, but with the Spirit of the living God; not on paper or tables of stone, but on the fleshly tablets of the heart. May the Lord open the eyes of the unconverted to see that they must be born again; and of all that bear the name of Christians, to see and feel that "without holiness no man shall see the Lord."

P. A. C.

Dover, Mich.

[From our New York Correspondent.]

CAMP MEETINGS.—HOLINESS.

From all the reports of those meetings this year, we learn that Holiness is, and has been, the prominent theme. That which was only upon Aaron's mitre, "Holiness to the Lord," is becoming the common watchword of the church of Christ.

At Northport we witnessed the prevailing desire for purity,—many were restored to its power, and many sought and found peace in its beauty, for the first time. We did not visit a small prayer meeting, in which this grace was not the inspiring supplication.

At Whitehall, New Jersey, the whole meeting was characterized by the divine presence, and great earnestness for this gift of power. Two of your ministers about leaving the consecrated spot, said to each other, they never left a place with so much of the religion of Christ—such holy triumph over difficulties, and confidence in God. Thus the man of God is equipped to do valiantly in the name of Christ—"without me ye can do nothing."

A note from a dear sister attending camp-meetings in Vermont, says, "It really

seems as if the whole membership have chosen the way of holiness — such heart-searchings — such confessions of sin — and such triumphs are not often witnessed.

"I cannot for the want of time say what I would. Give my love to the classes, and tell them '*Holiness to the Lord*' must be the only place to rest."

Dr. Bangs in the meeting yesterday, (Tuesday) spoke of the camp-meeting at Naugatuck which he attended last week, like the other two he has visited this year it was remarkable for the work of holiness, and the universal interest felt upon the subject, seemed deeper than at any meeting of the kind he ever labored in; ministers preached clearly and plainly upon the doctrine — prayer-meetings were held for this special grace. He understood that at one tent prayer-meeting the last night, thirty received Christ, in his fulness, to the joy and satisfaction of their souls — besides many sinners were converted during the week.

He preached twice in the place where he stayed on his return from the camp-meeting. In the evening, after the minister in charge had invited sinners forward for prayer, and no one showed any interest in the call, the Dr. asked permission to speak. He then addressed the church on the need of purity of heart, and requested any who felt their need of it, to come forward, when a large number presented themselves for supplication in their behalf. He then said to the minister. "Now, brother, the sanctification of the church comes first, and then you are prepared for a revival of religion."

THERE is not a spider hanging on the king's wall but hath its errand; there is not a nettle that groweth in the corner of the church-yard but hath its purpose; there is not a single insect fluttering in the breeze but accomplishes some divine decree; and I will never have it that God created any man to be a blank, and to be nothing. — *Spurgeon*.

[Original.]

ON RESTORATION TO HEALTH.

Back from death's solemn brink I come,
I come to thee, O life!
To thee, so strange, so checkered, and
With mysteries so rife.

More of earth-discipline, perchance,
This soul of mine doth need;
More trial, conflict, ere in heaven
It claim the victor's meed.

Or it may be that in some nook
Of God's great harvest field,
He wills that e'en my feeble arm
The sickle-blade should wield.

Perchance the Master hath some work
Even for me to do;
Some soul to win to Him, that thus
He gives me life anew.

I know not what God's plans may be;
This only do I know,
That yet awhile my feet must tread
This pilgrim path below.

And, oh! if e'er my soul breathed forth
One prayer, one earnest vow;
With yearnings all unutterable,
To God she prayeth now.

Oh! may the life so crowned by love —
The life given back to me,
With all its wealth of thought and deed —
Be given, Lord, to Thee.

[Original.]

"FEED MY LAMBS."

BY ANNA M. FELTON.

JUST before I commenced my first school, my father said, "Anna, if you were only all baptized with the Holy Ghost you would carry the fire with you, and it would spread. God sometimes works through very feeble instrumentalities, and he might do great things with you." The thought occurred to me that it would be well to commence school each day with prayer; but there was a whisper in my heart which said, "No, no; you cannot." The cross seemed so great that I tried to banish every thought of it from my mind. So that winter passed and the two ensuing terms, and I gave no heed to that gentle, reproving voice which only said, "you know your duty, but you do it not. *Feed my lambs;*"

and the voice grew fainter and fainter, and my soul was *starving*. But I resolved then that if ever I took a school again, I would do what seemed to me to be a duty, in the fear of God.

How I have been blessed in the performance of it, especially the past summer!

When the morning prayer was over, we sung holy songs together, and Jesus came very near. I knew by the earnest, tearful faces, that God was working upon the hearts of the children. Oh, how I prayed for a fitness of heart, that I might lead them rightly to the Saviour! I gave my all to God. It was but little, and a poor offering at that, but he accepted it, and I sank and was lost in the fulness of his love, as a drop is lost in the ocean. I felt I was all powerless, all helpless, but God said, "My grace is sufficient for thee, for my strength is made perfect in weakness." Oh, is it so? I thought; then thy strength may be made perfect in me, for I am *all* weakness. With my eye upon the promise, "Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do," I prayed for the conversion of my scholars, and faith cried, "*It shall be done!*" But again I read, "Faith without works is dead," and the searching question came, "have you done all that you might do?"

One day I told the scholars that we would stay the next night after school, to sing and pray. I thought it would be well to tell them beforehand, that they might not be blamed for remaining when they were expected home. Some seemed to be astonished, others amused; the idea of having a "prayer-meeting" was so novel, and funny. After school I heard them talking among themselves, "Shall you stay?" "Do you suppose any will go forward and be converted?" "Shall you pray?" etc.; but I only said, "*God help!*"

The next day came; the day of trial. I heard one say, "*I can't stay,*" and another, "Our folks told me to come right straight home as soon as school is out." How I wished that I might have the day

to plead with God for a glorious victory; but no, I must be in school, and could only leave a simple prayer with the prayer-hearing, *prayer-answering* God.

I noticed one studying her Testament, and said, "Emma, you may study your Sabbath-school lesson if you wish, but get your other lessons first." She replied, "I am not studying my Sabbath-school lesson." (She was "learning how to pray.")

At night most of the scholars stayed. We sang a few sweet songs together, and then I told them of days gone by, when with dear schoolmates I studied, or played upon the hill-side. I told them how, one after another, we gave our hearts to the Saviour, and then of the happy hours we spent in the wood near by, talking of Jesus, and praying. "It was but a short time since," said I, "but now five of our number are sleeping in the churchyard yonder;—you know their graves. You often sing, 'I want to be an angel,' and I hope every one of you may be angels in that world of light; but your hearts must be changed; your sins must be forgiven." Thus I talked, while they were weeping. Then I asked if there were any who wished to be Christians, and lead self-denying, Christian lives? Quite a number, I cannot say how many, raised their hands to express their wish. We knelt and prayed. God was with us. One after another the simple, heart-felt prayers went up to heaven. Some, who had learned the Lord's Prayer for the occasion, broke down at almost every line, sobbing and crying. Others asked how one felt when converted; how they should come to God, etc. I told them to go to God just as they would go to their parents, and ask for just such things as they wanted; that he would *surely* hear them, for so he had promised, and God could not lie.

Very soon one came up to me, and putting her arms around me, said, "O, I am so happy! God has forgiven my sins!" And another came with the same good news, and another. When I kissed them,

before parting, child-like, they asked to have a "meeting" every night.

Oh, the beautiful faith of childhood! — the innocent trusting, the unwavering love! I do not wonder that the Saviour said, "Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a *little child*, shall in no wise enter therein." "See to it," said a little one afterward in her prayer, "that my sins are all washed away."* At one of these pleasant gatherings I noticed a little one, so young I had no idea she could know much of religion, sobbing as if her heart would break. When I asked her what was the matter, she said, "I want to be good." "You love the Saviour, don't you, Libbie?" "Yes;" she said. "Well then," said I, "Jesus loves you. He loved you so, he *died* to save you; now if you love Jesus and Jesus loves you, *it's all right*, isn't it?" "Yes;" she said; and the happy smiles came creeping over her face. Her trouble was at an end.

Follower of Jesus! — what if those loving eyes should bend searchingly on you, and the question should be thrice repeated, "Lovest thou me?" think you a "Yea, Lord" would be a sufficient answer? "FEED MY LAMBS," says the Saviour.

LITTLE HABITS. — "Like flakes of snow that fall unperceived upon the earth, the seemingly unimportant events of life succeed one another. As the snow gathers together, so are our habits formed; no single flake that is added to the pile produces a sensible change; no single action creates, however it may exhibit, a man's character; but as the tempest hurls the avalanche down the mountain, and overwhelms the inhabitant and his habitation, so passion, acting upon the elements of mischief, which pernicious habits have brought together by imperceptible accumulation may overthrow the edifice of truth and virtue."

* He who sees to such things, answered her prayer.

MORE FROM MRS. PALMER AND THE REVIVAL.

We are able to insert in the *Guide* but a small part of the interesting accounts, contained in the foreign publications which we receive, of the great work of God in Ireland and England.

BELFAST, July 15th, 1859.

It is in fact common for persons of both sexes, and of every age, to be wounded suddenly by the Spirit's sword. Some are so deeply wounded, and their physical prostration is so great, that they seem incapable of utterances of any sort above a whisper. Slain by the sword of the Spirit they fall suddenly and seem lost to everything, but that they are condemned sinners. In low, beseeching, agonizing tones they then sue for the mercy of God through our Lord Jesus Christ. One recently fell as she was returning from church quite late in the evening; the police took her to the station-house, she not being able to inform them of her residence. Restoratives were resorted to, but all were of no avail, till Jesus the Great Restorer applied the Balm of Gilead. Then with a "joy unspeakable and full of glory" she glorified the name of Jesus, while the police stood around her in amazement.

Not a few are stricken down at their own houses apart from any exciting influences. We visited one of these yesterday. She had been stricken down the day before, and so deeply wounded that she was still unable to rise, though the Heavenly Healer had by the all-restoring word quickened her soul into spiritual life. The Spirit had worked so mightily in her that she was physically prostrated. There she lay with heaven in her countenance, indulging in ardent expressions of lofty praise. This young woman is a Roman Catholic. As I entered the room, and saw how evidently she was the subject of the Holy Spirit's mighty working, I stepped up to a woman who seemed to be affectingly interested as she witnessed this transition from most distressing sorrow and conflict

to joy and peace. Supposing her to be a Romanist I thought I should like to know what was the result of her observations on her own mind. "What can be the occasion of all this?" I exclaimed. She looked upon me with surprise, as though she wondered that it were possible I should not know, and then said, "Well, I suppose it is the revival, the same that has happened to so many others." I then stooped down to converse again with the humble subject of grace, and uttered the name of Jesus. She caught the name of the Ever-Blessed, and echoed it in joyful acclamation again and again. "Ah," said I, "Jesus 'is the name high over all,' you want no other name now. You need not come in the name of the Virgin Mary." "No," she exclaimed with marked emphasis, "I only want the name of Jesus now. We then sung the chorus,

"O, He's taken my feet from the mire and clay,
And set them on the Rock of Ages."

Also,

"Now will I tell to sinners round
What a dear Saviour I have found."

Here her joy was exceedingly ecstatic, and with looks indescribably blissful, she exclaimed, "Yes, blessed Jesus, thou hast taken my feet out of the mire and the clay, I will 'tell to sinners round, what a dear Saviour I have found.' O Jesus, that thou shouldest take me, a poor, sinful, ignorant creature that I am. I bless thee, I bless thee! glory be to thee, my Saviour. O keep me, do keep me, my Saviour." "He will," I continued, "keep that which you have committed unto him, for he has come to dwell in your heart, and he is now saying unto you, 'Behold I am thy salvation.'"

Never did I witness a more blissful appreciation of these assurances than on this occasion. Again and again did she take up the expressions and repeat them after me, "Yes, he has come to dwell in my heart; yes, thou wilt keep me, my blessed Jesus."

Though she was unable to read she had

kept a copy of the precious Bible with her throughout the day. Dr. Palmer took it from her hand, and commenced to read the 5th chapter of St. Matthew. When he came to the words "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted," she exclaimed "O yes, they shall be comforted; these are the words I have been spelling out all day, poor ignorant creature I, that cannot read; but," and here she looked up with angelic sweetness, as though her Saviour was manifestly revealed and present, "He has taught me, He has taught me." * * * *

These sudden seizures are not confined to any particular people, church or place. I have been told that seven were stricken in a Romish church, and were carried in their state of helplessness to the adjacent nunnery. Strong men as well as females have been suddenly struck down in the street, the public road and their own houses. In general, a deep sympathy is felt, even among the most skeptical for those who are called in common phrase "The sufferers" and everything is done for their relief with earnest and affectionate promptness.

IRISH REVIVAL EXTENDING.

A correspondent of the Glasgow Christian News, writing from Connaught, says:

The revival movement is extending into this benighted section of Ireland. For a length of time past, prayer meetings have been held every evening in the Presbyterian church, Leitram, and a revival has been anxiously and prayerfully sought. The attendance at these meetings, the solemnity pervading them, and the deep anxiety of many people about the way of salvation, indicated an answer to faithful prayer, and that the Holy Spirit was beginning a great and blessed work. In Granshaw Sunday school, on Sabbath evening, there were between thirty and forty people, of ages varying from eleven to fifty, affected or stricken down. One thing is remarkable, that many are struck

down in their own houses — in one case six in one night, and four other people who went to see them.

The province of Connaught embraces the Western counties, and the people are mostly Romanists. The places mentioned are in the region of Sligo and Donegal Bay — quite across the island, it will be noticed, from the region where the revival commenced.

[From our New York Correspondent.]

REVIVAL LETTER.

The following is copied from a little tract called "Revival Letters" addressed by Mrs. Palmer, to Mr. Boyer, Manchester.

Y.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, Sept. 16, '59.

DEAR BROTHER BOYER:—

The God of the armies of Israel, has commenced to work in wonderful power here in the north of England. A revival has commenced which, my heart seems to assure me, is destined to spread over England, provided human limitations do not obstruct, and the ministry and laity, as workers together with God, unite in spreading the flame. We have been engaged in many revivals in America, and more recently in Ireland, and have seen thousands saved, but never remember to have witnessed a more glorious work than has been progressing here within the last few days. We came here last Wednesday evening. You are aware of the long standing and urgent solicitations of the Rev. Dr. Young, that we should make an early visit to this place, but little did we know what an outbreak of power was awaiting us.

We now apprehend the meaning of the inspiring assurance, "Call upon me, and I will show thee great and mighty things, which thou knowest not." You remember we told you how signally the Lord gave us this promise when we first set our feet on British soil, repeating it again and again, in a more memorable manner. O, if you could only be here for a few hours,

you would see how wonderfully the Lord is fulfilling the word on which he hath caused us to hope!

Between three and four hundred souls, we have reason to believe, have been gathered out of the world, and translated into the kingdom of God's dear son, during the last few days. Every day and hour the power of the work is increasing. Last night I presume there were not less than seventy forward for prayers, and probably not less than fifty received pardon. The secretaries of the meeting recorded the names of forty-two. They took as many as they could, but the seekers were so scattered, and the interests of the meeting were otherwise so varied and engrossing, that they were not able to get all. Others also, were blest in the afternoon meeting, whose names, I believe, were not recorded. We are having four meetings daily.

I will enclose one of the printed show-bills which are being posted largely about the city. Hundreds are coming out to the meetings. Have you ever been in the spacious Brunswick Chapel? Would that you could witness the multitudes which nightly congregate there. The place seems filled with the awful presence of God. Solemnity, deep and impressive as eternity, is depicted on every countenance. The one prevailing feeling of all, young and old, professors and non-professors, ministers and laymen, seems to say, "Surely God is in this place." Again and again have we heard the solemn annunciation, going from one lip to another, "The place whereon thou standest is holy ground." Our first meeting was held on Wednesday evening in the Chapel. A large number from Newcastle and its surroundings were out. Our message was to the church. Dr. P. gave out the hymn commencing with —

"Come Holy Spirit, raise our songs
To meet the wonders of the day,
When with thy fiery cloven tongues,
Thou didst those glorious scenes display."

We talked about the endowment of

power, the full baptism of the Holy Ghost as the indispensable, aye, absolute necessity of all the disciples of Jesus, if they would be answerable to the duties of their high and holy calling, in bringing this redeemed world back to the world's Redeemer.

Many, by their intensely earnest longing looks, manifested the absorption of their desires for the reception of the grace, and not a few, by most decisive action, signified before the assembled multitude their resolve not to wait till the morrow, but to have the endowment of power *now*. A local preacher was, I think, the first to hasten to the communion-rail, and was, I believe the first to receive "the tongue of fire." Would that you could have heard his clear, unequivocal testimony, as with a holy boldness, which, perhaps, scarcely was more than equalled on the day when the holy flame first descended on the Pentecostal morn, he spake as the Spirit gave utterance. Several other witnesses, principally interesting young men, who looked as though they were destined to be valiant in pulling down the strong-holds of Satan, were raised up that night.

This, as you may observe, was the first meeting, and surely now, as in the early days of the Spirit's dispensation, pentecostal blessings bring pentecostal power. The next afternoon we had a meeting of remarkable interest, in the lecture room. I cannot describe it. The Rev. Dr. Young, the chairman of this district, speaks of it as exceeding in interest any meeting he ever attended. Surely there was one in our midst who "baptizeth" with the Holy Ghost, and with fire, and many felt the penetrating influence of the baptismal flame to a degree which, I trust, may be as far-reaching as life. When we sung at the close,

Glory to the Lamb! glory to the Lamb!
For I have overcome through the blood of the
Lamb!

it did seem as if the spirits of the just made perfect around the throne, were

blending with us in holy songs, and the influence was indescribably glorious. Since this time the afternoon meetings are held, as the evening meetings in the chapel, and are largely attended. The power of the Lord is gloriously and manifestly present in all our assemblies.

We do not say this only from what our own feelings suggest, but from the outspoken indications in the countenance, action and often in word, of the congregated multitudes. All men seem to say, "Surely God is in this place." Not only the God of Sinai, before whom the mountains melted, but the compassionate Man of Sorrows, who walked the streets of Jerusalem, the Redeemer and Saviour of Mount Calvary is here enwrapping sinners in his crimson vest, and making known his unspeakable name. The numbers in attendance are daily on the increase. Last night I presume, there could not have been less than from fourteen to fifteen hundred present. The crowd in the lower part of the chapel was so great, that there seemed to be danger of retarding the work, the aisles standing so full as to make egress from the pews to the communion-rail on the part of those who were wounded difficult. And now, you will wish to hear of the number that have received good. Of this I cannot tell you as accurately as I would. For the glory of God, and the promotion of important truth, I thought it might have been well if the secretaries of the meetings had taken some note of the number who have sought and obtained the blessing of entire sanctification. Scores have surrounded the communion-rail, especially during the afternoon services, seeking the blessing of heart purity. Not a few of these are persons distinguished for their position in the community and in the church. They have come, laying all upon heaven's altar, and the holy fire has descended, and scores on scores have been able to testify that the consuming, purifying fires of the Spirit have descended, and by the manifestation of their lives, are de-

claring "The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up." The ministers are all in the work, and heaven and earth seem to conspire in assuring us that this is but the beginning of a mighty flame, which is to spread all over this region. Allelujah! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth: and let all the people say Amen.

Ever yours in Jesus,
PHEBE PALMER.

[Original.]

SPEAK FOR JESUS.

BY EDWARD E. ROGERS.

AN obligation to bear testimony to the worth of religion rests upon every Christian. "Ye are my witnesses," is said to every one who has experienced the blessedness of a renewed life. To "speak for Jesus," then, is just as binding upon the child of God as any other work of piety.

The command, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature," is not enjoined upon the Christian ministry alone. It has a wider and more practical signification. It bids every one who has tasted the love of God, go and proclaim that love to others,—invite his friends and neighbors to the gospel feast. Whether our field of labor be New England or Hindostan, we are to go out into the world, and declare to every unconverted man and woman the glad news of the gospel message. This is practical Christianity. Do we seek for examples in the past history of the church? let us learn of Jesus, preaching to the Samaritan woman, as he sits on Jacob's well; or to Nicodemus, at the unseasonable hour of night. Let us learn of Paul, as with burning language he declares, "I ceased not to warn every man, night and day, with tears." Do we seek for examples in our modern Zion? let us learn of Carvosso, or a Harlan Page, whose song in glory will blend with that of a hundred others, saved from the wrath to come through the

instrumentality of his direct personal efforts.

By the phrase, "speaking for Jesus," we have especial reference to *personal* effort for the salvation of souls. We are to preach Christ by the wayside, in the workshop, and in the seclusion of home. Whenever we find an unconverted heart, there is an audience; and in the spirit of love and meekness we are to repeat to that sin-burdened heart the sweet words of Jesus, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." We are to speak for the Master, not only on the Sabbath, but Monday and Tuesday, in the midst of the cares and business of life. Whenever and wherever we find men exposed to the wrath of God, then and there we are to be witnesses for Christ. It is true there are times when it would be indiscreet to introduce into our conversation the subject of religion. But these are exceptions. Guided by the Spirit of God, the cross-bearing Christian may know invariably when and where to speak for Jesus. There is little danger that we shall be "out of season," in declaring the "counsel of God;" but on the other hand, we have reason to tremble lest we should neglect golden opportunities to lead the sinner to the Saviour.

"Speak for Jesus." My brother, have you not some unconverted friend or neighbor whom you have never invited to come to the "Friend of Sinners?" Oh, go at once to that perishing one, and with tender entreaty, with the melting accents of Christian love, urge him to "flee from the wrath to come." Say not, "The cross is heavy, I cannot bear it!" Hath not the Master said, "My grace shall be sufficient for thee?" Is not his strength "made perfect in thy weakness?" Then speak for him boldly and earnestly. Accompanied by a strong and grasping faith, your efforts will be, and must be successful.

"Then will I tell to sinners round
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, Behold the way to God!"

[Original.]

SAVED AT LAST.

BY A. S. G.

I HAVE long felt it a duty to confess, through the columns of the "Guide," something of the way the Lord has led me on to victory over the unbelief of my heart.

In the year 1845 I first became acquainted with the Methodists, and very soon after, with weak faith and a ray of light from the throne, but a firm resolve to be a Christian to the end of life, I gave my name to the Church as a probationer. Something like a year afterwards, in pursuance of an ardent desire for usefulness, my residence was changed to the Academy in W——, where, under the pastoral labors of one who loved the doctrine of Christian Holiness, I heard first its blessed truths portrayed in a way that led me to feel that there was in it a beauty and an excellency infinitely desirable, and created in my heart hungerings and thirstings for a realization of what I felt would just meet the wants of my nature. But O the blindness and unbelief of my heart! Time passed on. Sometimes the cravings of my heart were intense, but I looked to be saved in some other way than by present faith in Jesus; consequently I failed. Then I would relapse into a state of comparative indifference and neglect of duty, yet wearing the outward form of religion. What a fearful state! It is all of infinite mercy that I was not left to fill up the measure of my unbelief, and reap the sad result. At length there came a change in my circumstances.

I was either by my faith, and courage, and holy life, to sympathize with and assist one of the laborers in the vineyard, or, by my neglect, and indifference, and unbelief, to hinder him in the great work of the Lord. My responsibilities came upon me with crushing weight. My desire was to be an efficient laborer in the vineyard, but oh, how futile were all my efforts! Without a holy heart I could not labor

effectually. I could not point others to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world, while I refused its cleansing efficacy upon my own heart. Conviction deepened. Without seeking inward purity I could not retain justification. I brought my heart and tried to lay it upon the altar, but instead of relying by faith upon Jesus, and taking him as my righteousness, I looked for some great manifestation, or miracle, before I could believe. I placed my soul in the power of the tempter, and he came in like a flood—pressing me back from the little eminence I had attained, down, down into the cold, chilling waters of unbelief. They arose around me; and oh, what blackness of darkness—what horror of horrors filled my soul, as, overwhelmed, I lay in this awful sleep, without guide, without compass, without hope! the tempter hoarsely whispering, "Lost—forever lost!" I had been naturally skeptical, and here I began to doubt and reason, until it seemed that I had lost all faith in everything. My powers of belief even in the existence of God, and in the Bible as his word, seemed paralyzed. Oh, the months and years of mental agony, all kept locked in my own heart, until sometimes it appeared as if Reason herself would be dethroned!

I could not pain my companion with the recital of such unbelief. Before the world and the church my position was such that I must wear the form of godliness, for I could not knowingly so reproach the cause as to tell the story of my skepticism and apostasy. [A mistaken policy, however. The surest way to honor God and vindicate his church, would be for every unsaved member to confess the very worst, and get right at all hazards. God will show us mercy, and the world will show us mercy, when hearty confession and full retraction are seen to follow our unfaithfulness.—Eps.] My only relief was in trying to do the will of the God as revealed in the Bible, with, seemingly, no faith in him as the God of salvation.

In nearly this state of mind, I attended a camp-meeting at Eastham, August, 1854, where the way of faith, both in the preaching from the stand and by counsels in the tents, was more clearly explained than I had before heard. I was convicted of the fearfulness of the sin of unbelief. I felt the desperation of my case, and resolved I would make one more effort. I cried in my heart, summoning all the energy of which my nature was capable, "Lord, I *will* believe!" But oh, it seemed a fearful plunge in the dark. The heavens enshrouded in impenetrable blackness—the God in whom I would believe obscured from my mental vision—my own powers of faith paralyzed—the horrid suggestions of the tempter continually being whispered in my ear; I felt, as not before, that an Almighty power alone could extricate me from the awful deep into which I had fallen. And there I hung for hours, the only language my heart could dictate being, "Lord, I *will* believe!" and blessed h is name, a ray of light gradually broke into my darkened soul. I felt that God could, yea, *would* save me. I asked counsel and prayers, as I had not before dared do, of those who understood the way. I had suffered so much, that when unbelief was yielded, it was easy laying all else upon the altar. I was conscious of the consecration of my heart, of all my interests, but oh, what an offering to present a holy God! It seems like an insult to present such a heart as mine to the blessed Jesus; yet grace was imparted unto me to feel a measure of trust in his promise, "He that seeks shall find;" and then I realized such a clinging to the cross as God alone could have given me strength to do.

Bro. Gorham suggested that I acknowledge Jesus was saving me, in bringing me into this state of grace, of consecration and trust. I saw the reasonableness of it—my faith was strengthened—my inmost soul cried out, "Jesus saves me—Jesus saves me *now*!" and sank overwhelmed at the foot of the cross.

Such love as was manifested to my heart, such a consciousness of the cleansing efficacy of that precious blood, such a change from the dense darkness which enshrouded me, to the glorious light of faith, none can realize but those who, like me, have been rescued from the power of the tempter by divine grace. My only language was, "Glory to the Lamb!" And now, after the lapse of years, Jesus and his power to save my unbelieving, skeptical heart, is still my song—a realization in my own present experience. My feet are pressing a rock firm as the everlasting hills, while love impels me onward to greater conquests in this holy warfare.

[Original.]

OUR BELIEF IN PROVIDENCE.

BY M. O.

How comforting to the children of God is the belief in a superintending Providence. The thought of an all-powerful, merciful, and ever-present Lord is, to them, a never-failing source of consolation. And not alone do those who are blessed with a sense of pardon derive comfort from the thought of a never-failing help in time of need. Let sudden distress fall even upon the unrenewed heart, and it will raise to God an earnest cry for deliverance. Take away this belief, and fear and gross superstition fall upon the minds of men.

Yet, strong as this belief is in the protection of Providence, in a general sense, the faith of men is very imperfect on this subject. Many are willing to acknowledge that God rules in the "kingdoms of men," but they cannot believe that he notices the sparrow and the raven. They own that, in *extraordinary* circumstances, he comes to the help of mortals, but their faith cannot grasp the conception of his observing all the little affairs of men, their hidden thoughts, slightest words and actions. Can we believe that God leaves so-called trifles entirely to the control of

men, and only interposes to direct the great events of the world? These small, unnoticed things are often the moving cause of those greater events. Is it not then more reasonable to think he notices all we think, do and say, seeing no one act is disconnected with another? Is it not more in accordance with the faithfulness and impartiality of our heavenly Father, to suppose that he weighs with strictest justice our deeds, and cares for the wants, not only of the human family, but also of the whole animal creation? Not only is "justice and judgment the habitation of his throne," but "his tender mercy is over all his works."

It is a lack of faith in Providence that leads men to desire to look into the future. Indeed, our confidence in the care of God is a sure test of Christian advancement. He who has learned to trust perfectly is far in the way of life. No one who has learned this confidence can look with foreboding into the future. He feels that that, with the present, is in the care of his Father. His mind is at rest, for he does not borrow trouble. Contrast such an one with him whose mind is filled with doubt and misgiving. If trouble is not already upon him, he is apprehensive that it will come. Omens for evil harass and unsettle his mind. He is superstitious, for he will even place confidence in signs portending good or evil, and talk of the *luck* awaiting him. Is not this a vestige of that superstitious fatalism that leads the poor savage to howl and wail from terror, if an eclipse occurs, portending, as he believes, approaching disaster? Superstition dwells not alone with the weak and ignorant. It is not learning, but religion that must scatter it away. Though it best loves to inhabit the murky realm of ignorance and obscurity, it ever follows in the footsteps of guilt. It drove Charles the Fifth from his throne to the performance of the foolish ceremonies of the monastery; while an unshaken trust in God enabled an obscure monk, alone and

defenceless, to confound that same emperor with the sublime words, "*I cannot and I will not retract.* Here I stand. God help me. I can do no other." It was not Luther alone that spoke in these words. It was the man inspired with the belief in an ever-present God.

As an objection to this belief, it has been said that it lowers our ideas of the great Creator to suppose that he observes all the little transactions of men. Now, nothing that exalts our moral character can lead us to form a grovelling idea of God. But does not a belief in Providence tend, not only to bind our affections closer to him, but also to ennoble our character? If we could ever keep our divine Protector in mind, there would be no room for sinful, debasing thoughts. He who walks so closely with God that he performs every act "*as unto the Lord,*" cannot but have a soul-expanding conception of the Infinite. What a sweet, but solemn thought it is, of a Being ever with us! How should it raise our affections, and purify our desires. Believing as we do in God, how prone we are to live without him. "*As a man thinketh so is he.*" We think of the world, and the concerns of life, and so are carnally minded. If we could but receive the thought of God into our hearts more, it would be better for our souls.

"Spirit of Truth! — why should we seek to hide
Motive or deed from thee? — why strive to walk
In a vain show before our fellow-men,
Since at the same dread audit each must stand,
And with a sun-ray read his brother's breast —
While his own thoughts are weighed?"

Search, Thou, my soul!
And if aught evil lurks securely there,
Like Achan's stolen hoard, command it thence,
And hold me up in singleness of heart,
And simple, child-like confidence in thee,
Till Time shall close his labyrinth, and open
Eternity's broad gate."

INSINCERITY. — "Nothing is more common than a certain insincerity, which leads men to profess and seemingly believe sentiments which they do not and cannot act upon." — *Goodwin.*

[Original.]

THE HUNGER OF THE SOUL.

BY E. L. E.

I WAS a beggar in the paths of life,
Hungering and thirsting by the highwyside;
There was no shelter for my drooping head
That I could call my own. I idly roved
In search of something I could make a good,
And give my heart content: it never came.
Sometimes, indeed, the distance seemed to bear
Of rest, a promise, or a hope of bread;
And then, cheered up by an illusive joy,
I laughed and sported with the crowds that
pressed,

As poor and abject, to some phantom goal.
But oft I fain would pluck the bitter fruits,
Unripe and sickening, which the hedges bore,
And soiled my robes and tore my hands, to reach
The worthless bow that showed more thorns than
leaves.

And I was thirsty, too; my lips were parched
With the sad fever of a long desire;
I looked in broken cisterns all the way,
For one cool drop, and felt no drop but tears.
But ever far before me rose a stream,
Whose waters sparkled to my tortured eye.
Alas! 'twas but the desert's mocking view,
A mirage of my fancy and my needs.
A fearful thing is hunger, when the soul
Grows wan and wasted for the lack of bread.
Mine wore the famished aspect, an old age
With want ill-stricken, while its years were young.

At length, one came whom I had earlier known,
A beggar like myself; once had we groped
Along the dimness of this devious way,
As blind ones lead the blind; but now, new-
clothed,

And feasted daily with convenient food,
I thought new beauty sat upon his brow,
And all the comforts of content and wealth
Were clustered round his being: me, he found
Jostled and harassed by the eager throng,
That fed on desert fare, and starved as I.
He kindly took me with a gentle hand,
As reading all my wants, and cried aloud,
"Ho! you that thirst and hunger, come and buy!
Behold the living water and the bread!
This is your need, though ye discerned it not—
The hidden manna and the wine of life!"

'Twas strange, and yet my famished, longing
heart

Turned proudly back, and answered like to this:
"Who talks of buying to this empty palm?
Too poor to purchase, else it need not starve?"
The sweet voice spoke again, and even pressed
The cup unto my lips. "There is no price;
Drink, drink, and live! no money do ye need,
But take the morsel bought without reward!"

I drank; I could not choose but take the bread,
And drop the mortal hunger: through my veins
A warm, glad current gave me vital life;

I threw my husks away, and closed my eyes
Upon the false mirage, and was at rest.

And then my brother took me by the hand—
An angel in disguise—and led me back
To meet the welcome of my Father's arms.
And there was feasting o'er the prodigal
Adorned in new attire; and there were tears
That brought no pain, and joy that was not mirth;
The guests were angels, and their songs were
praise.

Suns, moons, and seasons, with their store of
good,

Passed quickly round, while I, a child at home,
Fed on the manna at my Father's board.
It sweeter grew, and sweeter as I took
My daily portion from his tender hand.

It chanced one day a mirror caught my eye,
And something bade me look: "Can this be I,
The wretched starveling of the world's highway?"
Astonished, I exclaimed, and shouted praise.
The wasted visage had new form and hue,
The eager, restless eye new light and calm.

And yet my soul is hungry; but its want
Is such as sweetens, not impairs its joy.
It thirsts, but ever at the living stream
It finds a fount of bliss, and is content.

Oh! could my voice, the voice within my soul
Reach some mistaken, hungry, pining heart,
How would I tell of food whose taste is life,
And good, whose joy is more than happiness,
And worth a higher name! How would I tear
The soiled and tinselled garments all away,
That it might be made clean, and wear the gold.
My Father's home has room; the chambers there
Are ready furnished for the guests to come,
And make their dwelling sure; secure for love,
For light, for gladness, and an untold wealth
Of grace and joy that is itself a heaven.

[Original.]

LETTER FROM FATHER KENT.

DEAR BRO. DEGEN:—My chamber is
my earthly paradise, and although disease
has laid an embargo upon me, I have no
cause to murmur, but rejoice evermore
that the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.
I look back upon my feeble labors, and all
seems so insipid, I wonder that God and
men have so borne with me. I am an en-
tire debtor to grace for whatever good may
have been accomplished, and rejoice to
say, grace, grace, from the foundation to
the top-stone; and yet I often feel com-
forted in looking back to seasons of the
displays of power by the right hand of the
Most High.

I lately heard that a sister was still living and rejoicing in God, whose soul was filled with perfect love, with others, near fifty years ago. I wrote her, and she returned an answer, an extract of which I send you. She will excuse me if she sees it in print, as I think her experience may benefit others. If one can live by faith fifty years, so may all who have a single eye—a constant *intention* to please God in all things.

The fear of losing the blessing, if we obtain it, is one of the greatest hindrances in the way of souls who hunger and thirst for full salvation. This is but a temptation. We need not lose it, though many do. If we expect to lose it in a short time, it will be so, according to our faith; but if we live by the moment, and centre all in God, and believe his grace will sustain us, we may abide in him till death.

A. KENT.

New Bedford, Oct. 19, 1859.

October 9, 1859.

"MY EVER DEAR BROTHER KENT:—

Many thanks to you for such a favor as I have received—a letter written by your own hand. I began and read on with weeping and rejoicing. I well remember the meetings and seasons of glory you speak of, and many more. My dear brother, I never can forget how the Lord has blessed and saved me through your instrumentality. Do you remember the Sabbath you preached at Bro. B. T—'s from these words, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved?'"

[Yes, very well. It was April 8th, 1810.]

"I was then thirsting for entire salvation. After the meeting you said to me, I might have seen the glory of God that day, if I had not shut my eyes. Faith came to me that day by *hearing*. I believed that Jesus could save to the uttermost all that come unto God by him. The next day I spent much of the time in reading the Bible, and in prayer. I felt the weight of

what you often said in meeting, *Ye must be holy!* Night came on. I went to my sleeping room, sat down, and waited for my mother to retire—thought I would not kneel to pray till all was still. Then I opened a door into a close room, and fell down before the Lord, and with all my heart cried unto him for victory and salvation through Christ. I did not feel condemnation, but I felt that I must be holy. For two hours my cry was, O Lord, save me, make me holy! I was unwilling to rise till I received the blessing. I felt at length that it was a blessing to mourn, and thought if I went mourning till the hour of my death, and could then receive the blessing, it would be enough. I was decided never to give over seeking. I became calm, gave all up to the Lord, felt perfectly willing to wait his time. Then it came to me, '*Now is the Lord's time; you need not wait a moment!*' I believed it, and I never have been able to describe what I then felt. I knew the work was done. Thank the Lord, my heart now says, Glory to God! 'Oh, to grace how great a debtor!'

I regret that I have not lived more holy all the way along, but I think I have never wholly lost the blessing. I have had some trying scenes to pass through, but the Lord has been a present help. His grace has supported and sustained me, and I can say that he is my all—he is the strength of my heart, and my portion forever. It is the constant language of my heart, 'Not my will, but thine be done.'"

— IDLE TALK. — "The tongue used in such a licentious manner is like a sword in the hand of a madman; it is employed at random, it can scarce possibly do any good, and for the most part does a world of mischief, and implies not only great folly and a trifling spirit, but great viciousness of mind; great indifference to truth and falsity, and to the reputation, welfare, and good of others." — *Bishop Butler*.

[Original.]

IMPORTANT TO ALL.

BY JAMES MATTHEWS

I HAVE the opportunity of conversing with hundreds on the subject of Holiness, as I travel through the land preaching the gospel.

Many have said to me—"We have read Mrs. Palmer's, and other works, and we take the 'Guide'—in short, we read everything on Holiness that comes in our way, and yet we do not understand it."

The people everywhere are inquiring about the "Highway" and yet comparatively few of these inquirers find it, and walk therein. An important question arises here, — Why is this?

It is not because we have not enough written on the subject, for Methodists, Congregationalists, Presbyterians and Baptists are all taking up their pens and writing their views upon it.

Periodical after periodical is published to guide men into this way, so that one would think there could be no mistake made.

What then is the reason?

It is this: In too many instances men have darkened counsel with words without knowledge. One publishes one view, another writes and conflicts with him, until the sincere inquirer after truth becomes bewildered and lost in a maze of words and ideas. My mind has been much exercised about this of late, that the *plain old Gospel way of Holiness* should have become a matter of so much dispute.

I would to God none would attempt to write but those who themselves feel the sanctifying power of the blood!

No man should publish his bare opinions upon this subject. How many souls have been ruined because of the prevalence of this practice, we cannot know until the Judgment.

Do not think that I am complaining of the number of writers upon Holiness.

No — no, I would that the whole world were deluged with light, but I want it to be *light*.

Now, I have thought, (and I must express it) that many writers have not a *single eye to the Glory of God*.

What says the word?

"If thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light."

This having a single eye means a great deal — no secondary thought, no ulterior object — simply *God's Glory*. Let a man prompted by this motive write. He has no desire to shine, — he does not write (as I fear too many do) to "improve himself," or to see what he can do.

His only inquiry is, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"

He sees the condition of the people, the purity of the Gospel, the only way to God, and he writes as for eternity.

His eye is single, and as he writes the light shines into his soul. The Holy Ghost illuminates his mind, and he sees that however talented he may be, however capable of writing, it can of itself have no effect; so, losing sight of self, placing no dependence on human wisdom, he follows that infallible guide, the Holy Spirit. God is seen — not himself. There is no mystery, no fog, for God having dictated, accompanies the words, "and in *Him* is no darkness at all."

O how I feel the need of our writers being baptized with the Holy Ghost! Souls, immortal souls perishing around us, — men and women hasting to the grave — the country flooded with detestable publications, savoring of the horrible pit — and the religious press comparatively impotent!

I want to see the "Guide" a *guide indeed*.

I want to see our periodicals on Holiness under the control of the Holy Ghost, then will they be mighty through God to the pulling down of the strong-holds of Satan, and the building up of the kingdom of our Immanuel.

The Guide to Holiness.

DECEMBER, 1859.

EDITORIAL PAPERS.

ENJOYING THE PROMISES.

It must be apparent to every one, that to enjoy the assurance of future good, it must be believed. The heir who looks into the record of his title to a forthcoming treasure, must confide in the validity of that title, in order to derive satisfaction from its perusal. If the wealth promised be satisfactory, and the grounds of hope of its final possession undoubted, the burden of present poverty is lightened, and its inconvenience borne with cheerfulness. But no anticipation of earthly treasure can be absolutely satisfying to the immortal mind, any more than its possession, which we know has no such power. Its title can never be infallibly sure. Frequently, when seemingly made with all possible ability and care, it proves worthless. But still, with all these disparagements, men crave the enjoyment of the riches of this world, eagerly grasping at the slightest promise of gain, though a thousand times deceived, and repeat the experiment of gratifying the soul with what they obtain, though as often cruelly mocked by disappointment.

But the promises of God to believers have been made sure. None have failed, though many have been made from the time when it was said, "The seed of the woman shall bruise the Serpent's head." Unbelief has ever had an able advocate to prove them otherwise. The devil has dared to suggest that they are not made in good faith by the great Promiser; and this he has endeavored to maintain by certain alleged failures. He has falsely assumed certain times of fulfilment to be contained in the promise, and then claimed their non-fulfilment at those times as a proof of his position. Again, he has assumed falsely certain methods and kinds of fulfilment to be essential, and a failure of these he has extolled as securing his case. But fairly and truthfully he has never proved one promise untrue.

Failing to disparage the promises, he has tried to invalidate the title of the believer to them. He suggests that the greatness or the peculiar character of his sins, render it doubtful; that circumstances, times, and places are to be taken into account in making up his claim; that peculiar frames of mind are to be considered as vital; — or even, that his necessities may not be urgent, boldly insinuating, that without the riches of grace, he lacks nothing. Yet a flaw has never been shown in a believer's title. None ever has been, none ever can be confounded who trust it. God cannot lie, and his words cannot fail, though heaven and earth may pass away. Neither has

their fulfilment proved unsatisfactory. So sure are they, and of such a nature, that the soul relying upon them is unspeakably blest. This enjoyment, to the true believer, is an earnest of the fullness of his final inheritance.

The prodigal who receives a promise on leaving the paternal roof, that at any time he may return, will surely think of that promise when far away from home, poor, degraded, and wretched in the extreme. But if he ponder *only* on his sinfulness — on the reckless expenditure of his patrimony — on the wicked associates he has chosen, and the disgrace he has brought upon his father's name, — doubts will enter his mind concerning the fulfilment of the promise. Entertaining such doubts, he can have no enjoyment in reference to it. It becomes thereby a source of perplexity. That which was given to comfort him when away, and bring him again to his home, becomes an occasion of the keenest anguish only. But let him cast away all this tormenting fear. Instead of thinking of his own profligacy, let him fix his thoughts on his father's bounty. Let him say in his heart, "In my father's house there is enough and to spare. He is ready to give and to upbraid not." He has robes for the ragged, fatted calves for the hungry, rings for the fingers of those who have forfeited their sonship, signifying their adoption; and he has promised all this, and his truth and love will do it. Instead of his wicked associates, let him think of the company ready to make merry at his return. Instead of dwelling on his own wretched condition, let him reflect on the purity, the exalted honor, and the abundant peace of his father's house. Thus he enjoys the promise while his mind is occupied with it. When he feels that its fulfilment rests, not on his worthiness, but his father's integrity and love, conditioned only upon practical faith, the acting on its truthfulness, then his burden begins to roll away, and he is in process of obtaining all that his faith apprehended. Having this faith, he has a present possession; his faith is the substance of the things hoped for.

We intimated that he should think of the promise of his father rather than his own wretchedness. We did not mean that the latter should be ignored. His preparation to enjoy the promise began with his regret at leaving home, and his sense of his fallen condition. But these must not shut from his sight the inheritance prepared and waiting for him. They must not make void the practical faith by which the promise is made sure. They are rather to foster the truth in the heart that *here I perish with hunger*, and to extort the exclamation, "I will arise and go to my father."

Enoch undoubtedly enjoyed the promise of the coming of the Lord with ten thousand of his saints, of which he preached. He saw not that glorious coming, nor that purified host of God's people; but believing he pleased God, and brought God into fellowship with him; that coming was to him *real*, having a present "subsistence."

Abraham enjoyed the promise of a seed that should bless the world, for by faith he first possessed an heir while childless, and then received him from the dead when commanded to slay him. He *enjoyed*, because he had virtual possession of what was promised.

All the notable examples of faith given us in the Scriptures, not having received the promise, embraced them, and obtained strength to suffer the loss of all things for the hope of a certain reward. Surely, a faith that imparteth such strength to cast aside worldly weights, and to endure extraordinary sufferings, must have secured a peace passing all understanding, and a joy full of the Holy Ghost.

We have spoken only of those promises which refer to *future* good, showing that faith secures a rich enjoyment of that good now. How certain is it, therefore, that the things which are directly and freely offered now to the believer may be *enjoyed*. Pardon is not a blessing kept in the distance from the penitent, but a present, inestimable gift. The witness of adoption is offered now — this moment. The power that cleanseth from all sin, waits to be accepted. The fulness of God is ever-extended — heaven's choicest, freest grace to the believer. If the penitent have no doubt that his pardon is granted, how sweet his peace. If he recognizes his sonship as made sure, his joy is unalloyed; and when faith rises to the apprehension of a full salvation, the soul's satisfaction is complete. Just in proportion to his faith is his enjoyment. In precise agreement with his unbelief are the dark clouds which shut out the light of heaven from the soul; and so much of this have some Christians, being but babes in Christ, that they are ever desponding. Their souls are robbed of all the sweet earnest of heaven provided for the children of God in their earthly pilgrimage.

But are not our enjoyments necessarily marred by worldly influences? Do we not unavoidably work at times in heaviness through manifold temptations? Doubtless our enjoyment must needs be modified by these. But while the promise remains true, and faith unshaken, there are "songs" even "in the night." While the prayer of faith is unceasing, there is rejoicing evermore.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

JOYFUL HARVEST.

It is quite a long time since Cousin Leila has found leisure to say a word to the youthful readers of the *Guide*. She has been very busy preparing some Wee-Wee Tales, with the hope of their being ready for the holidays. But now, dear young friends, let us look around, and see which of the gifts of our Heavenly Father will be a profitable subject of conversation. God has given us an abundant harvest. The husbandman

has not waited in vain for the precious fruits of the earth. The sower who went forth, bearing the seed to cast it into the cold bosom of earth, has joyfully watched the blade springing up, then the ear, the full corn in the ear, and now the ripened treasure is all safely garnered. Has the seed of the Kingdom thus taken root in your young hearts, and is it springing up unto eternal life? Are you growing in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ?

Yes, dear ones, we trust that you have indeed been *guided into holiness*, and that your souls are ripening for glory. The Sun of Righteousness will shine on you a little longer here, and the dews of heavenly grace will rest upon you, and then the Lord of the harvest will gather you home to his heavenly garner. Oh! may none of you be left to utter the sad lamentation "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved."

Our grapes are now hanging in rich clusters upon the vine. As I sit at my chamber window, I am constantly admiring the beautiful grape-vine, and its fruit is sweet to my taste. A branch of the Isabella vine from the south, has intertwined with the Catawba by my east window, making the dark foliage more attractive in contrast with the purple and white grapes. Many years ago, the Great Teacher designated the vine as an emblem of the union that exists between himself and his disciples. And as this silent preacher is climbing in at my window, it is constantly giving me lessons of love and trust. I can only tell you a few of my reflections this morning.

Directly under my window, I perceive that the Catawba has taken strong hold upon the earth, and is drawing from the soil such nourishment as is necessary for its growth and vigor. The sap is conveyed by little vessels the entire length of the vine into every branch and leaf and tendril, just as the veins are conveying the blood from my heart into every part of my body. If this vital current should cease to flow into my arm, or hand, or foot, that part of my body would soon wither and die. Thus, whispers the vine preacher, do Christ's little ones receive their spiritual life from Him. "Because I live," says Jesus, "ye shall live also." "He that hath the Son hath life." "Your life is hid with Christ in God." "I am the vine, ye are the branches. He that abideth in me and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit: for without me ye can do nothing." When Jesus uttered these words his disciples were with him; perhaps the loving John was at that moment leaning upon his bosom. But though now we see him not, yet believing "that we are thus united to him by faith, we may rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory."

How eagerly those little tendrils seem to stretch upward, and clasp themselves firmly around the trunk of the vine. Though so very weak in ourselves, yet Christ's little ones are safe when they are clinging to him. "Abide in him, little children," says the apostle, "that when he shall

appear we may have confidence, and not be ashamed before him at his coming."

Adieu, for the present, dear ones. At some future time we'll resume our conversation.

Your loving friend,

LEILA LEE.

THE DYING CHILD.

A little daughter, ten years old, lay on her death-bed. It was hard parting with the pet flower of the household. The golden hair, the loving blue eyes, the bird-like voice, the truthful, affectionate, large-hearted, pious child! How could she be given up? Between this child and her father there has always existed, not a relationship merely, but the love of congenial natures. He fell on his knees by his darling's bedside, and wept bitter tears. He strove to say, but could not, "Thy will be done!" It was a conflict between grace and nature, such as he had never before experienced. His sobs disturbed the child, who had been lying apparently unconscious. She opened her eyes, and looked distressed.

"Papa, dear papa," said she at length.

"What, my darling?" answered the father, striving for composure.

"Papa," she asked, in faint, broken tones, "how much—do I cost you—every year?"

"Hush, dear; be quiet!" he replied, in great agitation, for he feared delirium was coming on.

"But please—papa, how much do I cost you?" To soothe her, he replied, though with a shaking voice:

"Well, dearest, perhaps two hundred dollars. What then, darling?"

"Because, papa, I thought—may be—you would lay it out this year—in Bibles—for poor children—to remember me by."

With what delicate instinct had the dying child touched the springs of comfort! A beam of heavenly joy glanced in the father's heart; the bliss of one noble, loving spirit mingled with its like. Self was forgotten; the sorrow of parting, the lonely future. Naught remained but the mission of love, and a thrill of gratitude that in it he and his beloved were co-workers.

"I will, my precious child," he replied, kissing her brow with solemn tenderness.

"Yes," he added, after a pause, "I will do it every year as long as I live. And thus my Lillian shall yet speak, and draw hundreds and thousands after her to heaven."

The child's very soul beamed forth in a long, loving smile-gaze into her father's eyes; and, still gazing, she fell asleep. Waking in a few minutes, she spoke in a loud, clear voice, and with a look of ecstasy:

"O papa, what a sweet sight! The golden gates were opened, and crowds of children came pouring out. O such crowds! And they ran up to me, and began to kiss me, and call me by a new name. I can't remember what it was, but it meant, 'Beloved for the Father's sake.'"

She looked upward; her eyes dreamy, her voice died into a whisper, "Yes, yes, I come! I come!" and the lovely form lay there untenanted of the lovelier spirit.

John Lee rose from his knees with a holy triumph on his face. "Thank God," said he, "I am richer by another treasure in heaven!"—*Macedonian*.

THE NIGHT STORM.

"Oh, mother," cried a little child,

"I cannot sleep to-night;

Hark, how the storm grows fierce and wild,

It fills me with affright.

I hear the wind roar through the trees,

And howl above my bed;

I tremble when it comes so near,

And cover up my head."

"And why?" the mother gently said,

"Why need you fear to sleep?

Why hide that little timid head?

God will my darling keep.

What, though the wind blow fierce and loud?

It can do us no ill;

We're in our Father's hand, and He

Can bid the storm 'be still.'

"Trust Him, my child, and peaceful rest,
Safe in his tender care;

But think of others more distressed,

And breathe for them a prayer.

Think of the little sailor boy,

Tossing upon the deep;

Think of the wandering, homeless poor,

O, pray for them—and sleep."

SCRIPTURE CABINET.

LOVE FOR GOD'S WORD.

"The law of thy mouth is better unto me than thousands of gold and silver."—*32d Psalm*.

While Dr. Adam Clarke was preaching in his usual style, at Wigan in Lancashire, England, he paused a few seconds, and without the least air of ostentation, said,—his eyes beaming meanwhile with benignant pleasure on an attentive and wrapt auditory,—"*Some of you have seen Adam Clarke before; more of you have heard of him, and among other things, you may have been told that he has studied hard and read much; but he has to tell you that he has met with but one book in his life that he could hug to his heart, and it is this blessed Book of God*"—taking up at the same moment the large Bible which had laid open before him, and placing it to his breast with the endearing embrace of a mother clasping her child to her bosom. The effect was electrical. A simultaneous outburst of half-stifled applause was heard through the whole congregation—men, women, and children weeping, while his own eyes were brimmed with tears. All was simple, natural, touching, sublime.

Dr. Clarke's reverence for God's Word extended to the very material on which it was printed. He says, "I always treat with respect paper having on it the name of any of the persons of the Holy Trinity." At one time the servant had taken a volume of the Scriptures to keep back the door of his study. The Doctor, coming in, took it up, mildly remarking, "Poor Margaret has no religion, or she would not treat God's Word so."

THE INWARD WORK OF GRACE ACKNOWLEDGED WITH MEENESS AND FEAR.

"But sanctify the Lord God in your hearts; and be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you, with meekness and fear."—*1 Peter, iii., 15*.

The late Dr. Jabez Bunting's remarks upon this text are suggestive of much profitable thought. He says, "You must give this reason with fear;

not the fear of cowardice against which the Apostle was guarding. Do not be afraid of those officers of justice who are at the door, and intend, it may be, to haul you to prison. Do not be afraid of the lions to which you may be cast. It is not the fear of cowardice, but the fear of *reverence* to which you are exhorted. In other words, 'Sanctify the Lord God in your hearts.' Cherish habitually, reverential views of God. When you come to talk about your religion, then, indeed, have you reason for bringing this reverence into special exercise. Give an answer in meekness and in fear. Perhaps there is no one word in our language which so well includes all, which I think, is included in this term *fear*, as it is used, not only in this passage, but in others, as the word *serious*. Be ready to give an answer to every man that asks you; but do it with meekness and humility; do it with seriousness—seriousness of spirit, seriousness of manner, seriousness of expression. In talking about religion, especially experimental religion, cautiously avoid anything ludicrous. What has this to do with religion? Laugh about politics, and the affairs of this world, with wisdom and in moderation. But never indulge in a spirit that belongs to the ludicrous in any things that concern the soul, and the vast relations of men to God and eternity. Oh! it is pitiful to be sporting when men are talking about these momentous things. Religion and the hope of heaven may be joyous affairs to you, but there was *One* whom the whole business made serious enough. It is a very joyous thing to you to have the blessing of pardon and of peace with God, and a delightful consciousness of communion with him, and the full expectation of one day being with him; but remember that it cost your Saviour his blood."

THE SIMPLICITY AND POWER OF FAITH.

"Jesus answering saith unto them, Have faith in God."—Mark xi., 22.

If older Christians possessed more of the implicit and unquenching faith of childhood, answers to prayer would be more frequent and convincing. There is an exquisite simplicity in the following incident, which will interest all our readers:

Not long ago, a great drouth prevailed in some of the midland counties of England. Several pious farmers, who dreaded lest their expected crops should perish for lack of moisture, agreed with their pastor and others, to have special prayer, to petition God to send the needed rain. They met accordingly; and the minister coming early, had time to exchange kindly greetings with several of his flock. He was surprised to see one of his little Sunday school scholars bending under the weight of a huge old family umbrella. "Why, Mary," said he, "what made you bring that umbrella on such a lovely morning as this?"

The child, gazing on his face with evident surprise at the inquiry, replied, "Why, sir, I thought as we were going to pray to God for rain, I'd be sure to want the umbrella." The minister smiled on her, and the service soon commenced. While they were praying, the wind rose; the sky, before so clear and bright, became overcast with clouds, and soon, amidst vivid flashes of lightning and heavy peals of thunder, a storm of rain deluged the country. Those who attended the service, unprepared to receive the blessing they sought, reached their homes drenched and soaked, whilst Mary and her minister returned together under the family umbrella.

THE BANNER OF GOD'S PEOPLE.

"Thou hast given a banner to them that fear thee, that it may be displayed because of thy truth."—Psalms, lx., 4.

Notwithstanding God's displeasure at his people, which the Psalmist laments, he remembers them in mercy. He gives them a banner to inspire their confidence. This was some sign of his protection lifted up in the sight of all the people. Some think that it was David himself, who, seated by the mighty hand of God on his throne, led Israel forth to great victories, and caused the nation to rest secure. If this is the meaning, it doubtless points to the Son of David, who was given as an *Ensign* of the people. (Is. xi., 10.) He, when lifted up, was to draw all men unto him. (John xii., 32.) Under him, as a victorious Standard, "those who feared him," were to march to certain and glorious triumph. He is *displayed*. He is not a Banner furled or drooping in token of submission to the world, but boldly waving wherever the gospel is preached, encouragingly beautiful and grandly glorious to his followers, but appallingly defiant to his enemies. He is displayed "because of truth"—he himself being the "Truth" and the "Light" to dispel the darkness of those who rally around him, as well as to make them "free indeed." He is presented also as a *Defence* of the truth. It is not by the subtle reasonings of acute minds, nor by the profound researches of learning, that truth—the truth concerning man's salvation, is to be defended against the ever shifting forms of error. Let Christ be elevated, and let him "stand as an *Ensign* for the people," and error's true character shall be made manifest, and it shall pass away.

Let Christians then not rally under the banner of Paul, nor of Apollos, nor Cephus,—let them not trust in any denominational banner, as if by that they were to conquer, nor yet confide in creeds and forms of worship. They are one army, let them rally under the one Banner. They have a common enemy, and they are fighting for the same kingdom and crown. If ever they conquer, their several and united songs will be, "Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

VERNON DEPOT, CONN., Sept. 30, 1859.

DEAR BRO. DEGEN,—It is with peculiar feelings that I again take pen in hand to write you, and though the matter will not, perhaps, be suitable for publication, I trust you will excuse the trespass upon your time and patience, as it enables me to express to you, personally, my feelings with reference to what has been a source of great good to me and mine, in past time, and of comfort and consolation to me, now, as I travel on life's journey alone.

In the May number of the "Guide," you published a communication from me, entitled, "Blessed influence of one true, loving, human soul on another." When I penned those lines, I little dreamed of the great change that was to come over my prospects in a few short weeks, and that *I myself* was to stand in such need of human sympathy; but within that time I was called upon to part with the nearest and dearest friend *God ever gave me, the partner of my bosom—the light of my life.* And when that light went out, oh, how great was the darkness of earth to me! The dark night of sorrow had enwrapped me in its seemingly impenetrable gloom; and though from that time to this my path has been a dark and dreary one (so far as this world is concerned), yet, away to the other end thereof it looks very, *very bright indeed.* And it is of the bright hopes of the future, rather than of the disappointments and losses of the present, and of the precious influences of the "Guide" exerted upon the "one departed," as well as upon the one that remains, that I would write.—For, oh! you have had something to do with it; and my heart is full of gratitude and praise to God, that, among other influences for good upon her soul, those of the "Guide" stand pre-eminent. We commenced taking the "Guide" (in my wife's name,) several years since, and though, sometimes, at the first, from the demands upon our time of other things, and sometimes from a want of sufficient interest in things deeply spiritual, it would lay upon our shelves almost neglected for a while, yet, when we *did read*, its gentle influences *were at work upon us*; and each succeeding year it was read with increased interest, and very many of its articles re-read—nay, *studied*,—so intent were we to get at all the good contained in them. And we learned to love it and to prize it above all other publications, save the Bible. Many a time has my wife remarked, while reading it, with tears glistening in her eyes, "What good pieces!" "How I love it!" &c.

I would like to write you more fully of this matter, and show wherein the "Guide" has been and is now, silently, but effectually working its way into the hearts of our dear brothers and sisters; but time and space will not permit. I would like, particularly, to show you how, in the case of my wife, the gracious influences of the "Guide"

operating upon her heart, like the falling dew upon the bosom of mother earth, caused her to "grow in grace and in the knowledge of God," and to earnestly desire and seek after, with a steady perseverance, a full salvation from all sin. But it would be extending this communication to an unwarrantable length. Suffice it to say, she was deeply interested in the subject of holiness for the last two or three years, and though she never felt to claim the blessing of sanctification as hers, while in health, yet she made rapid progress in things spiritual during the last year or so, and I have every reason to believe that she was brought into full possession of the blessing during her illness, and some little time before her final departure. Though she had always enjoyed good health and was unused to a sick bed, and naturally inclined to be impatient when only slightly indisposed, yet, while suffering the pains of a wasting fever for nearly two months, she bore it all with true Christian resignation, and seemed to be enjoying a sweet communion with Christ. During the last week of her illness, (which she spent with her parents, whither she had been carried to "get well,") and when not deemed to be in immediate danger, she seemed to be living "under the shadow of the wings of the Almighty," and to be possessed truly of all the mind and spirit which were in Christ. The day and night preceding her death, being perfectly conscious to the last, she was enabled to give us frequent assurances of her perfect victory over sin and death, "through the blood of the Lamb!"—conversing about her death and burial as calmly and frankly as upon any other subject, leaving messages of love and blessing for the "class" and for absent friends, and enjoining upon all to "strive to meet her in heaven." Just before she breathed her last she remarked, "It is a consolation to think, that, though we may be sick many times we don't have to die but once." Then sweetly murmured, "I'm almost home;" and, seeing that she was really departing, I asked, "Is Jesus with you now?" "Oh, yes!" came faintly but distinctly back, and her eyes fastened with an upward and intensely expectant look, as though she had heard the music and caught a glimpse of the glorious choir coming to escort her home. Oh, such a look! A halo of glory encircled her features,—and such a saintly and purified expression! I never before realized what it was to be pure. 'Twas but a moment, and she was gone.

After the intensity of my feelings, natural to the occasion, had, in a measure, subsided, and I was enabled to reflect upon the various instrumentalities brought to bear upon her in life, which had prepared her for so triumphant a death, I felt to praise God that she had been influenced to strive to do her duty and bear her cross, in class and in prayer-meeting, at the family altar,—everywhere, (though naturally very retiring, and inclined to shrink from publicity); and that the precious "Guide" had been among the most effectual in exercising that same influ-

ence. And when I was reading your article in the September number, having reference to those "for and against you," I felt as if I wished to get hold of your hand and say, "For Christ's sake, and for souls' sakes, go on. Though you meet with opposition, and from a source whence you might naturally and rightfully look for help and encouragement, *mind it not*;—you have many friends, good hearts and true, who will stand by you and most gladly extend to you their hearty sympathy. And there is "One" that is for you, who is more than *all* that can be against you. I feel it, and bid you a hearty God-speed in the good work. You will never know the amount of good you have done till you have finished your work here below and been called home to your reward: you'll see it there, dear brother. And, oh, what a gathering around you there will be of the readers of the "Guide," while on the "shores of Time!" I hope to be of that number; may God grant it.

Yours affectionately in Christ,
S. TUDOR TALCOTT.

MRS. PALMER.—Several pages are devoted in the present number to the labors of this devoted servant of the Lord Jesus, now on a visit to England. These were received before our November "Guide" went to press, but too late, however, for insertion in that number. While in the same state of progress with our present issue, several communications of thrilling interest have been received from Sister P. through our New-York correspondent, which we are compelled very reluctantly to keep over for the January number.

DECLINED ARTICLES ON EXPERIENCE.

An experience, by A. N. H., is too long, with too little point. Another, by O. L., has been long in finding its destiny. The same is true of a communication signed "Hack Driver." A. B. H. will improve by practice. So also, will "Carrie," authoress of "Crosses." C. M. doubtless possesses a genuine experience, though its expression is a little too trite. The same remark applies to the communications of A. C., Ann, E. C., and E. A. F. "A Dying Christian" ought to inspire a little more poetic fire. W. T. L., M. A. S., and C. S., will have to try again. "Timotheus" seems rather foggy. W. H. K., and Mary, lack pith and point. May God bless them all.

PLAGIARISM.

A correspondent calls our attention to an article in the July *Guide*, entitled *True Devotion*, by Eva, published as original, but which, she says, is taken from "*Fenelon's Pious Reflections for every day in the month*." It was sent to us marked "For the *Guide*," and signed "Eva," without quotation marks, and we of course, understand all such articles to be original. We cannot think Eva intended *plagiarism*, but as she only inconsiderately omitted to say *copied* by Eva. We insert in this number of the *Guide* as original, a very pretty piece of poetry "On Restoration to Health."

It was marked "For the *Guide*," and is, we suppose, original. Will contributors please to be particular and say "copied," if their articles are selected from other authors. We desire all communications to be accompanied by the proper names of the writer; they need not be published unless desired.

REV. JOSEPH HARTWELL.—I am happy, writes a brother clergyman of R. R. Conf., to see this name associated with the "Guide," which I, as a subscriber, prize highly. It was under the ministry and labors of Br. Hartwell, through the blessing of God in Jesus Christ our Lord and Saviour, that I sought and found the blessing of holiness, which, by the grace of God, I enjoy this day. This was three years ago, when Bro. H. was stationed at Aurora, Ill. This work has never ceased from that time, but is continually spreading in this part of the country; and my prayer is that it may do so until the Church of God are saved to sin no more.

BOOK NOTICES.

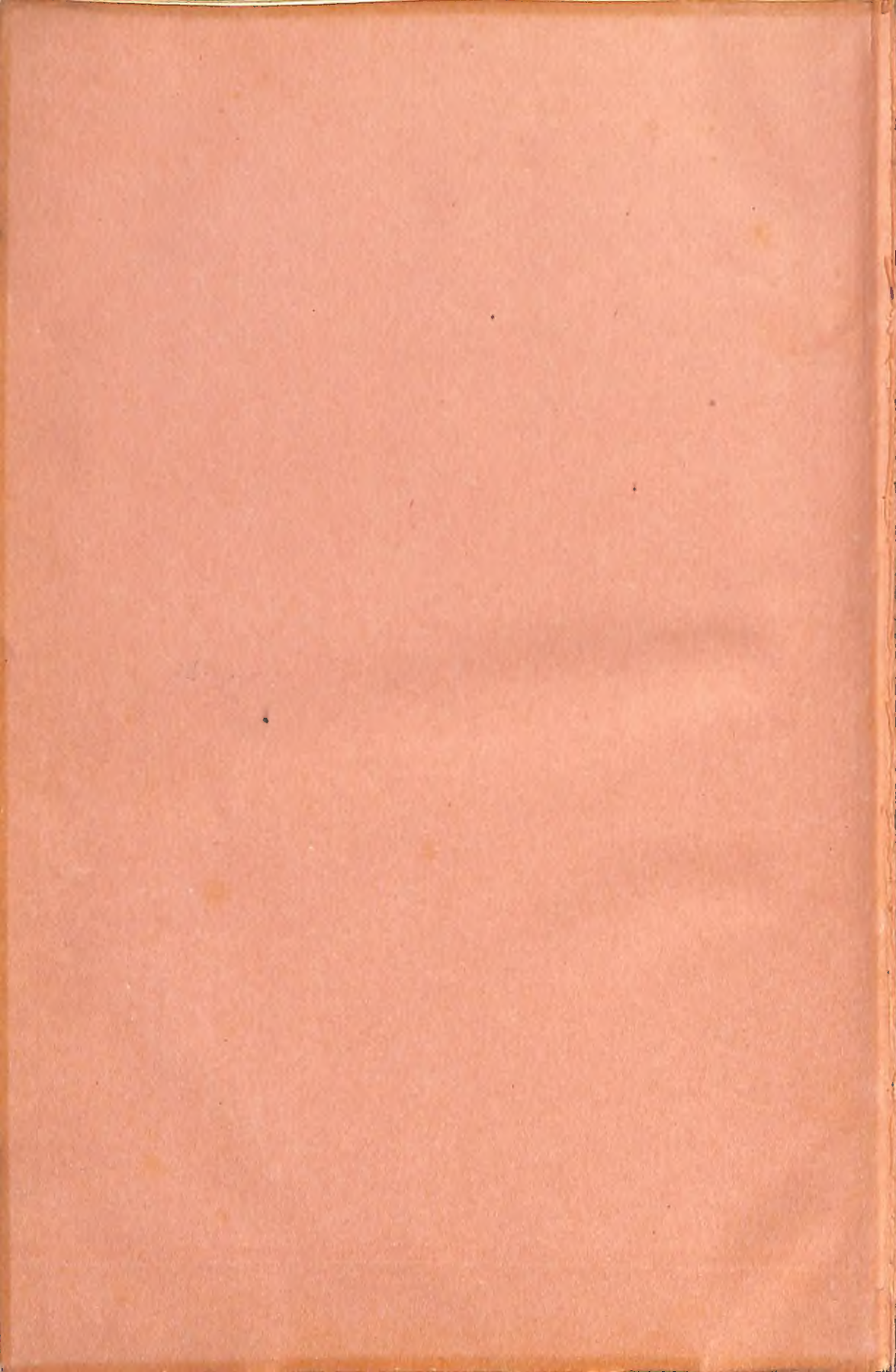
THE CRUCIBLE; or, Tests of a Regenerate State. Designed to bring to Light Suppressed Hopes, Expose False Ones, and Confirm the True. By Rev. J. A. GOODHUE, A. M. With an Introduction by Rev. EDWARD N. KIRK, D.D. Boston: Gould & Lincoln, 59 Washington Street. N. York: Sheldon & Company, 1860.

We do not recollect to have read a treatise on the subject of regeneration with greater interest than that which we have felt in the examination of the volume before us. The author has brought to his task decided ability for such discussions, patient thought, and a truly devout and candid mind. There is in his statements a large amount of fundamental truth which every genuine Christian will receive, and by which he will be instructed in the divine life.

But while we can cordially say so much, we must, with equal frankness, demur at many of its statements, especially those in the first and second divisions. Most of the so-called "un-recognized conversions," are plainly cases of marked and prolonged awakening, and nothing more; and as to the self-deceived and false professors, treated as the "unrecognizable regenerate," while we acknowledge with pain that there are a multitude of them, we cannot think that the author has given, at all times, the true description of their experience. His examples are rather hypothetical than in strict accordance with matter of fact.

As Dr. Kirk has remarked, in his introduction, the author has fairly opened the discussion of the subject of "second conversions." We are glad of this. The truth is mighty and will prevail. When his readers have examined the subject fully, they will, we are persuaded, adopt a different view of it from that presented in this volume, and apply a different designation.





DREW

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